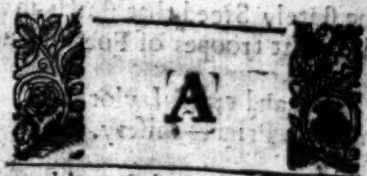
Where in
is storied, ye valorous
atchieuements, famous
triumphs, Constant loue,
greatest miseries, & finall
happines, of the well-
deseruing, truly noble
and most valiant K.
Sr Paris of Vienna
and ye most admired
amiable Princess
the faire
Vienna.
London Printed for WILLIAM LEAKE
and are to be sould at his shop at ye crowne
in fleete street betwen the two Temple gatts. 1650.



Just in the Cloud doth lovely CVPID ſtand,
With Quiver at his ſide, and Bow in hand:

Which ſhewes when his ſwift Arrowes pierce the heart,
The wound muſt cured be, by Love, not Art:

And MARS the God of Warre to give renowne
Unto deſert, doth here true Valour crowne,

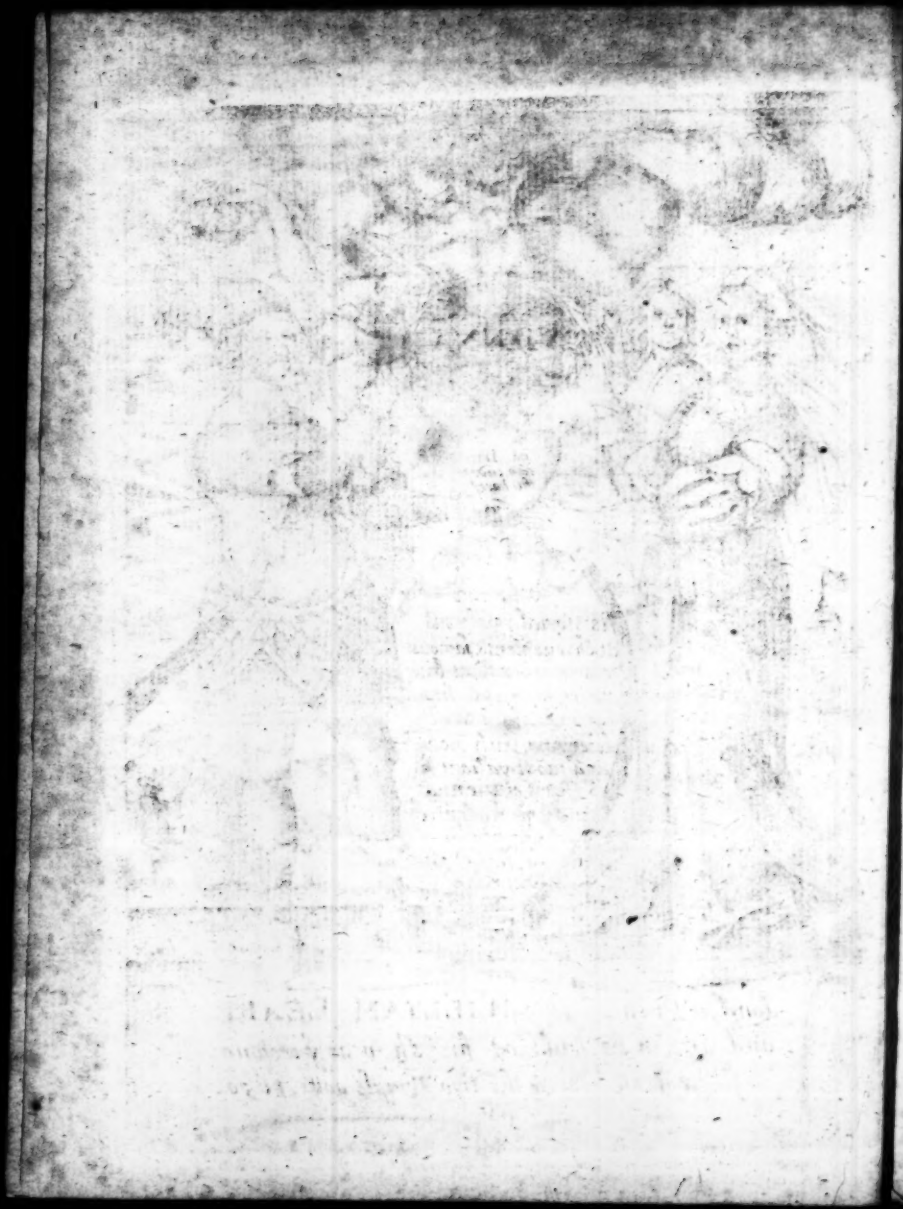
VIENNA Natures pride doth paralell,
VENVS her ſelfe, who did her Sex excell.

The joyned hands to the Spectators ſhow,
That Valour doth to Beauty homage owe.

And with the ſtately Steed that ſtands in view,
Sir PARIS did great troopes of Foes ſubdue.

The Caſtle ſtrong and cruell Jaylors key,
Are Emblems of a Princes miſery.

If that the barres were red and Scutch'on white,
The Coat would ſhow who did this Story write.



TO HIS WORTHY BROTHER in law, Mr. RICHARD MINSHVLL, all health and Happineſſe.

MOre Rich-art *thou in mind then Mynes,*
but Myn-ſhall *be the joy of heart;*
Since ſtill thy love with mine combines,
and ſmels of Nature more then Art:
For bloud with bloud, and ſacred writ,
Such knots of love in Love hath knit.

To thee therefore I onely ſend,
this Spiders Web ſo vainely ſpunne,
Which my beſt thoughts to thee commend,
ſince what is done, for thee is done:
If any taxe my idle braine,
Say once a yeare fond fooles doe raigne.

M. M.

To the Reader.

NOt with intent to paſſe the ſpeaking Preſſe,
Or challenge Praiſe of any more or leſſe.
This Booke was writ, the Author for his paines
Did neither ayme at merit, praiſe, or gaines;
To gratifie a well deſerving friend,
This Story fain'd, at vacant houres was penn'd:
Which though now to the world expos'd it be,
The Authors heart is from vaine-glory free.

THOMAS CROKET in praise of the Authors Worke.

IF graver Heads should hold it to be vaine,
that thou (well strucke in yeares) do'st write of Love
Say thou the finest dye soon'st takes a staine,
and soundest Wits light subiects often prove:
But thou hast temp'red so thy Love with Armes,
with Knightly prowesse, and with Martiall feats;
That thy smooth stile (like sweet bewitching charmes)
compells all sorts to reade without intreats:
Then blush not since thy Pen such Art hath shewne,
as proves the difference 'twixt Love and Lust;
And stirres up Valour almost overthrowne,
whose Armes lye canker'd with consuming rust:
But rather glory in thy taken paines,
for which the world indebted aye remaines.

THOMAS CROKET.

To the deserving Author.

WHil'st *Paris* thy great Rape shall be renown'd,
Or *Troy* it selfe on earth hath any sound;
That in thy brest didst foster such a flame,
To waste the Towne, and yet preserve the Name:
So long (Sir *Paris*) thy chast fires shall last,
Which (though not with such fury) burnt as fast;
And whil'st the Citie of *Vienna* stands,
A virgin Towne maugre the opposite bands,
Of insolent *Turkes* vnrayish'd by their steele,
And never their invasive Armes to feele:
So long a date *Vienna* thou dost give,
To him whose Pen hath made thee ever live.

Tho. Haywood.

VIENNA *here presents to you,*
Both Love and Valour, great and true,
And in this Story you shall finde
Pregnant conceits to please the minde:
Which reade, and view, and reape the gaines.
Then thanke the Author for his paines.

R. R.

THy pleasing Story gives most true content,
to all that have survay'd thy witty Lines:
For thou to *Mars* and *Venus* grace hast lent,
and in thy Booke both Love and Valour shines:
For which, let Martiall Knights and Ladies faire,
say, and say truth, that this is past compare.

T. M.

THy Mars-*like* Paris, *and* Vienna *faire,*
most pleasing doe appeare eclips'd no way:
Who viewes the same, thou needst not doubt or feare,
for it is decked in Wits rich array.
There's such new pleasing wayes to please the minde,
That all, that reade the same, content will finde.

Samoth Egnirawniam.

SInce graver wits (so much) thy Booke commend,
Whose censures doe my judgement (farre) transcend:
Why should not I rest silent, and admire;
Knowing my skill answers not my desire?
The reason is, I (rather) will improve
My ignorance, then to conceale that love,
Which duty prompts to speake, which still doth live,
To honour thee, since praise I cannot give
To equallize thy paines in study spent,
Which now (most fluently) in complement,
Showes the exactnesse of a solid braine,
That makes so small a volume to containe,

Love,

Love, Valour, Fortitude; what not that's rare?
But in thy (pregnant) Lines composed are?
Wisdome, Conceit, Art, Learning, Knowledge, Wit,
Doe grace thy worke to make it exquisite:
Time shall proclaime thy worth to future dayes,
And Fame perpetuate thy living praise.

Io. Egnirawniam.

AS most esteeme of Iewels for their worth,
And prize them high, though not in gold set forth:
So vertuous minds when they this Story view,
Admire and say (for it) great thankes is due:
If others cannot adde (to it) like praise,
Time vowes to store such worth for future dayes;
My Pen here stops, yet Natures streame runnes so,
Rivers will ebbe to th'Sea from whence they flow.

Mat. Egnirawniam.

IF duty did not binde, desert would move
my Art-lesse Pen thy Story to commend:
Since better plots of Valour, Art, Wit, Love,
to *Momus* view, the Presse did never send.

Ralph Egnirawniam.

AND I the last, but not the least, whose Love
to thee, and thine, is ty'd in treble bands;
For marriage, bloud, and friendship which may prove,
our constant buildings are not on the sands:
Therefore with thankes for this thy well wrote Story,
Though mine it is: yet thine shall be the glory.

Your Kinsman, Brother in law,
and Friend,
Richard Myrshall.

VIENNA.

VIENNA.

Within the Principality of *Viennois*, whilome there lived and ruled, as *Daulphin*, a most renowned Prince, no lesse esteemed for his admired Wisdome, then highly honoured for his respected greatnesse; But so absolute was hee in Opinion, so perverse in disposition, and so severe in Government, that hee made his Will his GOD, and rigour his law. This *Daulphin* had but one onely Daughter, whose exquisite beauty was so beautified with rarest vertues, that men honoured Nature as a God in her perfections, and held her more then a Woman in her vertues. Amongst many Knights that then followed her Fathers Court, there was a most well deserving aged Knight (who was knowne to bee as sufficient, as he was sufficiently knowne) named Sir *Jaques*, who had but one onely Son called *Paris*, whose but budding yeares, deckt with Natures pride, and honoured with timely Knighthood, well challenged Renowne for his right, *Venus* for his friend, and *Fortune* for his servant. But it fortuned (so *Fortune* would) that this young Knight casting casually his careleſſe eye aside in Court, espyed the young Princesse, the faire *Vienna*, (for so after the Citty was shee called) talking with her selected and endeered friend the Lady *Isabella*, whose gracious demeanour he so devoutly noted, and whose unparaleld

beauty

beauty hee ſo feelingly admired, that openly commending the one, he ſecretly affected the other. Many were the unwonted thoughts that now troubled his troubled minde, and more then many were the unquiet and univerſall cares that now attended his new entertained deſires. Still hee gazed, and gazing ſigh't, and ſighing grieved that ſo he gazed, yet could hee not ceaſe to feed his hungry eye, nor durſt hee once be ſeene to looke on her, on whom he could not but looke. For as commanding love did flatter his aſpiring hope; ſo the remembrance of *Phaetons* fall, did diſmay him with a deadly feare. And feare hee did, leaſt that juſt diſdaine would beget in her bitter revenge, and blacke revenge ſhould bring forth untimely deaths.

Thus in ſeeking to paſſe the meane, poore *Paris* dyed for being ſo meane, and in this diſconſolation glad hee was to ſmother his ſorrow to his greater griefe, not daring to acquaint any but *La-nova* his ſecond ſelfe, his companion in Armes, and the ſole ſecreter of all his ſecrets. To him, and none but him, did hee in ſorrow bewray his love, and in love bewayle his ſorrow.

La-nova pitying his caſe, diſſwaded him from the danger of *Ixions* love, leaſt with more repentance hee vainely with *Apollo* purſued *Daphne*. Heavens forbid (ſaid hee) my *Paris* eye ſhould with the Eagle ſore againſt ſo bright a Sunne; or that your deſire ſhould with the Bee delight in ſuch flowers, which being ſuckt, will yeeld more poyſon then honey. Ah *Paris*, *Paris*, ſeeke not to obtaine that with care, which you cannot keepe without danger. To deſire to bee a King, is no juſt tytle of a Kingdome; and to ſay you love her, no ſufficient deſert to winne her. Deſire not then beyond thy reach, leaſt thou fall in thy hope. Nay, admit that her chaſt conceits would entertaine *Venus* deceits, yet followes it not, that *Ioves* royall bird would prey on ſilly Flies. *Alexander* would deale with none but Kings, nor *Vienna* with any but Princes; ſow ſhrubs wither ever at the Cedars roote. Beware *Paris*, leaſt coveting with *Icarus* to ſoare above the Sunne, thou bee puniſhed in his pride under the Sunne. Thy deſerts are I confeſſe many, and meri-

torious,

ritorious, but the ſtate of her eſtate ſtands not with thy indignities; men are wey'd by the aboundance of their fortunes, not by the worthineſſe of their vertues. Then wade no further in this foord, but let Armours, not Amours, bee the ſubject of thy thoughts, ſince the Campe affords honours, and the Court ſuch dangers.

Paris thus dehorted, reſembled the Palme-tree, that the more it is preſt downe, the more it ſtriveth upwards, ſo the more his friend miſliked of that hee deſired; the more hee deſired what ſo his friend miſliked. Such was the unreſiſtable force of his inlimitable affection, that in ſpite of reaſon hee was enforc'd to doe homage unto paſſion. For where Love is predominant, there all other affections attend on it. And therefore hee concluded ſtill, and ever to love her; but ſtill, and never to let it bee knowne to her. To approve which, hee requeſted *La-nova's* company that night ſecretly to give *Vienna* muſicke, who ſeeing his unremoveable reſolution, vowed himſelfe to his fortunes. The ſame night when quiet ſleepe poſſeſt each weary eye, hee and *La-nova* taking eyther of them a well tuned Lute, went directly under *Vienna's* window, where ſweetly ſtriking their pleaſant ſtrings, Sir *Paris* thus chearefully warbled out his Ladies praiſe.

Though preſent times allow of former age,
And yeeld the pride of grace to Joves faire Queene:
Though Junoes *grace, did pleaſe each gazing eye;*
And all men thought like grace was never ſeene:
Yet were I judge, to judge of ſweeteſt grace,
Your grace, for grace, ſhould have the chiefeſt place.

Though Pallas *patroneſſe of Wiſedome bee,*
And wiſeſt heads doe homage to her ſhrine:
Though Doctors draw their learning from her braine,
And all men hold her ſacred and divine:
Yet ſhould I judge of Wit, Pallas *ſhould ſind,*
Your Grace ſhould weare the Lawrell of the mind.

Though Paris, Venus deem'd, for fairest faire
Of Goddesse three, that strove for Beauties pride:
Though Gods, and men, confirm'd her beauties Queene,
And every eye, did honour Vulcans bride:
Yet might I judge; my judgement should be this,
Venus *was faire; fairer* Vienna *is.*

Then leave your strife, strive not you Worthy wights,
To add beauties prize, vnto my Princesse praise;
Blush Trojan, *blush, thy* Helens *hue is stayn'd:*
Cease, cease, you Knights, your Ladyes praise to raise.
Since sa. my Love, excels those Goddesse three,
That all excell'd, for grace, Wit, and Beauty.

Vienna pleased with the tune, but more with her praise, was moved with desire to know who they were, that so sweetly sung, and so affectionately honoured her; but doe what shee could, she could not know them by any meanes, which much grieved, but more troubled her disquieted thoughts. Still shee conferred and talked with *Isabella* of that heavenly harmony, and ever she commended, whom she knew not to commend. For *Paris* having ended, where yet hee had not begun, conveyed himselfe away as privately as might be. But the next following night they went againe with dolefull Recorders, on which they carefully sounded. *Paris* unknowne, thus plainly made his passion not his person knowne.

How should I joy, why should I sing,
That naught but woes, and sorrowes bring?
What is that God of torments great?
What is his name? Where is his seat?
Below, O no? there is not hell;
On high; fie, fie, there blisse doth dwell.

Look; on my eyes, let Ladrement show,
Where that place is of endlesse woe.

Behold

Behold my heare, fresh bleeding still,
Where griefe doth live, and Love doth kill:
Then see, ah me, where sorrowes dwell,
'Tis Loue, I proue, that men call hell.

Loue is that God, that men torments,
With raging woes, and sad laments:
My heart his seat, where he doth raigne,
With great contempt, and proud disdaine:
This, this it is, makes loue a Hell,
Then Care, prepare, to ring my knell.

Farewell most faire, Beauty adieu,
I dare not loue, but honour you;
Starres fixt so high, dimmes my weake sight,
I may not gaze on Lampes so bright;
Which proues, and moues, my tongue to tell,
That Loue, proud Loue, is worse than Hell.

This sorrowfull Song ended, the Muſicke ceaſed, and *Paris* returned to his Chamber. But *Vienna* who attentively had liſtned to this carefull Ditty, knew not well by his over-paſſionate conceite, and alluding and inſinuating Song, that Love had made her a Miſtris, and Fortune had ſent her a ſervant. Yet could ſhee not imagine who hee ſhould be, but much ſhe was diſcontented that ſo it ſhould be, her Princely towring thoughts were not ſubject to Subjects fancies, nor would ſhe admit of ſervill ſervants. And therefore becauſe ſhe would puniſh their pride in their preſumption, ſhe went the next morning ſecretly to her Father, and told him how that the two paſſed nights, there had beene ſome (not knowne to her) that had beſtowed Muſick on her, under her Chamber window, and how that one of them the firſt night revealed his love in her praiſe; and the ſecond night bewailed his affection in his owne griefe. And therefore ſhe humbly requeſted him, that hee would command a privie Watch to be made that following night,

that they might be discovered in their follies, and shee live acquitted of such vaine fancies.

The *Daulphin* discontent that any in his Province should so proudly presume to build his nest in the Sunne, gave in secret charge, that sixe of his Guard should watch as that night, to apprehend and bring them before him the next day. All which was done accordingly: And Sir *Paris* not mildeeming any crosse adventure, came as hee was wont with *La-nova*, to offer the sacrifice of his consecrated Musicke to his devoted Saint. But they no sooner tuned, but they were neere over-turned. For the Watchmen fearing their escape, thought to make them sure by laying them on the ground. But Sir *Paris*, provided alwayes for all perils, seeing such rude entertainment, and holding them but for straglers, armed his whole endeavours to returne them condigne thankes for their so unseasonable curtesies, in somuch that with *La-nova's* furthering ayde hee wounded most of their hands. So that being left alone, they easily recovered their Chamber, without being discovered of any, which so much incenst the *Daulphin*, that leaving the reynes of his unlimited anger to his then enraged will, hee commanded that secretly twenty men well appointed, should the next night lye in ambush to apprehend them.

Now Sir *Paris* holding that their late disturbance was rather casuall, then occasioned, went, in his unsatiable desire, the next night againe. But no sooner had they taken stand, but that they found themselves entrapped in the snare; which they finding unresistable, yeelded without resistance. The Watch glad of their apprehension, held themselves so secure of them, that not regarding (the night being darke) what they were, they carelesly went along towards the Castle, untill they came by a narrow Lane, that turned into the heart of the City, whereunto Sir *Paris* all suddenly thrusting *La-nova* forceably, tooke by force a Halberd out of the next Watchmans hands, and stepping into the Lane, kept the entrance from them all. The Watchmen now grew more furiously wrathfull, then advisedly bold,

and

and ſo confuſedly aſſaulted them, that Sir *Paris* laying the firſt three on the ground, the reſt (over-haſtily ſtill preſſing forwards) ſtumbled and fell upon their Companions, ſo many and ſo thick, that themſelves bard themſelves from the entrance, which advantaged Sir *Paris* and *La-nova* ſo much, that having time to turne them to the next turning, they got to their Chamber before they were deſcryed, or could bee well purſued. The *Daulphin* underſtanding the next morning of the uproare, and of their eſcape, was much male-contented in himſelfe, the Court wondred at the accident, but *Vienna* now recounting their undaunted courages, with their noble qualities, conceived them to be men of high eſteeme, and now more favourably, and affectionately did labour the knowledge of them, but never after durſt they preſume to venture the like adventure againe, which much grieved *Vienna*, and more incenſed the *Daulphin*, who being fruſtrated of his expectation politickly, yet plotted this deviſe.

Firſt, he cauſed a Chriſtall Shield, and a Chaplet of gold to bee made, both, paſſing faire, and rich, then delivering them to a Herald, he commanded him to take them, and to carie them throughout all the Citie, and by ſound of Trumpet proclaime a ſolemne Juſts (free for all commers) to be kept 40. dayes after: And that he that ſhould winne the honour of the day, ſhould by *Viennas* hand be crowned with the ſayd Chaplet as Victor, and receive the ſayd Shield as the beſt deſerving Knight. By this meane meanes, the *Daulphin* thought to find out the unknowne Lover. For it was an Article of his beliefe, that in honour of his Daughter, he would (as a Knight) make tryall of his fortune; and as a Lover diſcloſe himſelfe, in his deviſe; whereby obſervance (the inſtrument of knowledge) might well diſcover him. Great preparation there was made on all ſides, and divers Knights and Barons of ſundry Provinces, came as well to ſee the admired beauty of *Vienna*, as to winne renowne for renowned Chivalry. Amongſt whom at laſt, though not leaſt in worth, came Sir *Paris*, and *La-nova*, well mounted on white fiery Steedes, ſuteable to their white

playne

plaine Armour, without either marke, or devise: For neither, neither durst vse for feare of being discovered by them. But the day, and the *Dauphin* being come. *Vienna* was set (richly roabed in *Arabian Besse*) on a faire capistred scaffold, the Chaplet on her head; and the Christall Shield standing before her at her feete; so that she seemed another *Pallas* in a second *Venus* shape. Many Knights amazedly beheld her, most desired her, all admired her. Thus when each hungry eye had fed, but not fill'd his covetous sight, the Herald standing up (after the summoning sound of Trumpet) bad every Knight doe his best devoyre. Then desire of honour, armed each martiall heart with double courage and every Knights courage was redoubled with hope of honour and *Vienna's* favour: So that the Justs grew great, and both nobly did each Knight, especially *Lamora* bare him selfe. But Sir *Paris* whose unknowne prowis was not yet fully proved, seeing a *Burgonian* proudly brandishing his Launce before *Vienna*, for the honour which yet hee bare away from all, was so erraged with choller and jealousie, that fiercely spurring his hote ready Horse, he so forceably charged, and over-charged him in the encounter, that hee layd the *Burgonians* pride in the dust; which *Vienna* noting, noted him for the most redoubted, and best meriting Knight of them all. Still her eye followed his fortune, and still his fortune was remarkable, and pleasing to her eye. For never ceased he Justing, nor never Iusted, but he overturned some one, in which performance he was applauded of every one. Such was his heroicall fortitude, and such his quicke delivery, and manly cariage of himselfe, that in the end there was left none, whom he had not overthrown, nor any overthrowne; that would re-assay to overthrow the overthrower. Thus stood unvanquished Sir *Paris*, like invincible *Hercules* expecting a charge; but in finding none he found his owne discharge. So that the Heralds (with Trumpets sounding his praise) brought him to the scaffold, where the fayrest fayre, and gracious *Vienna* graced his victory, with setting the Chaplet on his head, and giving him the Christall Shield, shee blushing said, Receive noble

Knight

Knight thy moſt well-deſerving honour, and heavens make thee happy both in thy deſignes, and thy deſires. Sir *Paris* more proud of her words, then of his reward, received them at her hands, with more pleaſing content then *Paphos* Queene did the golden fruit, and humbling himſelfe on his knee, hee obſequiouſly reverently, yet fearefully, kiſt her hand, and layd his other on his heart, in token that he was hers in all ſervice; and ſo riſing up hee made a low obeyſance, and both parting, both of them looked backe at one inſtant upon each other; a true record, that their liking hearts reioyced in the ſight of either other. But Sir *Paris* being come to the reſt of the Knights, departed with them, and as they rid each one towards his ſeverall home, he and *Lamora* tooke an occaſion to light to mend their Saddles, the reſt paſſing careleſſy on, which they ſeeing, tooke the next turning, and ſo were gotten away before they were miſt, and miſt before they were knowne. The *Daulphin* thus deceived by him he meant to deceive, was much agrieved; ſo were the Knights that they could not tell by whom they were vanquiſhed; and ſo was *Vienna*, that ſhe knew not by whom ſhe was honoured. She thought and ever looked that he ſhould haue diſcovered himſelfe, that he might the better bee reſpected of her, and the world take further knowledge of him and his merit. But the clouding of himſelfe, aſſuredly aſſured her, that he, and none but he, was the man, that ſo ſweetly (under her window) ſang her praiſe; that ſo dolefully recorded the paſſion of his tormenting love; and that ſo valiantly fore'd to flight her Fathers Guard; His ſecret departure, argued (ſhe thought) ſo much; and his unvaluable valour ſhewed no leſſe. Deſire now, of ſhe knew not what, made her loue ſhe knew not whom: oft ſhe wiſht ſhe knew him; ſtill ſhe talkt of him, and ever ſhee highly commended him; but her wiſhes were but vaine thoughts, and her words but as alluring windes.

During this their diſcontentments, The Duke of *Vandosme* (now called *Vendoſme*) being brother to the iſſueleſſe

King of *France*, a man ſo powerfull in meanes, and ſo popular in State, that nothing could make him unhappy, but the exceſſe of his happineſſe: This Duke, I ſay, beeing the firſt Prince of the blood, was ſo tranſported with ſuch an aſpiring pride, and unlimitted deſire of Rule, that he could not diſgeſt a ſmall expectation. His deſire of Soveraignty caried him ſo beyond the bounds of all reſpects, that neyther Wiſedome could informe his minde, nor Honour ſway his actions. Nature nor Duty could preſcribe him any law, though he were a Subject, ſubject to the law. How to gaine the Crowne was all his care: His glorious conſideration thereof, made a continuall examination of all his thoughts, how he ſhould be poſſeſt thereof. Ambition (the Nurſe of diſloyall plots and practiſes) ſayd, The King muſt dye; and Reſolution (the performer of all deeds) anſwered, Hee ſhall dye. But how, or by whom, hee knew not. Young men (he ſayd) are not ripe enough for ſuch an action, and Old men are too timorous for ſo great an enterpriſe. The raſhneſſe of the one, and the feare of the other, are the ruine of ſuch buſineſſe. To truſt others then, is to deceive my ſelfe; For hope of reward (for the preſervation of a King) will, I feare, betray my truſt; And then I muſt conclude, that though a deſire to ſteale, make not a Thiefe; yet my intent for treaſon, will make me a Traytor; and in the puniſhment thereof, I ſhall finde no diſtinction of perſons. What reſteth then but force and Armes? my ſword muſt plead for poſſeſſion, *Rome* could not reſiſt *Ceſar*, when he came to the gates, in the ſtrength of his forces. I will therefore firſt fortifie my ſelfe with potent friends, diſſemble for the time, my intent, and take counſell of three ſorts of men, of the Lawyer, that ſpeakes not as he thinkes; of the Phyſitian, that doth not as he ſayes; and of the Divine, which oftentimes teacheth better then himſelfe leades, and alwayes better then the people follow. I know the leaſt winde of the peoples favour will fill my ſayles full; Their eyes are fixt upon my greatneſſe, and they obſerve mee already for my intereſt; The King hath no iſſue, and there-

fore

fore of leſſe regard; his time is but ſhort, and Reſpect onely waytes on poſterity; that promiſeth continuance of raigne. No ſooner (ſayes ſome) is a Collaterall heire known, but the Kings Teſtament is made; why then ſhould he live to command me, that am borne to rule? He may live to burie me, where then is my Crowne? I muſt and will raigne. Vpon theſe moveable ſands (like a fooliſh Merchant, that adventures all his ſubſtance in a broken veſſell) did this fond Duke build both his reſolve, and his hope; And to give ſucceſſe to his truſt, he ſent preſently to the *Daulphin* of *Viennois* (whoſe principality was in manner equall with Kingly Royalty) to require his daughter, the faire *Vienna*, in marriage for his ſonne. The haughty *Daulphins* minde, did well ſimpathize the Dukes nature; both their prides, and deſires, were reciprocall: onely the *Daulphin* was more reſerved, and ever better adviſed; but this motion did ſo attatch him with joy, to thinke that his daughter ſhould in time be a Queene, that he covetouſly embrac'd the Dukes requeſt, and wiſhed that Commiſſioners on either ſide, might be nominated, and appointed, to conferre and conclude thereof.

This conſent of the *Daulphin* did ſo elevate and animate the Duke, that hee thought himſelfe already an inveſted King. The incorporating of *Daulphemy* to his Dukedome, would (he knew) make him undoubtedly, redoubted great; and the uniting of both their powers with their adheres, would well enable him to affront the King, who now was fitter for a Cloyſter (as hee thought) then for a Crowne. Thus we ſee, that where men hath leaſt reaſon, there they are apteſt to beleeve any thing, that but flatters their deſires. Men that fall into Treachery or miſery, not knowne nor fore-ſeene, are worthy of ſome compaſſion; but they that wilfully runne into rebellion, or calamity, deſerve no pitty, but ſhame and death. In all our attempts, juſtice, and diſcretion, ſhould be the plotters; and Honour, and Moderation, the Actors. A violent humour overthrowes the Maſter. Kings we know are made onely by God, either in

Justice to execute his wrath upon a sinfull Nation; or in mercy, as well to preserve and set foorth his worship and glory, as to maintaine his people in righteousnes and peace. For neither Royall birth, succession, election, usurpation, conquest, nor right, can so establish, or perpetuate a Royalty; but that God when he pleaseth, can, and will translate it to others. But now the disloyall and deceitfull Duke (being as farre from procrastination, as the *Daulphin* was greedie of dispatch) sent his Commissioners for the recapitulation, and perfecting of such Articles, as should be proposed on either side. In briefe, they agreed on all points, and assigned a day for the young Prince of *Vandomme* to come to the *Daulphins* Court. This being divulged and made knowne to Sir *Paris*, did so excutiate all his thoughts, and so enflame his perplexed heart, that hee was ready to expose himselfe to all dangers and hazards. In this distraction *Lanoüe* found him, and knowing the cause of his distemper (for Rumour had possest all men with it) hee grieving, thus sadly said unto him. Let patience my *Paris* conduct thee out of this stormy Sea into a more quiet Port. Fortune should have no power over fortitude and courage What thou never hadst, that thou dost not loose. Thy inability, and imparity, could never promise thee any hope; and thy long nourished dispaire shall now finde a period, that in the end, would have brought thee to thy end. Let necessity then make thee now suffer constantly; and custome will make thy sufferance easie. Sir *Paris* who did heare, but not hearken to what his friend had so discreetly delivered, regarded him no more then a greedy Lawyer doth his impoverished Clyent, but still deepely excogitating how hee might intercept, or pervert the intended match, at length he all sighing said: This Gordian knot must be cut a sunder, though I want an *Alexanders* sword. Iuduſtry, and Policie, oft effects unlikely things; and we should not judge that which is possible, nor that which seemes unpossible: as it is credible, or incredible to our capacities. The eternall wisedome hath (I know) a reserved power, and a secret intention,

tention, to bring things to paſſe, which the wiſedome of man cannot conceive, nor ſee, till it happen, and be done. What though *Vandoume* be mighty? A ſmall Rocke may ruinate a great Ship. I will not loſe *Vienna*, but where I want force to play the Lyon, there will I aſſay to gaine by fraud. *La-nova* he ſaid welcome, thou comeſt in a uſefull time, thou muſt ſecretly fit me with a gray beard, a payre of Beades, a Fryers Gowne, and Hood. I muſt turne Fryer, and Prophet all at once. It muſt be ſo, the plot is layd, and we muſt be Actors both in the play.

La-nova, knowing that his undaunted courage could never brooke a Corrivall, though he were never ſo great, did much feare that he intended ſome ſtratagem, and therefore he told him, that unleſſe he might know his purpoſe, he would make no ſuch proviſion. Why ſaid Sir *Paris*, my thoughts dwell in thy breaſt, and in thy heart, doth my love (next to *Vienna*) live. How then canſt thou be a ſtranger to my purpoſes, that art the Treaſuer of my ſecrets? Thou knoweſt *La-nova* how jealous the *Daulphin* is of his ſafety; His rigorous (I might ſay cruell) Nature hath taught him to feare many, whom many doth ſtill feare. Thou knoweſt alſo that Kings are ever ſuſpitious of their Succeſſours: Experience makes them to feare, leaſt they ſhould looſe that which they, and many others ſeeke, with greateſt dangers to obtaine. My project is, to make the King and the *Daulphin* my inſtruments to breake the marriage; give me Pen, Inke, and Paper, and thou ſhalt ſee what a fearefull fire, I will kindle, to burne up all their matrimoniall hopes and agreements. But to give more life hereunto, thou muſt play thy part. Thy Vnkle is Steward to the Duke of *Vandoume*, and thou thy ſelfe art gracious in his preſence. To him muſt thou poſt, in ſhew of love to ſee him, and in all duty to tender thy ſervice; And when opportunity ſhall fit thy purpoſe, thou muſt take occaſion to wonder, that ſo great a Prince hath his Armoury ſo ill ſtored, and by way of perſwaſion, thou muſt tell him, that no mans title is ſo right and juſt, but that it may finde worke upon their beſt

advantages, and therefore it is a provident policie for his Highneſſe to be preſently furniſhed for all contingents. Thus *La-noua*, will ſo feed, and ſway his ambition, that hee will make over-haſty and unadviſed proviſion. The knowledge whereof, will ſo prepare and fortifie the Kings jealouſie, that it will crowne my device with beliefe and ſucceſſe, *La-noua* glad to ſee him ſo well reſolved, promiſed his beſt endeavours, and in the performance thereof had his wiſhed ſucceſſe. But before he went, he brought Pen, Inke, and Paper, whereupon *Paris* (more Prophetically then he thought) writ as followeth.

When Vandoumes *firſt horne, ſhall* Vienna *wed,*
The Daulphins *Land, ſhall doome the* Daulphin *dead:*
Pride ſcornes that time ſhould check Vandoumes *French Fate,*
Thy death muſt helpe to Crowne his Royall pate.

La-noua divining that this procreated conceit, would bring forth ſome good iſſue, could not but laugh thereat; and in that joy, he went immediatly to make proviſion both for himſelfe, and his friend.

Now each Wedneſday, in every weeke, the *Daulphin* (more for applauſe, then to doe good) received himſelfe (as he went to heare Maſſe) all the Sutors Petitions; and in the afternoone viewed, and conſidered of them. Vpon this day, *Paris* having lapt vp his fraudulent Libell, like a plaine Petition, went to the Court well furniſhed for the purpoſe, where he did ſo well perſonate a holy Fryer, that *Linxes* eyes could not diſcover him. There did he vnſuſpected deliver it, and returned without perſeverance. Afterwards the *Daulphin* upon the peruſing of them, found and read (amongſt the reſt) *Paris* his threatning and ſuffocating Propheſie, which did ſo poyſon and ſwell him with ſuſpitious thoughts, and moſt fearefull ſurmiſes, that in his irefull indignation, he cryed our with the King of *Moab*, How ſhall we avoid the deepe diſſembling of *Ehud*? Plaine dealing I ſee is dead without iſſue; and all Honour and due reſpects

reſpects are buried in the inſatiable deſire of Rule. Surely this is no enigmaticall, nor promiſcuous Oracle, but a plaine prediction ſent by God, or, ſome good man in zeale and favour of Princes, and in tenderneſſe of our ſafeties. O moſt treacherous and perfideous Duke, that in the bonds of Alliance, wouldſt cut off the ſmall remainder of our dayes; to worke thy further bloody ends.

My daughter ſhall not ſo be Queene by our death; Nor ſhall our Subjects be ſo ſlaine in his unnaturall and rebellious Warre. I will not ſuffer the true Vine to be ſo diſplanted, nor ſhall my conniver.ce traduce me for his impunity. For though wiſedome permits not, that I detect him openly, for feare of making him my implacable enemy; yet will we ſend a private, and an unknowne Meſſenger ſecretly to his King, who ſhall (upon his Royall word for the concealement of our intelligence) diſcover, and lay open, *Vandoumes* moſt impious and pernitious intended Treaſon; and after ſhall he caſt (by our inſtructions) ſuch ſtore of oyle upon that jealous flame, that it ſhall (at leaſt) burne up all *Vandoumes* hopes of further proceeding with us. Thus, did ſuch hate proceed from feare that after a ſmall reſpiration, hee ſent accordingly to the King, who was no ſooner poſſeſt thereof, but that his divided thoughts made ſuch inteſtine warre within his breaſt, that he knew not what to ſay, or doe. His fraternall love made him weepe, to ſee Nature ſo monſtrous and unkinde; and fearefull jealouſies (a diſeaſe incident to Kings) called upon juſtice, and ſayd, that corrected Treaſon was the life of a Prince.

Diſtruſt now ſtill dreamed upon Murther, and unquiet feare could not be ſecured, but with execution: Then Affection tolde him, that then wee come neareſt unto God, when we judge with pitty, and pardon in mercy.

In this doubtfull Combate of the minde, he ſent for the Duke, who no ſooner came, but that taking him alone into his private Chamber, he with a mild ſeverity, thus breathed out his griefe, and his juſt and loving rebuke.

It is our pleaſure *Vandoume* (for ſo thy Soveraigne calls thee)

thee) that thou neither interrupt us while we speake, nor at our conclusion, make any answere or excuse; Then know, that if we were as ready to punish, as thou art ready to rebell; Thou shouldst now finde a sharpe censure in stead of a kinde brother; and wee should be freed from an incompatible Traytor, in lieu of a loyall Subject. God that protecteth Kings, hath now made thy implicite Treason tranſpatent. Thy proclivity to rule; thy thirſting after popularity; thy ſubtill taxing of our Government: thy needleſſe proviſion for Armes in a well ſetled Peace: and thy diſguiſed deſire to match with the *Daulphin*, is not unknowne to us; And thou that in pride, couldſt not brooke a Superiour, art now by divine Juſtice, brought beneath the fortune of thy equals. It is now in our power to humble thee, but not to make thee humble; Such is thy aſpiring Ambition, that nothing but a Crowne can limit thy unbounded deſires. For neither the terrour of Law, the inſtinct of Nature, my binding dutie, nor the awe of thy due duty, could keepe, or confine thee, within the circumference and compaſſe of thy Allegeance. Knoweſt thou not that the jealouſie of a King is death? and that a Prince is neither a kinne, nor allyed to a Traytor. Admit that thou hadſt prevailed in thy moſt nefarious rebellion. What had beene thy Conqueſt? but terrour of conſcience, daily doubt of Treaſon, nightly feare of murther, the ſhame of thy ſelfe, the hate of men, and the vengeance of God. O what bitter fruites ſhouldeſt thou ſo untimely have purchaſt. The uſurpation of my Crowne (which a few dayes would peaceably give thee) could not Patronize thy fratricide, nor diſpence with the murther of thy Soveraigne. How fondly, inhumane, maligne, and degenerate haſt thou then ſhewed thy ſelfe? Many are the probabilities that thou ſoughts my life, and more then many are the inducements why I ſhould ſecure my ſelfe by thy death. And what mercie canſt thou expect there, when thou didſt intend no pittie. I grieve and bluſh to ſee ſuch an Antipathy betwixt us. But it ſhall ſuffice, that to my glory, and thy ſhame, I give

thee

the now pledge of the vertue of my love, that thou mayest hereafter the better love me for my vertue: For here I doe not onely freely pardon thee, but doe entertaine thee anew to dwell ever in my dearest affections. A brothers frowne should set with the Sunne; and here shall be the period of my wrathfull indignation. Then let this new birth beget in thee a new life; and let this make such a stable connexion of our loves, that wee both may hereafter contend, whether we with a better heart have given thee thy life, or that thou canst more affectionately retaliate our kindnesse. Onely thou shalt abjure the match with the *Dauphin*, and instantly write to him, that wee oppose and prohibite the same, And therefore shalt thou pray his patience, and the continuance of his love; and alledge, that neither Subjects in matters of State, nor Princes of the blood in Marriages, can dispose of their wills, nor of themselves, without the permission of their King. This was no sooner said, but that *Vandosme* (kissing his Soveraignes hands) with full falling teares (expressing both his griefe and shame) most willingly performed the same.

O most prudent *Paris*, with what prescience, caution, and facility, didst thou infatuate and delude these wise and great Princes; and how subtilly had thou made them thy deceived Agents, to worke upon each other, all onely to preserve thy weake hopes of faire *Vienna*. But though *Paris* now had thus dispiere'd these terrifying clouds that threatned shipwrack to his high desires, yet durst he not dreame after better fortunes, though he held the successe of his late fraudulent fiction very auspitious; But pleasing himselfe with what he had done, and affecting still his owne affections, he walked into the chamber of presence, where *Vienna*, *Izabella*, and other Ladyes, were playing at Cardes; Thither hee went) under colour of attendance) to feast his eyes, and to Paradise his heart with the beloved sight of his all-admired and affected Lady. O with what wonder, did he now observe her matchlesse beauty, her gracefull Majestie, her pleasing words, and her sweet delivery. And what a

conflict was now growne betwixt his desire and dispaire: All his thoughts were extravagant, and at warre with each other. For as desire did finde content, with joy, to be in her presence; so Dispaire denyed him all hope, with distrust or any comfort. His heart now began to rebuke his eyes for soaring so neere the Sunne, and for gazing after impossibilities. But his eyes told his heart, that no disdaine could dwell in so rare a perfection. In this perturbation of mind did hee stand, untill *Vienna* being dry, called to him for a cup of wine, which he in the pride of that imployment hastily brought, but delivered it with great astonishment and stupidity (as being over-surprized both with joy, and feare) he all-shaking, flasht some of the wine over the cup, and so wet both theyr hands; which one of the Ladies perceiving, scornefully said; Sir Knight, you are over-bountifull, I am sure, my Ladies hand called for no wine. There is no offence (answered *Vienna*) at all; He knew my hand was dry. So Madame, said *Izabella*, is your foot. My foot, (hee replyed) is further off from the burning Sunne, and receives moysture enough from the humide earth. But neither, said *Izabella*, did neede any wine. We called, said *Vienna*, for it, being dry; And how could our body receive it, unlesse our hand had first taken it? A dry cup and a cleane hand, said another Lady, had beene more serviceable. Why said *Vienna*, cleane hands are often washt, and dry cups quencheth no thirst; Then must dryneſſe have moysture, and hee hath freely given it us: but no more, we have lost our game in his defence. *Paris*, whose extasie had given way to these passages, recollecting himselfe, humbly said, What (most gracious Princes) you have lost in the game, that have you wonne by patience in your meeknesse; but how shall I worthily magnifie your great worth, that (notwithstanding these tart Ladies bitter provocations) hath shewed the fulnesse of all vertue in your goodnesse. Let your Highnesse but pardon my vnstayed hand, and you shall ever find me more ready to shed my dearest blood in your service, then I have beene either to wet your faire hand, or to spill

your

your wine. Thankes good Knight, ſayd *Vienna*, we deſire no ſuch ſatisfaction; your taken paines ſhall bee all your punishment. *Paris* being proud of this conceited favour, (though *Vienna* in her mild nature pleaded in his defence, onely to croſſe the other Ladies derision, and to approve her owne acuteneſſe) withdrew himſelfe to the next window, where with his Diamond hee thus writ.

In ſpite of ſcorne, true vertue did me grave,
In ſcorne of ſpite, I'le laugh in Envies face.

But more conſiderately weighing his owne caſe, he entertained better thoughts, and therefore writ in the next ſtage of the window.

If Rivers great, from ſmalleſt Brookes doe flow,
Poore hopes in time, farre better haps may know.

But now *Fortune* that wayted (though yet a farre off) on *Paris* unknowne merit, gave him a befitting occaſion to doe *Vienna* (though ſtill covertly) more pleaſing and more glorious ſervice. For there had lately falne out in the French Court a great contention, betwixt the native Barons, and ſome ſeverall noble Forraigners, that then for their pleaſures, followed that Court in honour of the King. The controverſie was, whether was moſt faire or the more vertuous of theſe three Ladies; *Valentia* the great Duke of *Burbons* Daughter; *Vienna*, the *Daulphins* ſole heyre of *Viennois*; or the Lady *Margaret*, ſiſter to the King of *England*. Great was their debate, and many there were that maintained each ſeverall Ladies beauty. Inſomuch, as they fall from arguing to anger, from anger to blowes, and from blowes to wounds. The French King offended with their offending uproare, and great neglect of their due reſpect to place and perſon, commanded peace upon their Alleigeances: And after being pacified, and fully poſſeſt with the cauſe; hee held the occaſion well worthy diſpute, but their

sunky courages, and our furious proceedings, punishable in the place: Yet fearing the further ill that might in many particulars well ensue thereof; out of his deepe insight, he pardoned their great over-sights, and calling them all before him (after some few reprehending words) hee thus with a milde majesty, briefely and wittely appeased them all.

First, he commanded that a solemne and royall Justs (in honour of the three Ladies) should be proclaimed throughout all his Kingdome to be holden in *Paris*, at *Pentecost* following, free for all commers, and that she whose Knight should honour her, with the honour of the day, should bee ever had, and held, for the fairest of the three; and that his Queene should crowne her with a Crowne of white Lillyes, beset with precious stones, as Soveraigne Queene of most perfect beauty: This milde and pleasing shower, so kindly distilling from the King, so well allayed their stormy furies, that calming theyr over-enraged wills, in the shame of their amisse; they humbly on bowed knees, craved pardon for their offences, and thanked the King for the grace and honour that he did them. Then sent the King his Ambassadour to acquaint the *English* King, and specially Messengers to the *Dawlphin*, and Duke; entreating the King, and willing both the other to honour him, and his Court, with their persons, his sister, and theyr two daughters at the assigned day, and that each of them would be pleased, to prepare, and bring some beseeming prize of value, befitting both themselves, the cause, and the worth of the Victor. All which they promised in the word of a Prince, holding themselves no little honoured in so honorable a contention. Before the day (the day drawing neere) there came so many noble and well appointed Knights, that the French Kings Court seemed an *Alexanders* Campe. Great was theyr Feasting, and full Royall was all theyr entertainements. But the day of tryall being come, *Aurora* no sooner shewed her mornings blush, but that the French King ashamed of his sluggishnesse, rose, and did to see the three high Artificiall

cuall Mounts, which hee had cauſed to be erected, and made for the three Ladies to ſit on; who no ſooner were come and placed, but that the Duke of *Burbon* came marching in, with a rich Garland made all of orient Pearle, hanging on a blew Banner, with his coate of Armes on the other ſide and placed it on the Mount belonging to *Valentia*, on her left ſide.

Then followed the *Dauſphin* of *Viennois* with a rich Coller of Eſſes, beſet all over with Rubies, hanging on a white Banner, with his Armes diſplayed on the other ſide, and placed it on *Vienna's* Mount, on the right hand of his Daughter. Then came *Englands* royall King, with an imperiall Crowne of burniſht gold, ſet with Indian Diamonds and blew Saphirs, ſupported betwixt two regall Lyons, hanging on a red Banner, and plac'd it on the middle Mount before his Siſter the Lady *Margaret*: In the face of each ſeverall Mount (ſome foure degrees under the Ladies) ſate each ſeverall Ladies Father, in a ſtrange deviſed Seate, ſo curiouſly made, and ſo glorioully decke, that each one ſeemed to be *Apollo* ſitting in the Chariot of the Sunne. The Knights (whoſe rare Deviſes diſcovered theyr ſecret and ſeverall fancies) as they were affected; ſo they betooke themſelves to the Mount, whoſe honour they were to maintaine. The French King ſitting in his rich Pavillion powdered with Flowre-deluces, oppoſite to the Mounts, cauſed Proclamation to be made on paine of death, that none but the Knights Encounterers ſhould ſtay, or enter into the Liſtes, and that no Knight unhorſed ſhould juſt againe, nor any make offer of Combate: This being done, the King of Armes ſtood up, and after a third ſound, bade them goe too, and doe theyr beſt devoyres like valiant Knights: And no ſooner had he ended his words, but that there came from *Valentia* Mount a Knight well mounted on a ſpeedy Bay, his Armour, Bates, and all other his Furniture Azure, full of fiery flames, and on his ſhield he bare a Phœnix, enclo-ſed within a bright ſhining Sunne, and under it, a hand reaching towards it, with this under-written Motto, *O utinam:*

nam: Towards him came from the Lady *Margaret*s Mount, a greene Knight, full of eyes and bleeding Hearts, mounted on a fierce Blacke, bearing on his Shield an Armed Knight proſtrated under a Ladies mercy, his Launce lying unbroken by him, with his Motto, *All-ready conquered*: Theſe two Knights encountred with each other ſo furiouſly and forceably, that their Staves ſhivered in the ayre, and witneſſed their courages in their fall, but in the counter-buffe, the knight of the Phœnix was borne to the ground, ſo that the greene Knight rode on, overthrowing twenty other Knights that came from both the other Mounts; the laſt of whom, bare in the Shield the Picture of *Vienna* moſt richly pourtracted with a vayle of lawne all over her, and from the dexter part of the Shield there was a Hand and an Arme comming forth of a Cloud; holding a faire Labell, whereon was written, *Such as one, as ſuch is none*. Great was now the glory of the Lady *Margaret*, and all malecontented fate the other two Ladies, eſpecially *Vienna*, who now ſeeing her ſhadowed ſelfe lying in the duſt, miſt, and wiſht for her White and unknowne Knight; And as her wandering eye romed up and downe, ſtill looking whether ſhee could eſpie him, ſhee ſuddainly both heard and ſaw a well proportioned Black Knight, rudely ruſhing from her Mount, who ſo fiercely ſaluted the Greene Knight, that hee made him pay tribute for his former honour, in the overthrow of his fortune: Threeſcore other aſſayling Knights hee diſmounted before *Vienna*, who now joying, wondred, and wondering, prayed that he might be her deſired knight, that wonne her Chriſtall Shield and Chaplet at her Fathers Court; and well ſhee prayed, that had ſo well her prayer, for it was Sir *Paris* indeed, who knowing that Emulation hath many eyes, and that Obſervation might eaſily diſcover him, fearing to be knowne by his white Armour, had thus ſadly arm'd himſelfe ſutable to his ſable fortune; and therefore he bare nothing in his Shield but Blackneſſe, for his Deviſe was ſtill to be without Deviſe, only his ſad Armour was covered all over with

mourning Clouds. Many Knights there were overthrowne by *La-noya*, but more then many did Sir *Paris* foyle. For then, if ever; and if ever, then: did he shew the vertue of his valour, in the strength of his courage. Now grew the hurly-burly great, and many, and great were the encounters made on each side, In so much, that there rested but unoverthrowne; one *Valentia* on the Lady *Margarets* part, on eyther side three; and all onely on *Viennas*, but one; which was the blacke clouded Knight, who now was deem'd hardly bestead, both in regard of his former travailes, and the present advantage of the five fresh assailants, who bent all theyr forces first against him. *Valentias* hope was now a little revived, and the Lady *Margarets* proud expectation fully answered *Valentias* hope. Onely doubtfull *Vienna*, neere dyed for feare, least that her beauty should now be eclipsed in the losse of her gotten fame, and that her fame should be buried in the dying renowne of her best esteemed beauty. For as she wondred hee had so long resisted, so shee held it unpossible hee should longer resist. But Sir *Paris* (onely weary, in that there were no more to be wearied by him) casting his eye (the messenger of his heart) on *Vienna*, and seeing the shining lights of her transparent beauty, over-shadowed with sorrow and dismay. Desire so blew the fire of his new conceived rage, that like an unmersifull, and hunger-starved Lyon, (that runnes raging for his prey) so he violently runne amongst them, that with one staffe he overthrew the first three he met, and turning his Horse, before *Vienna* could turne her disaire, he charg'd the fourth so forceably, that hee sent both Horse and Man to the ground: At the sight whereof, the people gave such applaudrng shouts, that *Vienna* lifting up her sad eye (as waking from a carefull slumber) she saw her Knight returning in the glory of theyr overthrowes. So that hoping now, for better hap, a better hap did befall her then she did, or could expect. For no sooner made hee his last returne, but hee returned againe from overturning of the other two. Who triumphed then but *Vienna*? Who

now

now more sad then *Valentia*, or who more grieved then the Lady *Margaret*? the Just thus ended, the French Queene came with a troope of attending Ladyes, carying before her the Crowne of Artificiall Lillies, nicely floned, and setting it on *Viennas* head, shee Crowned her for fole, and Soveraigne Queene, of absolute, and matchlesse beauty.

Then came the King, and tooke Sir *Paris* by the hand, and lead him (all the other Knights and Barrons following them) with triumphing honour, and sound of Trumpets, to the three Mounts; where with his owne hand hee gave him the three Banners, with the three prizes on them, which Sir *Paris* reverently taking, re-delivered over to his friend *La-nova*, secretly to convay them away, while hee stayed the ending of all other the Ceremonies. All which being accomplished: The *King*, the *Daulphin*, and *Vienna* (rendring Sir *Paris* thankes for his worthy and affectionate endeavours, and most renowned and fortunate atchievements (requested him, in the name of *Vienna*, to discover himselfe, and tell unto whom they were all so much bounden. But Sir *Paris* humbling himselfe in all duty, made reverent shew of his unwillingnesse therein; which the King noting, would not further importune him, nor could the *Daulphin* in any wise over-treat him, nor durst *Vienna* over-much presse him: So that he kissing her hand, held it long and after drawing his sword, layd it at her feete, and taking it up againe kist it likewise; and then holding it up, seemed to threaten the world in her behalfe, which added this Article to *Viennas* beleife, that he undoubtedly was her white Knight, and the same, and non but the same, that first so melodiously sang under her Chamber window; and therefore her desires having now no end, shee ever after though each houre an age, till she knew him. But Sir *Paris* withdrawing himselfe to the rest of the Knights, retired with them, still giving backe, till he was the last of the troope, and then taking a crosse-way, separated and convayed himselfe from them, and suddenly disarming himselfe, hee speedied to finde out the Bishop of St. *Lawrence*,

with

with whom (of purpole to prevent all furmiſes) hee had a little before familiarized himſelfe, and no ſooner had hee eſpyed him, but that hee haſted to greet him, and ſtill kept in his company, as if St. *Marke* had robb'd god *Mars* of a Martialiſt. Such was his holy ſhew of devout Religion, as that he made all men admire him, and his father to be inwardly grieved at him.

But *Vienna*, who now had greater cauſe to love him, then meanes to know him, wondring at his valour, not to be valued; and valuing his vertues, by clouding the glory and value of his prowis, held now his love an honour to her affection, and vowed her affection a guerdon for his love. But when ſhe heard of his ſecret departure, and that no one knew what he was, from whence he came; nor to what place he had ret red himſelfe; Then impatient deſire made her the child of paſſion, and feare to looſe that ſhe never had, made her feele what before, ſhe neither knew, nor feared. And ſo much the more ſhe held her ſelfe miſerable, in that ſhe knew not for whom ſhe was ſo miſerable, nor how to ſeeke an end, to end her miſery.

As *Viennas*, ſad conceit, thus overſhaded the glory of her beautifull Conqueſt, ſo was Sir *Iaques* flattering hope made blacke with foule diſpaire; For miſſing his ſonne Sir *Paris* out of two ſo Royall and honorable Aſſemblies, where renowne eternized each deſerving Knight, with never dying fame, and ſeeing him ſtill aſſociating the Biſhop; hee feared leaſt his buſineſſe of over-ſuperſtitious Zeale, had abandoned all deſire and regard of Knightly Chivalry. And therefore hot in his repining conceit, hee haſtened to find *La-nova*, unto whom in griefe, he manifeſted the cauſe of his griefe; Requeſting and conjuring him by the ſacred lawes, and name of friendſhip, and by the honour he owed to Armes, to perſwade his ſonne to a more befitting reſpect of his unregarded honour. *La-nova* hearing Sir *Iaques* worthy complaint, and ſeeing his froſted beard all bedewed with the teares of his ſorrow, pittyed his lament, but durſt not diſcloſe the miſtery of the truth; but commending his

honourable care, hee comforted him with promise of assured and present remedy, and so left him better satisfied, then truely certified. And no sooner where they parted, but *La-nova* departed, to impart to Sir *Paris*, what his noble Father had so sorrowfully said to him: which so mooved his feeling consideration in a Sonnes regard, that partly to satisfie his Father from living so supposedly idle, and partly to forget (if so he could forget) the tormenting thoughts, that still troubled his enthralled minde.

He determined to goe (onely with *La-nova*) to the warrs of *Florence*. And craving, he obtained, willing leave of his glad Father; but before his departure, hee called his Mother a side, and delivering her the key of his Chamber, and Oratory, wherein were placed all his purchast Prizes, well covered over with Hangings of sky-coloured silke, embroydered with starres of gold, and shaded all over with blacke Cipres, that the dimmest eye might perceive the glory of the heavens, through the blacknesse of the cloud. Her he devoutly requested, and humbly conjured (as she tended his contentment, and following welfare) not to suffer any to enter therein, nor so much as looke therein her selfe. This was his request, and this did she protest religiously to performe. This done, hee craved and received their blessing, and so set forwards towards *Florence*, where in briefe, he atchieved so great honour in the Dukes Warres, as the bruit of his spreading fame, both famed, and inworthied him in the *Dauphins* Court, which much joyed the *Dauphin*, and more rejoyced Sir *Iaques*.

Vienna all this while grew more pensive, and passionate then before, and still (as *Pharaoh* longed to know his dreame) so desired shee to know, and see him whom she loved more then her selfe. Her vestall vertue was now no *Diana's* proofe, to withstand *Venus* force; nor could her chast conceit dispence with affectious thoughts. But the more shee sought to quench desire, the more shee burnt her selfe within her owne fire. Many Princes became Petitioners and Prisoners to her beauty, and greatest Barons did homage

homage to her vertues; But neyther Prince nor Baron could find favour in Beauty, nor love in vertue. So strangely was her strange affection, estranged to all but to him that was so neere a stranger to her so strange a passion. To him, and for him, had shee consecrated, and reserved her devoted heart; and to him, and none but him, would shee yeeld the conquest of her Maydens minde. And although disturbed reason afforded her no hope, nor possibility of finding or enjoying him; Yet did the gracious aspect of her favourable starres, yeeld her this meanes to know him. For Sir *Jaques* being greatly visited with sickneſſe, was so generally bewayled of all, and so particularly bemoaned of the *Daulphin* (in regard of his thrise noble service in the wars, and his wise directions in Counsell) that he sent the *Daulphinis* his Lady to visite him; who taking *Vienna* and *Izabella* with her went attended with foure other Ladies, to see, and comfort his enfeebled estate. But finding him prettily amended (after some fashionable, and cheerefull chat;) The *Daulphinis* (led thereto, I know not by what destiny) was desirous to see how well the house was contrived, how beautified, and how furnished; which the good old Lady in all humbleneſſe, yeelded unto, conducting them into every place, untill they returning, came againe by Sir *Paris* his Chamber doore, which his Mother both going, and comming backe, purposely past by. But being demanded of the *Daulphinis* what Chamber, or Place that was; shee durst not but tell; and telling, would have past away, which the *Daulphinis* noting, merrily sayd; Nay Madame, I will not leave the Chamber of so worthy a Knight unseene. The good old Lady not knowing how to avoyd this counterbuffe, fearefully with a trembling hand, opened the doore, wherein they were no sooner entred, but that they saw all manner of Armours, and befitting furniture for approoved good Knights, which made them commend the owner no little; and to hold him farre worthier of a better Armoury.

As thus they viewed his severall Armours; *Vienna* happily fixt her eye on a white Armour not farre unlike unto that,

which Sir *Paris* had on him, when first he won her Chaplet, and Christall Shield. The sight wherof, made Hope (the Harbinger of happinesse) to breath in her this pleasing comfort; that as that Armour was none but the same: So Sir *Paris* (that renowned owner) must of necessity bee that secret Knight, that not daring to be knowne to love her, was (by her sacred vowes) to bee beloved of her. Thus Hope presumed the best, and invited joy to gratulate her good successe. But doubt (curbing rashnesse with deliberation) perswaded her to further tryall. For as her hope was ready to embrace the first shew of comfort, so was her desire most greedy of more perfect assurance. And the better to effect, what she affected, she fayned (and fayne she was to fayne) her selfe suddenly sicke, and after some shew of some extremity, she desired her Mother (the better to make better search) to leave her alone, all only with *Izabella*, to rest her for a time on the bed, which they holding convenient, consented to it. And no sooner were they gone, but that *Vienna* bolting the doore, began to make a wary search. At last, at the end of the Chamber she found a privie partition, so well shadowed with the Hangings of the Chamber, that hardly could any perceive the same; within, and behind this, was the place wherein Sir *Paris* daily, sacrificed his prayers vnto his God, wherein they were no sooner entred, but that withdrawing a glorious clouding Curtaine, they discovered the three famous rich Prizes of Sir *Paris* victorious prowis, stately erected vpon the wall, and below them hanged the Christall Shield, and golden Chaplet, he first wonne at her Fathers Court. Opposite to which, on the other side, stood his white and blacke clouded Armours, so fully, and lively set vp, as they seemed as ready to defend the place, as their Master was willing to maintaine her beauty. Long looked *Vienna* on every severall Prize, but longer looked shee on both the Armours; now blushing and sighing, then smiling and wondring at the stately and pleasing proportion of them, In this contentment, and admiration of her thoughts, shee

would

would have dwelled ſtill, but that caſting her nimble eye aſide, to ſee what *Izabella* did, ſhe perceived theſe following verſes to lye written on the Table.

Time, Fortune, Love, and hote Deſire, enioynes,
Such Woe, Loſſe, Care, and Death, as Death procures:
Time doubts, Love feares, Fortune hard hap aſſignes,
Deſire vnreſt; vnreſt Deſire endures.
So that Time, Fortune, Love, and hote Deſire,
My Woe, Loſſe, Care, and Death, doth now conſpire.

Time threatens Love; Love Life; Life Love attends,
Love doubts Diſdaine; Diſdaine, Deſire neere ſlayes
Fortune my foe, my fancie ſtill offends,
Deſire, Love covets; Love deſire gaine-ſayes.
Thus Time, Love, Fortune, olde Deſires and new,
My Woe, Loſſe, Care, and Death, doth oft renew.

My Woe, Loſſe, Care, and Death, ſo oft renewes,
As Love (my Love) a Lover ſo doth leave
Fortune moſt fell, my love, thy God-head rues.
Deſire dye, my hope of health conceive.
Since Time, Love, Fortune, and diſtraſt Deſire,
My Woe, Loſſe, Care, and Death, doth all conſpire.

But if that Time, in time, fell Fortune daine,
If Love, in love, but move my Love, to love;
If Fortune ſmile, in Loves ſweet yeelding graine,
And my deſires enioy, what Lovers prove.
Then ſhall my Woe, Loſſe, Care, and Death retire,
And I laud Time, Love, Fortune, and Deſire.

Theſe Verſes well pleaſed *Vienna*, and all contentment now waited on her firſt liking conceit: But after ſhee had more conſideratively weyed how poore Sir *Paris* was, that meane Man whom ſhe wiſht ſo much to ſee, and to whom ſhe had devoted the honour of her love; her bluſhing baſhfulneſſe then rebukt her miſliked kindneſſe, and his muddy clouded affection, ecclipſed the ſun-ſhine of her far more glorious worth. In this diſlike, ſhe ſilent ſate her downe, and riſing ſtreight againe ſayd; That promiſe is nefarious, that is to be accompliſhed by an ignoble deed; and it is more tollerable to violate an vnworthy vow fooliſhly made; then by keeping the ſame, to draw on my diſgrace, and give juſt cauſe of offence to others: My fayth falls out a treaſon to my ſelfe, and the love I beare him, is the field wherein I ſeeke to overthrow my renowne: But why ſhould my raſh judgement ſet a rankling tooth in his vertuous ſide? Or why ſhould I care for more honours then to content my ſelfe; Or for more riches, then to enjoy my ſelfe? Wee are all borne to love; and wee onely live, and love to be beloved: Then not to love, and thinke to be beloved, is like that fooliſh Virgin, that ſought to light her Lampe at anothers Torch that was quite extinct. With that ſhe began to recount the ſhining Glory of his ſpreading renowne, the full perfection of his many approoved and admired vertues; the commendable regard of his ſecret and impriſoned love, with the dangerous and honorable approbation of the ſame; and how ſhe was bound in honor to honor and love him, that had above the pride of all honour, ſo honoured her. Then, then began ſhee to be more ſorry ſhe could love him no better, then before ſhe was aſhamed ſhe loved him ſo well: And therefore taking *Izabella* by the hand, ſhe vowed and ſwore, that ſhe would live to love none but Sir *Paris*, nor love to live longer then ſhe might be beloved of her Sir *Paris*; For *Fortune* ſayd ſhee hath decreed it ſo; *Love* will have it ſo, and *Vienna* ſweares it ſhall be ſo:

Izabella firſt vttering her miſlike, in her complaining teares,

teares, and then drowning her teares in the griefe of her complaint, thus all sighing, shee sadly said: Ah *Vienna*, no more now *Vienna*, since *Vienna* hath lost her selfe; what, is become of your Princely regard, befitting your state? where is your wonted wisedome, so admired of all? Your vertue giving light to others, and your modesty eternizing your beauty? Shall base conceit (ever attended on with repenting follies) eclipse now the honour and wonder of your Name? Are servile thoughts beseeming companions for your noble mind? or ignoble Subjects fit objects for Princes eyes? If *Vienna* be so predominate over you, that *Diana* is quite forgotten of you; yet let me call you before the judgement of your owne vertue, and then tell me whether the unworthy worthinesse of his Degree, equalize the great greatnesse of your Dignity? Admit his deserts bee many, and promise much, yet are his possibilities of advancement, no possessions of enrichment; nor are his noble deeds the deeds of a Noble man. Will you then lose an honour for an humour? Nay, rather performe a Regall office in a Prince-like nature; that being a Princesse in your selfe, become also Prince-like in your deeds. What will your Father say, nay all *France*, nay all the world? when they shall heare that *Vienna*, late scorning the Royall love of greatest Princes, is now subjected to the will of a meane Knight: Farre be it from my Lady so to doe, farre from any to thinke so, and farre from *Izabella* ever to see it so.

Vienna (whose setled affection) held her perswasive inversions odious, and whose resolved determination, thought her reprehension loathsome, with usuall eyes, arguing her discontent, shee all angry, thus sharply replyed; Were I (unkind, ungratefull, and unjust *Izabella*) as farre from affection, as thou art from reason and pitty; Yet would not the common care that Ladies of esteeme ought to have toward Knights of good regard, suffer mee to heare due deserts so disgraced by injurious tongues, nor true renowne so reproacht by malignant mouthes. Then know (and knowing grieve, that so thou knowest) that thy unseasona-

seasonable words hath wounded my desire, and my desire abandons thee in thy words: Thinkest thou that desire dreames once on Dignities? or that *Cupid* cares for Crownes, that never saw Gold: Seest not thou these Trophies erected in his honor, and his honour shining in these Trophies? If I bee great, his great deeds answers my great estate, and my estate shall be made greater by his great deeds: For if ever any Knight merited renown for renowned Chivalry, it is my *Paris*; or if ever Knight followed his Lady with true love, loved her with honour, or honoured her with regard and remarkable services, it is my *Paris*: Then if ever well-deserving Knight triumphed in the faithfull love of his Lady, it shall bee my *Paris*: For here I sweare by the eternall justice of the Highest, that none shall have *Vienna* but *Paris*, nor none love *Paris* so well as *Vienna*. Then leave to grieve me, and loade not my griefe with further displeasure, in gain-saying what I say againe, I will never gain-say: For in vaine it is to water the Plant, the roote being perished, or to seeke to perswade mee, that am so resolvedly perswaded.

Isabella seeing her so resolute in her passion, and so passionate in her resolution, thought it was in vaine to urge her further, and fearing her threatning displeasure, she thought it good thus to balme the wound she before had given. Let not my honourable Lady (she sayd) returne an imagined wrong, with an effectuall injury, but pardon the well wishing fault of your faultlesse friend, who (if offending) offended in tender care of desiring your good, and not of purpose to contract you, or with will to discontent you, whom before all others I wish to content; for proofe whereof, I here vow repay to the debt of my error, with the interest of all my furthering indeavours, to advantage you in your Love. No sooner had she spoken the last word Love, but that *Vienna* in love, for love, kist, and embraste her joying in her promise and availing aide; and protesting, that most gratefull guerdons should make full satisfaction for her offered kindnesse. In the meane time, she required

secre-

ſecrecy, and fearing leaſt their long ſtay might procure, either ſome feare, or ſuſpition, in her Mother, ſhee thought good to depart as one well recovered of a ſuddaine hatch, but before they went, ſhee cauſed *Izabella* to take, and ſecretly to conuey away the Chriſtall Shield, and Chaplet, the firſt and moſt records, both of her beauty, and his prowis, and this ſhe did of purpoſe, not ſo much for any deſire wee had to haue them, as to give him occaſion to come to enquire after them.

In this proceſſe of time, the Warres of *Florence*, were ended, and Sir *Paris* being intelligenced of his Fathers ſickneſſe (whoſe infeebled age he much feared) and being deſirous to ſee *Vienna*, though diſpaire of ſucceſſe, the hearſe of his ſuppoſed idle hopes, yet Deſire (the nurſe of perſeuerance) gaue him wings to make the more ſpeed, ſo that *La-noya* and hee, oſting homewards, happily came, and found Sir *Jaques* well amended, whoſe good recovery was no leſſe joyfull to Sir *Paris*, then his returne was comfortable to his Father. After they had long diſcourſed of the occurrents of theſe Warres, and of his many adventures and fortunes, Sir *Paris*, longing to give his eye contentment, by gazing on his dolatrous Prizes, he tooke his Mother by the hand, and walking towards his Chamber (like the Lapwing that flyeth farre from her neſt) he enquired of Court affaires, but ſhe being not able to ſatisfie the drift of his reach, he preſt her no further, but being entred into his Chamber, he made a ſtep into his Oratory, were ſuddenly miſſing the firſt pride of his happy atchiuements, the chiefe glory of his ſtudy, and the true teſtimony of *Viennas* beauty, and bounty, being therewith much appaled, and mooued at their remoue, he all angerly came forth, and asked who had beene there, and there had taken away ſuch things as hee moſt eſteemed. His Mother abaſhed at the queſtion, but more grieved that thre was any thing wanting, not knowing how, or by whom they ſhould bee taken away, anſwered, that ſince his departure no one had beene there, but the *Dauphines*, and her daughter the Lady *Viuana*,

accompanied with other Ladyes that came to visite his Father in his sicknesse, and that shee desired amongst other Chambers to see that, which she (after some denying excuses) durst not longer gaine-say, and how that shee her selfe was with them so long as they stayed. Saving that the Lady *Vienna* being suddenly surprised with sicknesse, requested for her better ease, to stay onely alone with *Isabella*, to rest her a while on your bed. *Paris* flattering himselfe with his owne favourable construction, deemed (and truely deemed) that the cause of her alteration, grew by the unexpected sight of the Prizes, and the view of his verses, that hee had left on his Table; and that shee had taken them away either in her angry disdaine, or to see what account hee made of them, or whether hee would re-demand them. And therefore pleased, to adventure his Fortune upon the rocke of this hazard, hee shewed no further mislike that hee mist them. But afterwards, shadowing his desire to see *Vienna*, under the borrowed vayle of duty, to see, and to attend the *Daulphin*; he went to the Court, where the *Daulphin*, glorying in the lustre of his Subjects renowne, because it gave a splendour to his Greatnesse; hee kindly received him, with more familiar embracements, and loving respects, then his austere nature, did usually afford: by this his unwonted curtesie and grace, he made Sir *Paris* thoughts (more obligatory) to his favours; and fashioned his favours (more complementory) to Sir *Paris* fortunes: for curtesie, they say, in Majesty, binds ever affection in duty. As Sir *Paris* stood before the *Daulphin* (relating the honour, and issue of the *Florentine* Warres) hee glaunc'd, and fearefully glaunc'd many times on *Vienna*, but checking his eyes, that still rebuked him (hee left to looke, on whom not daring to looke, hee could not but looke. But *Vienna*, whose late kindled love, was now growne into a flame, having tediously before expected him, could not now seeing him, feast her rayfht eyes at full, but gazing still on his ample perfections (for now hee seemed more then exquisite) and taking pleasure in the sweet harmony of his well-tuned

words;

words; shee no sooner rejoyced, joying in her owne desires; but that straight she desired the enjoying. And turning towards *Izabella*, she all blushing smiled, and smiling blusht againe, because she smiled, and then asked her, whether she saw not bashfull feare, and doubtfull discontentement, sit on the face of his troubled countenance, for the losse of his Prizes, and the discouery of his affection; and whether she were not happy in her Choyse, and more then happy in his loue. All which, Gnathonizing *Izabella* prodigally confirmed, and demanded, how shee would doe, to enseoffe him with her affection, that durst not be knowne of his owne Loue. Which *Vienna* well ruminating in her mind, at length (woman-like) found out this device.

She faigned her selfe, for some three dayes, very sicke; and in the distemper of her wounding offences, fearefull of her sinnes; but after when shee was better enabled both in body, and minde; she desired leave of her Mother, to goe the next day (for the more quieting and confirming of her conscience, and to giue God praise for her recovery) to the Bishop of St. *Lawrence*, to confesse herselfe, and to receiue the Sacrament within the sacred Temple of God; which her Mother liking, yeelded vnto, rejoycing no little to see her so well amended, and so devoutly and piously devoted. In the interim, *Vienna* caused *Izabella* to send to Sir *Paris* in the Bishops name, to come and speake with him in the Cathedrall Church, at nine of the clocke the next morning; which Sir *Paris* promising, performed accordingly. For at the appointed houre he came, and being come, saw (and wondered that so he saw) the Princesse *Vienna* conferring with the Bishop, whose leysure, he willingly attended, and walked a little aside, wearying his fancie with wishes; and punishing his conceit with fearefull imaginations. Long hee had not walked, but that *Vienna* espying him, applauded her fortune; and armed with her owne desires, shee gaue her selfe countenance, vnder the pretext of employment; and called to Sir *Paris*, telling the Bishop that shee had matters of imployment in forraigne affaires, to impart vnto him

from her Mother; And therefore shee requested the Bishop (if he had any occasion with him) to walke a while aside, till shee had performed her Mothers command, and then shee would leaue them both to their pleasures. The Bishop being glad to see the Princesse so sanctified, commended her zeale, and left her to the discharge of her duty, blindly supposing that the *Dauphine* would send Sir *Paris* in message to some of her forraigne friends. But *Vienna* finding her selfe alone with him, in whom shee ioyed alone; she pleasantly demanded what hee made there, or whether he had any suit to her, or to any other, wherein shee might accommodate him; If it be so (so it be conuenient) Sir *Paris* shall finde a friend, if Sir *Paris* be found a friend. This pleasing and preludious demand, and Enigmaticall conclusion, made Sir *Paris*, somewhat fearefull how to answer. But Hope the comfortable Counsailour of Loue, shap'd in him this bold and short reply. My businesse (chrice worthy Lady) is the Bishops will; my suit, your seruice; your seruice my chiefe desire, and my desire your fauorable countenance; And longer may not *Paris* liue, then he rests humbly thankefull to *Vienna*; and if not offensiue, a faithfull seruant to my Lady. Thankes (said *Vienna*) good Sir *Paris*, your suit shall not bee non-suit, if you shoot at Honours ayme. But tell me, and truly tell me, whether your suit (and your discontentment, which I see harbours in your eyes) be not for your Prizes which I tooke away, when attending my Mother, I was at your Fathers house. Ido it be, (be it so, or not so) you shall haue them againe, if againe you will returne with me. *Paris* proud of her presence, held himselfe more deified, then dignified, by her fauours, and humbling himselfe; he vowed, that they, himselfe, and all in all, were at her Honours command. Then must I (*Vienna* said) command, and conjure you to tell me, whether it were your selfe, that so sweetly sung vnder my Chamber window; and so friendly gaue me Musicke; that did wound and beate my Fathers Guard; that wonne, and bare away my Christall Shield, and Chaplet, in the Tournament at

at my Fathers Court; and that carried away the Honour and the three Banners, with their Prizes, from all the Barons and Knights at *Paris*.

Paris astonished at her demand, durst neither confesse, for feare of disdaine; nor yet dissemble, for offending her, whom in no wise he would offend; which perceived by *Vienna*, shee familiarly prest him to acknowledge the trueth, which manifested; shee with a pleasing and pleasant countenance merrily said, why then doth Sir *Paris* affectionately love us? Sir *Paris* whose enticing fault had earst control'd, but now condemned, his over-clyming thoughts, was so amated in himselfe, and so transported from himselfe, that silence, in bashfull signes, blusht out a dumbe reply. But *Vienna* (ballancing his cold conceit, by the alteration of his countenanes) allowed the weight, and animated in her owne affection, shee commanded him boldly to averre, what shee her selfe inferr'd by such his troubled silence. *Paris* seeing the cloud of his care dispierced, gloried the more in the brightnesse of his Sunne; the beames whereof hee found so comfortable, that hee proudly confest his love, and that hee had long done secret, and humble homage, to *Venus* under her so rare a beauty. *Vienna* surfeitting in the pride of her full content, kindly entertained his so affectionate a conceit, with as friendly a receite, and briefly, assuredly assured him; that none but *Paris* should enjoy *Vienna*; if none but *Vienna* should joy in *Paris*.

This cordiall conclusion, being Sealed with protestation of perseverance, and by confirmation of oathes, they knit two hearts in one and parted one will in two, and so departed. During these Haltion dayes, commanding *Love*, wrought ensuing cares: For *Vienna* sitting but in the shaddow of love, thought the fruites of affection over-long in ripening, and therefore presuming (in her erring ayme) that her Father in her favour would tie his consent to her choyse, and her love to his liking. She importuned Sir *Paris* to request his Father to acquaint the *Daulphin* with her affection; and humbly pray his consent in favour of his

Daughter: Which Sir *Jaques* advisedly at the first denyed, as unwilling to waken a sleeping Lyon, or to seeke for Fish in a dry Poole. But Paternall love (the allination of reason) and flattering hope (the nurse of deceit) so transported himselfe, from himselfe, that most unlike himselfe, he (vainely dreaming after possibilitie) yeelded to sayle in a Ship without a Sterne, and to gather honey out of Stones. But the *Dauphin* (whose repugnant humour scorn'd so servile a motion, and whose abused kindnesse, now begat in him most spitefull rage) so irefully boyled in his disdaine full surquedry, that bitterly checking Sir *Jaques*, he fearefully thundred out his threatning indignation, in exiling poore Sir *Paris*.

Paris though checkt, yet not mated; shewed now the vertue of his courage in the eclipse of his fortune. For being preswaded by *La-nova*, to make presently away; He notwithstanding the danger of tyrannicall authoritie, resolved to see his Lady before he lost his Countrey: And therefore as one desperate in dispaire, he hastily (yet secretly) went to participate his engrieved state with haplesse *Vienna*; who hearing thereof, was so confounded in her selfe; as she was full of sorrow for being vnable to relieue him, as she was voyd of all meanes to helpe herselfe. Their lamentations payed now large tribute to their griefes; and their desires that before had no end, did now, by dispaire, end endlesse things in their first motion: But after that the flood of their feares was growne to an ebbe, (admitting the necessitie of time) they concluded; euer to live to none, but to each other; though they neuer saw againe one another. And so Sir *Paris* fainting in his farewell, was depriued of his welfare: Which (all louing and impatient *Vienna* not brooking, so to be deposed from him, in whom she wholly reposed her selfe, recall'd him againe, and enfolding him within her fainting armes, she vowed to pertake with him in all his fortunes: ever remembring him, that the chast roote of her true affection was Vertue, clad in constant loves desire: Shee therefore advised him

secretly

secretly to conceale himselfe, and to provide for shipping, and at the houre of Twelve, the third night following, she would disguised (with stored Gold and Jewels) meet him in the Porch of Saint *Anthonios* Church, and so depart with him whither-soever. Sir *Paris* kissing her oft, (for in vaine kissing is some pleasure) found now his purgatory, to bee his Paradice; Joy tryumpht in his eyes, and comfort lodg'd in his heart; and in this haven of happinesse hee would have swimmed still, but that danger of delay told him, that growing Trees have their fall, aswell as their springs, and that apprehension would dissolve all their harmony: Hee therefore (being borne away with the hasty tyde of smallest leasure) rode presently into *Provence*, where happily meeting with *Monsieur de la Mott*, a Ship-Master of his acquaintance, hee privately told him, that hee had slaine a Man of account, and that he must for a time leave his Countrey, and therefore prayed him (for his gold) speedily and secretly to Ship him and his two Friends away into some other Coast; which *Monsieur la Mott* promising, sent one away incontinent to Saint *Victor*, where his Ship lay, to make all things in readinesse, and returned himselfe with Sir *Paris*, to assist and direct him in all his needfull dispatches.

Now *Vienna* and *Jzabella*, at the time and place appointed met with Sir *Paris* (according to their agreement) in mens apparell, dispencing with needlesse salutations, addrest themselves to speedy journeyes: And so long they poasting, ridde out of all High-wayes, that being benighted, they were glad to crave harbour of a Prelate, who lodging them, placed *Vienna* and *Jzabella* in one Chamber, and Sir *Paris* and *Monsieur de la Mott* in another. In the morning, their earely desires so hastened their speedy departures, that being timely up, and quickly horsed, Sir *Paris* and *La Mott*, rode apace before, to view the River, whose over-flowed bankes were so over-runne, by the pride of a late swelling flood, that the Foard was not passable, which made Sir *Paris* so impatient, so to bee frustrated of his attending Ship (the assurance of his safety) that *Monsieur de la Mott* over venturous

to

to venter over the passage, was in searching the Board, most unfortunately drowned in the mercilesse Flood. Sir *Paris* daunted at that so fatall a sight, sighed, and sighing, grew to a prodigious Prognosticator of his owne ensuing harmes. But fearing least the knowledge thereof might appale his faire Friend, hee suddainly returned to their religious Host, where hee had left the two Ladyes, when he went to find the Board, and to try the passage; and shadowing now his tormenting griefe with a forced smile, hee demaunded of *Vienna* how thee fared, who answered, as my Love fares, so fares thy Love, happie in my selfe; because happie in thee. And long may (sayd *Paris*) my Love live to love, that loves so to live onely for my love. Scarce had Sir *Paris* pronounced his last word, when one came running to tell the Priest, that there were many Knights in the next Towne, that came in quest, and searched for *Vienna* and Sir *Paris*. Which *Vienna* understanding, was so surprized with griefe and feare, that being altogether disheartned in her hope, shee held her selfe more then undone in her disturbed expectation: But after she had bathed the beauty of her eyes, in the sorrow of her teares, fearing most in this present perill, least death should arrest her beloved Friend: She with a much more resolved mind, and an assured Countenance, then befitted eyther the time, or was incident to her Sex, thus exhallerated her astonished Friend.

My *Paris*, (shee sayd) Time admits not there many words, where danger still knocks at the doore: In extremities, the winning of time, is the purchase both of life and love: Let not violent passions (that never removes any ill, but betrayes our secret imperfections) now sway the vertue of thy thoughts, nor the fortitude of thy heart; but carry thou in thy Lyons looke, a Lyons minde; and like the Sunne shew thy fayrest face, in thy lowest fall. Load not my sorrowes with thy griefe, nor kill thou thy selfe, for feare of death; But in the wonted courage of thy never-daunted Spirit, get thee to some other more safer shore; whereto let Vertue bee thy Governour, my remembrance

thy

thy Loue; thy loue my comfort, and my comfort thy ſole contentment. Thou haſt conquered men in loue, and Loue in me, and both in worth and wiſedome; and never ſhall I deeme my ſelfe happy, but when I ſhall ſee thee happy, for whom I now am ſo vnhappy: As thou leaveſt me, ſo ſhalt thou finde me; be but thou as conſtant a Friend to my Minde, as thou ſhalt be a Poſſeſſor of my Heart; and I ſhall have as much cauſe of joy, as thou no cauſe of doubt. If thou continue loyall, ſucceſſe (thou ſhalt ſee) will bleſſe thee well, and all good fortune will waite on thy juſt merits. This Diamond which here I giue thee, ſhall be a true remaining record of my ſincere loue to thee: Onely, let me heare of thy aboad; and ſo I leaue thee to the guide of Vertue, and ſeruice of Fortune. Sir *Paris* thus diſcomforted, comforted; weighing the danger of delay, by his imminent perill, and forced to ſet vp his ſayles in this ſo inſupportable and threatning a tempeſt; and there ſealing vp the vow of his faith, in the ſilent griefe of a departing kiſſe, he poſted to the Riuer ſide againe; where Diſpaire made Feare ſo valiant, that ere he found cauſe of feare, hee was paſt all feare: For hauing paſt he knew not how the River, he was got before he wiſt into the Ship: wherein being Cabined, hee told of *La Mot* his fatall accident, and forced them to put to ſea, ſayling himſelfe with as many contrary thoughts, as *Eolus* ſent out windes vpon the Trojan Fleet: At length he arrived at *Genoa*, where he reſted his reſtleſſe ſelfe, and where he liued, wanting but little, becauſe not deſiring much. But ſuch was his diſconſolate ſolitary life, that the Citizens (thorgh ſtrangers) affecting the man in his manners, pitied much his diſtreſſe, in the ſhew of his diſcontentment. In the meane while, the *Daulphin* waſting himſelfe, in his owne implacable, and vnlimited wrath, violently, and ſuddainly ſeazed, and confiſcated all Sir *Taques* Lands and Goods into his hands; impriſoning both him, and his Lady, as Fauters, Abetters, Confederates, and Adjuters thereunto. Thus gets Outrage, ever the ſharpeſt edge upon the firſt advantage; And in this diſtemper of

his ill disposed minde, he commanded that naught but bread and water should be giuen them. For, said he, where the offence is greater then the service, there Iustice changeth the bond of recompence into due punishment. During this their faultlesse imprisonment, the questing Knights returned with *Vienna*, and the Hospitalious Parson, her Host; who being brought before the angry *Daulphin* (her enraged Father) shee saw the cloud a farre off, before the storme fell, and therefore prostrating her selfe at his Feete, shee required pardon for her offence, and prayed that he would not make her sinne deadly, which was but veniall; pleading ignorance for the Prelate, and vnresistable loue for her selfe; swearing and assuring him, by sacrament of solemne oath, and the testimonie of her Host, that shee was as honest in her slight, as she was in her birth, and that her vnspotted thoughts were neuer stayned, with any vnchast deed or desire. The noble followers of the obdurate *Daulphin*, seeing the Princesse washing her repentance in her owne teares, humbly besought him to forget, and to forgiue her amisse, since the frailty of her offence, was rather a sore, then a sinne; and wounds were to be healed and not hurt. This submission, strengthened by such generall entreaties, somewhat quencht the burning heate of his enflamed ire: And though his severe Iustice told him, that not to punish an evill, was to allow of an evill; yet mercy hee knew pardons them oft, that deserues it not, and judgement in nature, should be next a kin to fauour. Vpon this calme construction (after many sharpe rebukes, and protested threats, hee vowed that determinate, and inevitable condemnation should punish her next offence) and so he pardoned her vpon promise of more regardfull duty.

Now Sir *Paris* had not long sojourned in *Genoa*, but that mindfull of his charge; he writ to *Vienna*, and enclosed it in another writ to *La-nova*, wherein hee excused his vnkind departure without his priuity, and conjured him by the sacred lawes of true amity; to attend and follow his Lady, in all seruice and fast friendship. *La-nova* glad of such glad tydings,

tydings, went in the height of his joy to *Vienna*, and (after some complementall salutes) asked her, what she would give to heare of her *Paris*. *Vienna* great with child with the expectation of her friends welfare, longed to be delivered with the notice of his health; and said, that the whole world afforded not sufficient worth to answer her liberall heart therein. *La-nova* joying in the constancy of her love, shewed her the letter, which shee hastily snatching, as hastily read; re-read, and many times, more then many times over-read, the pleasing contents as followeth.

"SWeet (sweet *Vienna*) I see is the hope that springeth "in the bud, but most sorrowfull I finde is the hap that "decayeth in the blossome. The hoped harvest that over-"credulous love assured me. Time (injurious time) keepes "now (you know) from the sithe, what Fortune before "sought to destroy in the grasse. What resteth then? but "to curse Time; as enemie to our desires, and to bewaile "our desires as intercepted by Time. Yet should I live "many yeares, or had I as many lives, as *Nestor* had "yeares; Those lives, those yeares, and all in all should "(I protest) be onely spent in recording your worthinesse, "and in arming my whole endeavours, to doe you some "agreeable service. Onely in absence, my griefe growes, "in finding my present estate, so weake in Fortune, and "my defects so slender in Nature; that not knowing with "*Anthony* how to requite his *Cleopatra*, I onely rest with "*Anthony* to dye for my *Cleopatra*. I cannot use many "words, where every word wounds me with a new care-"full conceite, and euery conceite kills mee with a feare-"full doubt. Let it then onely suffice, that as I live to "love none but *Vienna*; so I wish. and wishing desire, to be "ever, and onely remembred of *Vienna*. I am now in *Ge-"nua*, where my stay shall be little. For my desire flatte-"ring mee, with hope of honour, calls me (being debarred "from attending you) to foraigne services. I am there-"fore earnestly to intreate your favourable consent there-

" in, and that you would but grace my disgraced fortune
" with your colours, that under protection thereof, I may
" for my better security, march, as shadowed under *Achil-*
" *les* shield. In lieu whereof, I vow that all my happiest
" endeavours, and atchievements, shall be done under the
" honour and favour of your name. This is all, and of this
" would you but daign me the comfort of your answere;
" I should thinke me unhappy, happy, and live to hope,
" to be more happy. Thus wishing my deserts still suteable
" to my desires; and my desires ever pleasing to your deserts;
" I rest, ever, for ever, your true and loyall servant.

Paris.

Vienna well certified, but not fully satisfied, commanded *La-nova* to return a speedy answer, with charge that *Paris* should not depart *Genoa*, but that he should there sojourn, till better times afforded better turnes: And that he should beare himselfe, as himselfe, and her favorite. To maintaine which, she delivered to *La-nova* tenne thousand Crownes, which he sent immediately: Sir *Paris* receiving now so pleasing a pledge of her persevered constancie, triumphed no little in her so agreeable affection. And as she required, so set hee up the maine sayle of his obscured glory in the wind of her will, by taking a great house, and by maintaining so great a Port, that his Majesticall magnanimity well manifested, that his former sinister fortune was nothing suteable to his birth and education.

Whiles Sir *Paris* thus Courted it out in some content, *Vienna* was solicited by many great Lords. But the seed which they sowed in the sands, was washt away with the first flood of the Tyde; so that all their hoped Harvests, was nought but crops of growing cares. The *Daulphin* (whose climing thoughts looked ever upon greatest starres) kept the beame of her ballance straight, without gaine-saying this Sutor, or disgracing that. But to prevent all distaste that might come by deniall, he speedily sent speciall Messengers

ſengers to his faſt friend, the Earle of *Flanders*, requeſting his beſt labours and endeavours, to move, and make (if ſo he might) a marriage, betwixt his daughter *Vienna*, and the Duke of *Burbon* his ſonne. Such was his couetous deſire, in lieu of the *Burbons* poſſeſſions, not to be valued; and ſuch his conceit of his ſonnes valour, not then (as hee thought) to be equalled; ſo as his pride, could, nor would, admit of any other ſonne in law, but this great and matchleſſe Prince. The Earle of *Flanders* glad that occaſion offered it ſelfe, that he might both gratifie the *Dauſphin* his friend, and intereſt himſelfe in the loue and greatneſſe of the *Burbon* Duke, which he had long deſired; was now as willing as the Phyſitian, that is euer ready to pleaſure another, to profit him ſelfe. And knowing, that he that ſleepeth, catcheth no Fiſh; he went inſtantly to the Duke, who no ſooner heard of the motion, but glorying in the hope of ſuch vnexpected aduancement, he entertained the Earle with all the ſtate, that either greatneſſe could performe, or deſire require. In concluſion, the *Burbon* Duke ſent his ſonne, in the greateſt pride of proudeſt ſtate, to the *Dauſphins* Court, where he did proportion his carriage anſwerable to the eminencie of his place; his merits being ſuch, and ſo many, that (ſetting onely aſide his pride of heart) *Enuie* her ſelfe, could not detract from his worth. But before he came to the Citie, the *Dauſphin* hearing of his neere approach, went to his daughter, and told her what tender care he had of her good, how hee had laboured to make the *Burbon* Prince, her glorious Groome. and how happy ſhe might thinke her ſelfe, to bee beſtowed on ſo great and famous a Lord. One, whom the world admires for his heroicall fortitude; feares of his greatneſſe; and loues for his deſerts. A Prince incomparable by title and birth: A perſon beautified by Nature; And a man inricht with wiſedome, wealth, and worthineſſe. Then let my Choyſe be thy content, and in thy full conſent ſee that thou entertaine him with all vertuous fauours. This ſaid, he commanded to horſe, not ſtaying her anſwer, and ſo rid forth royally attended, and

appointed, to receiue the young Prince. And farre he had not rid, but that he met, and encountred with his long desired, and now expected gheſt. The young Prince firſt alighting from his Horſe, gaue the *Daulphin* occaſion to diſmount himſelfe, who being on foote, ſtayed till the Prince came unto him; where they greeted, re-greeted, and embraced each other, and then remounting themſelves, they rid Marſhalled in right good equipage to the Pallace, where all the Ladies (ſaving *Vienna*) gave a ſecond ſalute, to the greater content of the *Burbon* Prince. But the *Daulphin* miſſing *Vienna*, miſliked much her abſence, yet ſeemed to take no notice of it, but ſmoothing the angry furrowes of his diſcontentment, he (with an inforced cheerefulnes) brought the Prince to his lodging, and there leaving him to his private repoſe; hee haſtily went to *Viennas* Chamber, where all ſad, and ſolitary, he found her ſitting in the ſeate of ſorrow, or rather in the ſhade of death, for feare of her fathers provoked ire; whoſe violent, and peremptory diſpoſition, would (ſhe knew) tranſport him beyond all the bounds of Natures tenderneſſe. Of her, he demanded, why contrary to his command, ſhee had abſented her ſelfe in the requiſite entertainement of ſo great a Lord, and ſo worthy a friend.

Vienna riſing from her ſorrowfull ſeate, but not from her ſorrow, with fearefull erected hands, and pitty pleading eyes, humbled her ſelfe at his feete, and told him, that for ſhame of her firſt flying fault, ſhe had vowed her chaſtity to *Diana*; and ſworne her ſelfe, a Veſtall, to *Veſta*. And therefore had ſhe ſo ſeparated her ſelfe a ſide, becauſe ſhe would not give fire to his fancie, nor wrong his better deſerts with forlorne deſires. In conſideration whereof ſhe humbly prayed, that none but her ſelfe might enioy her ſelfe, ſince none but her ſelfe could, or ſhould content her ſelfe. The *Daulphin* perceiving light though a ſmall crevis, began in milde pollicy, by gentle entreaties, and rich perſwaſions, to weane her from her will; telling her, that vnlawfull vowes were to be violated; ſince the firſt cauſe

ceaſing,

ceasing and a new succeeding, both might be altered; neither had she any such power in her selfe, that was not to be disposed of by a Father; And to honour, and obey Parents, is the first Commandement that hath any reward promised on earth. Besides, it is an enuious wrong to Nature, to suffer her fayrest worke (like a sweet fragrant odoriferous Rose) to dye upon the stocke; that being pluckt in the bloome, might yeeld both pleasure, and profit to others: therefore renounce this beliefe, if thou meanest to be saued, or to haue any fauour. For by course of kinde all thinges were made to increase; and by increase to benefit another; and she is a Diuell amongst men, that profiteth no man. This did the *Daulphin* thinke by his smooth words, to build a Castle in the ayre, that had no hope of foundation on the earth. For *Viennas* vnremoueable resolution, being bent to shoote at her first marke, could not be wonne to leuell at another ayme; which made the *Daulphin*, (failing (like a Foxe) to deceiue with kindnesse) to play now the Lyon by compulsion; And therefore gnashing his teeth together for anger (like the Sea that waxeth mad, when the windes doe rage) he commanded both her and *Izabella* to close prison.

The young Prince meruailing beyond all measure, that he could not see amiable *Vienna*, the eye of *France*, the miracle of her sex, the wonder of time, and the pride of Nature; demanded of her Father, what ominous cloud shadowed the brightnesse of *France* his second Sunne, that she appeared not in her all-admired glory. The *Daulphin* fearing least he should distast the Prince, by vnderstanding the matter; framed, and faigned this excuse. That sickenesse had attached her, and made her a prisoner to her bed, and therefore prayed his patience a while, till her hoped recouery might better please his fancy. The young Prince holding his words for Oracles, held himselfe contented, and thought to weare and weary out the wearinesse of time, with other Courtly, and more Knightly sports; wherein hee was so fortunate, that *Fame* was the Herauld of his Heroicall deedes

deedes This did so enflame the love of the *Daulphin* towards him, that no eye-water could ever after quench the same; Desert did now double his desire; and his desire had no end, in gayning his daughters consent, which he againe now vainely laboured: Sometimes laying before her the Riches, Glory, and Dignities of *Iuno*: sometimes painting forth the Honour, Respect, and Happinesse, shee should receiue by such another *Hector*; and then pleading the sweet content, that growes by enjoying so pleasing and compleat a Prince. But when he found his wasted wordes dye in their owne sound, and all his hopes vtterly ship-wrackt; his better consideration was then forfeited further to hate, and rancour; then either nature, or pitty, could redeeme it. Then began he to thunder out fearefull threats, cruell chastisements, and most insupportable miseries. Commanding the Keeper (in his ouer-awfull justice) that sad solitarinesse should onely attend her imprisonment, and that eager hunger should daily waite on her Table, and so he departed, hopelesse of reclayming her, and therefore resolued to chasten her obstinacie, with all severity. But

No force, can Fancie force; nor crosses Love expell,
For Rivers stopt, above their bankes, will higher swell.

The young Prince hauing now-spent many dayes, and not seene her, whom onely he came to visite; importuned the *Daulphin*, that he might but visite her both to comfort her in her malady, and somewhat to satisfie his starved eyes, in their more then greedy desires. But the doubling *Dalphin* pleaded her mislike so to be seene; assuring him, that shee daily requested, that he (whom shee onely vpon fole report entirely affected (should not in any case see her so sore impaired. So great (said hee) is her care to seeme pleasing unto you, such her shamefastnesse at first so to bee seene of you. And therefore let me entreat your further patience, for your willing returne, vntill her better health, may better countervaile your taken paines; which once recovered,

you

you shall be speedily informed. In the meane time salute in my name, your thrice noble loyall Father, and tell him, that I hold my selfe so much honoured, in his desired affinity; that my selfe, and what is the *Daulphins*, rests wholly at his pleasure: and further, pray him that the lawfull cause of this unwilling stay, may stand for satisfaction till better payment. The young Prince thus smoothed up with words of fairest dye, held himselfe well appeased, though not throughly pleased; and holding the *Daulphins* words for written verity, hee implored the firme continuance of his found favours, and protested kindnesses; and so commending himselfe to the good grace of his adored Lady; he humbly and friendly tooke his leave, and returned to *Burbon*. The Prince departed: The *Daulphin*, who had no more remorce then the cruell Judge hath mercy; gave in charge, that no one should visite, or repaire to his Daughter; but onely *Mounsieur Maunt*, a right Saturnist by nature, and an unrelenting Tyrant in life; him hee commanded (under paine of death) to give her nothing but Bread, and the worst wine, twice a day; which this enemy of vertue, and staine of all mankind, so barbarously performed, that his cruell usage too soone impared poore *Vienna*, and distressed *Isabella*, who had unkindly, and untimely pined, and perished in that loathsome solitary Prison, had not *Lisnores* found out a meanes (as hereafter shall bee showne) to succour, and relieve them.

But now the *Daulphinis*, who had many times washed her aged face, in the teares of her consuming griefe for her afflicted Child, having neither knowledge of any meanes to relieve her, nor hope of her delivery; knowing the *Daulphin*, to be as resolute in his rigur, as he was absolute in opinion: Advised with her nearest friends, and obliged dependants, what was to be done in so desperate and grievous a case. Where by the concurrance of advises, it was concluded, that she should send unto the *Delphian* Oracle, there to learne what should be done, and become of her enthralled Daughter. This Counsell being imbraced, and

the journey undertaken, the winds gave speed, and the Messenger arrived at *Delphos*, where after all Ceremonies were religiously performed, hee received a scrowle to carry unto the *Daulphinis*, with charge not to looke therein. The *Daulphinis*, whose feare made her thinke all good to be too good for her; thought yet each houre an age, till his returne: Misfortune to bliadeth those, wee will overthrow, as that she gives their desires wings to draw on, and hasten their owne decayes. At last hee came, and humbly delivered the scrowle, importing this much.

Viennois *heyre, to thraldome still belongs,*
vntill her Fathers bonds, shall set her free:
Who captiv'd is; in place, confus'd with tongues,
by Ismaels *brood, detayn'd shall be.*
Both shall live, in doubt, in care, and woe,
vntill the banish Sonne, of forlorne Troy;
Shall succour give, vnto his greatest foe,
and bring him home, with hope, with love, with joy.
Then shall Vienna *weid a fable* Moore;
And happie live in Peace; and not before.

The *Daulphinis*, whose ever sad surcharged heart was enable to digest such heavie and bitter Cates; found this sawce too sharpe for her dyet. For it was no sooner read, but that finding (as she thought) all the gates of comfort shut up with intricate threats and impossibilities, (being too weake a vessell to beare so sharpe a liquor) she shrunke under the weight of her late burthen, and fell suddenly dead; and so left the *Daulphin* a cruell Father, and a careless Widower.

This mournfull accident rather exasperated his irefull displeasure towards his Daughter (in making her disobedience the originall cause of her death) then in any wise extenuated his execrable resolution, against her determined endurance. But hee had not lived many dayes in dolour, but that burying the remembrance of his dearest Spouse, in the

hope of future happineſſe; his obdurate heart became as unſenceable of her loſſe, as of his Daughters miſery. Love found love, and the madneſſe of age made him ſuch a ſlave unto his ſlave, that before one yeares period, he married one of his Wives meaneſt Attendants; One (who knowing her owne unworthineſſe,) having neither Vertue to ſtrengthen her fortune, nor good nature to ineite her to pittie or goodneſſe, nor any merit to winne applauſe was notwithſtanding ſo potent over him, that ſhe guided the ſterne of his flinty and unpennitrable heart: And though ſhe feared the ſcorne of abject baſeneſſe, yet to maintaine the ſtolne pride of her enhanſed heart, ſhee cunningly gave fewell to her Husbands enraged will, and covertly blew ſtill the coales of his diſpleaſure. For feare ſhee did, leaſt that her Daughters liberty ſhould (in the aſpect of true honour) could both her ſwelling conceited glory, and detract from her proud inſulting greatneſſe: To fruſtrate which, ſhe cautely one day, leaning on his breſt, and ſtroking his froſted beard, thus ſadly ſayd.

When (my deereſt Lord) I looke upon the breach of the Princeſſe, your Daughters obligation; I finde the penaltie you take, to be moſt juſt (though ſevere;) Since the juſt Judger of all, did for the ſole diſobedience of onely one, caſt both him, and all his Poſteritie out of Paradice: How like unto him you ſhew your ſelfe herein, your unpartiall Juſtice well demonſtrates, who rightfully puniſheth the ſinne of diſobedience in your owne members, as God did in his owne creatures. Juſtice is the badge of vertue, the ſtate of peace, and maintenance of honour; and the will of a Father ſhould be a religious law unto the Child: And they that preferre theyr owne luſtes before theyr Parents pleaſures, looſeth the benefit both of natures right, and a Fathers regard: For reaſon would not we ſhould reſpect thoſe that forſake us: The Husbandman cuttes and loppes off all unkindly Branches from the good Vine; *Iove* held his Children part of his ſubſtance, of whom hee did and might diſpoſe; and the noble *Romans* deprived their Sonnes

of life, that infringed but theyr commaunds. I alleadge not this (most worthy Lord) to aggravate your Daughters foule offence, whose other deserts I honour, whose welfare I affect, and whose merited punishment I condole; Nor yet to detract from the worth of your thrice worthy chasticement, which all men commend, and justice allowes. But feare (of I know what) and the love of your safety enforceth me in love and duty, to manifest what I feare, and to prevent what I doubt. *Vienne* (you know) my endeered Lady, is the immediate apparent Heyre to this Principalitie, and the unjust desires that waite upon a Crowne, begets oft most inhumane, unnaturall, and unlawfull Acts: Nature in that expectation, looseth her sight. Vertue her strength, Dutie her obedience, and Love her respect: Nothing can out-ballance ambitious desire, either in the reach of dignity, or revenge; Nor is there any limitation in the adventurers. Her restraint is (I feare) like fire raked up in embers, that covertly will kindle, and openly burst foorth into a flame; For the harder she deemes her selfe handled, the more will she seeke after her releafe, if not after revenge; Nor can she want instigators thereunto: Since all men like and preferre the rysing of the Moone before the setting of the Sunne: And to win advancement in that hope they will contrive, practise, and execute whatsoever, and howsoever: Such occasions gives fire to corrupt Humorists; and such grounds sets repugnant Malecontents a worke. I would my death might free you from such dangerous intendments, or that my life could acquit you from such heavie accidents. And therewithall (her heart having taught her eye to weepe) she threw her selfe into his bosome, the more to endeere her selfe unto him, and without any sorrow, she sighing, said, Ah what shall become of me, when I shall loose my loving Lord?

Craft gave her teares, Deceit shew'd griefe,
Fraud forc't a feare to win beleife.

Thus

Thus to nourish debate, after she had fedde on slander, and instil'd in his eares a fearefull jealousie, which over-credulous mindes easily apprehends, and covetously entertaines. The better to acquit her selfe from all suppose of malice or detraction: She weeping, told him, That the night before, her Mothers Ghost appeared unto her, all in white, her unsmoothed haire displayed about her shoulders, her ruefull falne face pale, her eyes hollow, and in eyther hand a Taper burning dimme; which so affrighted her, that had she not comfortably spoken to me, when I had no power to call to you; I had awaked you, and cryed for helpe: But sodainely, with a feeble voyce, she mildly said; Feare not my Daughter, to looke upon thy Mothers harmelesse Ghost, who in tender care of thee, and espoused Lord, have left my bed of rest, to come to premonish thee of your ensuing ill. Treason doth threaten the *Daulphin*; Subjects mislikes, workes upon *Viennas* discontentments: Her liberty will be his death, and in his destruction shalt thou finde thy grave: Now thou knowest it, looke to it, and so farewell. With that she gave a wimpe, darkenesse possest the place, and I lay wounded and affrighted with remembrance, both of her sight and of her words. This Apparition, the happy Angell of our God, (for visions are cleere revelations, where dreames are but delusions) hath moved me, out of an affectionate feare of you, to deliver what I saw, heard, and have said; which otherwise in my love to your Princely Daughter, I would willingly have concealed. And therewith'al she wept againe, and kissing him said, O hardest of happes, but most unhappy onely I, that she, to whom I owe all love, and from whom I cannot withdraw my devoted affections, should by my meanes be the more afflicted. But in my Lords love and welfare, doe I onely live, and will bury all other affects and considerations. The guiled *Daulphin*, whose undigested displeasure, and over-jealous prejudicating heart, gave way to every suspitious thought, so procreated by false conceite, and so confirmed by her mellefluous and deceitfull tongue; be-

gan now to conceive much more, then he did see or perceive. Feare and dislike so shipwrackt his judgement upon his Wives clouded rockes, that what before seemed to him by conjecture but probable; that he holds now as an Oracle. And therefore imbracing her, he kist her oft, and oft did wipe her forced bedewed eyes, and then did kisse againe, and thanked her for her provident care; and preserving love; assuring her that this warned, hee would be ever armed, and that in his daughters wedded miseries, they would build vp both their securities. And thereupon commanded that a strickt Watch should ever guard the prison doore, that no one (but *Monsieur Manix* (should come, or send unto her.

Thus Beasts corrupt doe lightly poyson take:
Thus envie weepes, that teares may mischiefe make.

But *La-nova* understanding of the *Daulphins* Decree, and finding the venomous drift, and impoysoned minde of this Serpentine mother; having Land adjoyning to the Castle, did erect (after a great, and strickt shew of holines) a Chappell in honour of our Lady, wherein he made a close partition; In the one part to heare publique Masse, and in the other (which adjoyned to his Castle) to prostrate himselfe before his God, and to powre forth his more private prayers for his secret sinnes. In this part, hee digged in the night so long, and many nights so long; that at length hee made a secret way, that ascended up to the place of their abode, and pausing there a while, to rest his over-wearied self, he heard *Vienna* and *Izabella* carefully, and interchangeably, sing this contentious Ditty.

Vienna. *Who lives to love, doth live to care.*
Who careth much, much griefe shall finde:
Who findeth griefe tormented are,
In endlesse woe of wofull minde.
Why then should love possesse our hearts,
That yeelds nought else, but secret smarts?

Izabella.

Izabella. *Who loves to live, ſhould live to love,*
Who loveth much, much joy ſhall find:
Who findeth joy, ſuch joyes ſhall prove,
As proves no joy, to Lovers mind.
Why ſhould we then, ſweet Love diſpraiſe,
By whom our minds, ſuch joyes aſſayes.

Vienna. *The heart oppreſt, in fancy dyes,*
Affection fayles, in Times arreſt:
Joves *royall bird preyes not on Flyes,*
Loves greateſt joy, is hopes beheſt.
Why love we then? Why joy we ſo?
Since hope is vaine; and Love breeds woe.

Izabella. *The Paulme ſuppreſt, doth higher grow,*
The loweſt ſayle, Time ſets aloft:
The higheſt Sunne, doth ſhine below,
And poore ſt hope, finds hap full oft.
Then live, and Love: then hope and have;
Heavens made love: Love heavens gave.

Vienna. *But Townes beſieg'd, diſtreſſed yeelds;*
Izabella. *But forts maintain'd, great glory gaines:*
Vienna. *On forlorne Hope, Love never builds:*
Izabella. *In Fortunes change; Hope, hap obtaines.*
Vienna. *Then will I love.* Izabel. *Then conſtant prove.*
Vienna. *Sweet* Paris *love.* Izabel. Vienna's *love.*

No ſooner had they made an end of their Song, but *La-nova*, fonnd an end of his worke, and going forth of his darke paſſage, hee ſoftly, yet cheerefully entred, and ſaluted *Vienna*, who though amazed, yet animated at his ſight, runne and fell upon his breaſt, and in the fall of her many teares, ask'd him; What newes of her *Paris*, and whether hee lived, and living, lived to his firſt *Enone*; or ſtragling, had found, and made a ſecond choyſe. Say, *La-nova*, ſay,

hath

hath any *Hellen* wonne my Trojane from his betrothed Nimph, or hath *Adonis* forgotten his *Venus*, and become amorous of another Lady. If ſo, ſay ſo, and tell me, how thou cam'ſt hither. For I wonder at thy preſence, and feare thy hazard. Your Knight (moſt conſtantly (vertuous, and renowned Lady) ſaid *La-noya*) lives I hope, and no doubt wholly yours: But never ſince the receite of this Letter, heard I any tydings of him. Onely my care of your good (the ſumme of Sir *Paris* charge) hath plotted, and effected, this poore ſhift, to relieve and comfort your grace. And ſo he told her how, and ſhewed her the way, the top whereof he adviſed her to cover well, leaſt it ſhould be diſcryed, he undone and ſhe unſuccoured. *Vienna* re-embracing him for his kinde and tender regard to her, and for his true, and faſt love to them both; gave him many thankes, and earneſtly entreated him, to make privie enquiry of the *Genua* Merchants, whether they knew, or had heard of Sir *Paris*, and how he ſpent his dayes: and ſo fearing the deteſted Keepers comming, *La-noya* left her, to make proviſion for her.

Now the *Daulphin*, whoſe diſeaſed minde could not bee cured, but by the match of the *Burbon* Prince; thought himſelfe ſtill endangered, ſo long as ſhe lived unmarried, and impriſoned: His wicked wily wife, had caſt ſuch an erroneous myſt over his bewitched eyes, and ſo drowned his heart in fearefull doubts, that he durſt not truſt his owne ſafety; unleſſe his harmleſſe daughter were either made away at home, or married away farre from home. To give peace vnto theſe his diſturbed thoughts, he went unto the Caſtle to ſee whether that weakening dyet, and tedious thraldome, had well reduced her ſeduced minde; and made her of a diſobedient childe, the daughter of his will. In tryall whereof, he demanded, whether in the high, and ſacred preheminence of a Father, he ſhould finde yet the obliged duty of a Child; the which if ſhe would in repentance acknowledge, and in performance willingly accompliſh his will. She ſhould be reſtored to her former eſtate,

his

his wonted favour, and her preeminent dignities. *Vienna* on humble knees, falling at his feete, required his blessing, and saide, that continuall sorrowes had so mortified all thoughts of affection, that onely griefe was growne to bee pleasing to miserable creatures; and that sadnesse had made her content to lye in her bed of woe, and to water her couch with teares: onely she prayed, that the just God might disperse his ire against unjust men. But how (quoth she) shall my selfe, perswade my selfe, that you meane me any good, that not onely have so hardly intreated mee, and so unnaturally imprisoned your sole childe; but most unjustly and cruelly have put in prison poore Sir *Jaques*, that hath spent all his happiest dayes in your unrewarded service. It is the true property of a Prince, to resemble God, in vertue, bounty, and mercy: and not the Lyon in force, rigour, and cruelty. Mercy pardoneth those that deserve it not; and the interpretation of the strictest law, should rather tend to mercy, then cruelty; since rigorous lawes were first made, more to terrifie all, then to torment any. The doubtfull *Dauphin* finding his anuile, but not his remedie; somewhat to perswade his daughter of his repenting rigour, and intended good commanded that Sir *Jaques* should be set at liberty and restored to his pristine estate; which greatly contented *Vienna* for her *Paris* sake, and no little joyed good *Lisardo*, that secretly had succoured him. But these shewes of favour and promises of preferment, nothing advantaged the *Dauphin*: For *Vienna* (strengthned in the expectation of sorrow) nor obstinately, but constantly tolde her father, that the *Bourbons* love, was like a Spiders webbe, fit to bee swept away; and that her Virgins vowe, should eternize her chastity after death. This resolve, raised against the stormie of his allayed fury; in the rage whereof he left her, discovering by his threats and malitious words, the ill of his heart, as *Vienna* sorrowfull sighes shewed the hurt of her heart.

Lisardo weighing the tyranny of the time, and finding no hope of better hap, presently writes to Sir *Paris* the truth of

all such accidents as had befalne, his Father *Vienna*, and himselfe; since the receipt of his Letter, which gave so fresh and so sharpe an assault, to his already over-surcharged heart, that vertue was no Armour of proofe against such affliction, but raging in the tempest of discontentment, rather like an unkennelled *Cerberus*, then any distracted *Ajax*, hee blasphemously belched and breathed out cruell oathes, vengeance, daring threates, and most fearefull words against Time, Love, Gods, and Men.

O Time, said hee, Traytor unto Love: O Love abused by Time: O Gods unjust to men: O Men too subject to the Gods. O that your Deities were essentiall, visible, and mortall, that I might shew vengeance out of your wrongs, and write Tragedies on your lives. O heavens I challenge your Throanes, and deny your powers. Your swift motions I will stay with my hand, and your revolutions I will drowne in the Sea: I will unloose the bonds of *Orion*, and stop the course of each constellation. The straying Starres I will plucke from their Spheares, and with their influences will I kill all the Tyrants on the earth. Time I will consume with my breath, and burne up Love with the Sunne. The world I will cut a sunder with my Sword, and make a new Land in the ayre. The Waters I will swallow up, and bury the windes in the Moone. *Ixion* I will remove from his moving and tormenting seate, and set the *Dauphin* on his turning wheele, where hunger-starved Vipours shall gnaw on his hatefull heart, and pyning *Tantalus* give him all his food. *Vienna* shall be sole Queene of heaven, and onely rule the glorious Globe: And I will raigne in *Jupiters* stead, and throw downe fire and lightning on the curled Castle that enthralls my love: I will beate that cruell *Dauphin* to powder with thunder, that I may be revenged on Time, Love, Gods, Men, the World, the *Dauphin*, and all for the *Dauphin*. Thus distracht in his madding moode hee all enraged, raged he knew not how, and said he knew not what, pulling the Leaves in pieces with his teeth, tearing his Hangings, tearing his Cloathes, and breaking his Bed, Board, and

Stooles, with such violence, that his amazed servants durst not come neere him.

At this unwonted passion, theyr hearts were possest with wonder, and their eyes floodded with teares; his bounty causing the one, and his wisedome the other. But ignorance is the mother of admiration: They knew not where his shoot did pinch him, nor could they tell how to helpe him. At last (as one breathlesse in his wasted fury) hee fell upon his bed; which they seeing, hastily stept to him, and uniting their strengthes, kept him downe, making silence theyr preparative, to quit his tempestuous thoughts; Then darkning the Chamber, one of them tooke a deepe base silver stringed Bandora, whereupon hee played so sweetly, and so dolefull, that Sir *Paris* hearing of it, lent a listning to it, which brought him into such a fall melancholly Muse, that he began to slumber, and after fell into a heavy sleepe, which so well appeased the storme of his disturbed sences, that after three houres enjoying reposed rest; he waked, and walked, perfected in his minde, and ashamed that he had so defac'd the Image of vertue, and abused his owne knowledge. Consideration made him now hold himselfe the sole spight of Fortune, and the very scorne of time, and men. Detraction threatned his disgrace, Derision proclaimed his folly, and the guilt of his owne ill, made him privately, and secretly, to leave *Genoa*, and to wander whether his shame should not follow him, nor any heare of his being. But before he departed, he both rewarded, and discharged all his servants, and paying all duties whatsoever; hee lastly writ to *La-nova* and to his Father as followeth.

IP silly Sheeps (my ever fast found friend) all onely for their bare foode (as hating ingrati tude) yeeld theyr faire Fleeces as due guerdons to their Keepers. How then shall I now countervaile thy so many merits, that injoy nought my selfe but meere misfortunes, and insufferable miseries? Alas my La-nova the Times are changed, and we are changed in the times: Thou writest now of naught but woe, and my griefe is already such, as to live is a

I 2 griefe

griefe. Ounhappie, happie I whose extreamest ill, flowes from my greatest good; and whose blisfull houven, is become my tormenting hell. Ah Vienna, I would eyther my death might extinguish thy affection, or thy affection had been setled on a more happier and worthier person. Thou should I dye more contented, and thou live better esteemed. But since my love hath wrought thy fall; Thy fall shall be recovered in my losse. For presently I will depare to unknowne parts, and try the force of my further destenie, in seeking the worst of my fortune, And therefore have I written to my Father, to adopt thee in my place for his heire; which I pray thee deliver, and demeane thee as his Sonne, For never will I returne, and therefore write out, for never shalt thou heare of me. Onely recommend my love, to my Ladies good grace, and tell her, that I flye not from her favour; but with my ill fortune from my more threatning prevert fortune: And though I dye in her sorrow, yet will I ever live in her remembrance. And so farewill. Genoa, the last of my abode, and the first of my Pilgrimage.

Onely unhappie in his happinesse.

Paris.

La-nova, having read his owne sorrow in his Friends griefe, could not refraine from shedding most bitter teares; and having long bewailed the untimely losse of his so worthy a Friend, he speedied himselfe to acquaint Sir *Jaques* unto whom hee delivered his Sonnes Letter, importing thus much.

IF Plato (*right deere, deere Father, seeing an unthankefull Man prosper,*) *said, that the Gode were unjust, in that they had loaden a Thistle with fruit. O let me thou (I humbly beseech you) the many good turnes, thou many times.* La-nova (*my second selfe*) *hath with venter often adventured and done for us, be now forgotten in your best consideration.*

Least his deserts dye in your shame, and your shame make without any vizard of excuse. And since my perverse fortune, hath exiled me from my native home, and the cruell aspect of my sinister Starres, hath quite lately slaine all hope of future returne. My last request is, that I being the last of my Tribe and the first of our declyning Family, you would comfort your age, with the better hope of my Friends more worthier worthinesse, and that you will repute and take him for your Sonne: And when Nature shall pay the duty you owe unto the Earth, that then you will inherit him in all such Lands and Goods, as Fortune in your fortune and ability, shall then leave behind you: So shall you yeeld desert his due, honour mee, and eternize your owne fame. The Lord give you patience, enrich me with your blessing, comfort your gray hayres, and redouble, with treble happinesse, your aged dayes.

Your haplesse Son, onely happy in being your Son, but most unhappie in being himselfe.

Paris.

Sir *Jaques* having read the sad contents of his Sonnes resolved last fare-will, fainted under the burden of his so unsupportable griefe, but revived and comforted by *La-nova*, that was himselfe to be comforted, hee betooke himselfe unto his carefull bed; where though his attached tongue could pay no tribute to his dumbe sorrow, yet did his silent woes, shew his speaking griefe. Such was his woe, that it was a woe, to see his woe: In so much, that *La-nova*, swolne with his owne griefe, was ready to burst, to see his sorrow; And therefore, having neither temperance to cover the one, nor a heart to looke upon the other; hee returned to his erected Chappell, where he pierc'a the very Heavens, for the preservation of his Friend, and powred forth his Prayers for his returne. This done, he held himselfe undone, in so inestimable a losse: And after a long and sad meditating with himselfe, hee fearefully went to acquaint *Vienna*, that all their sorrowes might be

compleat at once: Her he found all pensive and heavie, as one presaging her further mishap; and as sooner she saw him, but that drawing forth the true portraicture of sorrow, out of his carefull countenance, she hastily, yet fearefully, demanded what newes? The Heavens Madam (sayd *La-veve*) grant you patience, and more comfortable newes. *Vienna* againe, gastly asked, if *Paris* then were dead? Not dead he sayd, and yet departed. Departed, ah said *Vienna*, how, whether, or to whom? from life to death, or from me to a causlesse change? If dead, why live I then? If alive, why then dead to me? Say, say *La-veve*, where lives, or lyes my *Paris*? *Paris* (said *La-veve*) lives in his sorrow, and dyes in your griefe: But where, alasse I know not; for mad in your affliction, hee is gone in his fury, to dye else-where for his fancy. *Vienna*, whose eyes over-flowed with teares, and whose heart was wounded with his words, stood like a second *Niobe*; and then falling suddainly into a deadly trance, she no sooner came to herselfe againe, but that againe she lost her selfe. But after her full recovery, her remembrance then recording, how all her nourished woes had begot many crosses, that miserably fell upon her like haile-stones, that strives to overtake one another; she could not refraine, but thus bewayled herselfe.

What fault of mine, cruell and unkind, hath caused thus thy causlesse flight? Is this, ah this, and woe is me in this, the hoped harvest of devoted Love? Deserves my endured miseries, this ingratefull guerdon? O *Paris*, *Paris*, thy love comforted me in my cares, but thy losse hath confounded me in my Love. O that I had never seene thee, whom yet I wish to see; or seeing there, had never affected thee, whom ever I must affect: My hap is hard, that can neither have, nor hope; and the fault I find in my selfe, followes me still, while death doth follow me. Ah *La-veve*, what now avayles thy doubtfull diligence to thy Friend? under the zealous shew of thy seeming fidelitie? To what end now intends my paine imprisonment the due chastisement of my neglected duty? Am I now be-

come

come the onely Daughter of sorrow, and the cashiered Childe of disgrace? O happie *Portia*, thy dead sad woes are all buried in my long liv'd griefes: and *Hecubaes* teares are all drowned in the sea of my sorrow. Why then doe I live longer in dolour, since my preordinate life is predestinate to a dolent death? I will cruciate my ensanguined Bodie? and satiate the angry Fates, with my mortall and tragicall end: The end of my woe, shall be the woefull end of my life: and the life of my laments, shall be the wounds of my death: And therefore leave me *La-mora*, leave me; that at last, I may honour the *Carthaginian* Queene by breathing out my last.

These last wordes, so sore appalled *La-mora*, that jealous of her weaknesse (her enfeebled estate, being unable to support her oppressing and confounding sorrowes) hee much feared (least overcome with griefe and passion) shee should yeeld to mischiefe her misery: To prevent which, he buried, for the time, all his owne griefe, in the heedfull care of her safety: and chiefely wiping his bedewed eyes, he began, Pastor-like, to Preach patience, Faith, Hope, and Comfort, to her sad dismayed Soule. Let not (said he, I beseech your Excellence) any sinister crosse, chance, or mundane affaires, overthrow, or oppresse, the lively force of your requisite Faith: Nor let any pusillanimity weaken the wonted courage of your prudent minde: but build your Faith and hope on him, who as *Roy*, royall, rules and overrules all chances and accidents, that befalls humane Creatures: Then embrace not a mischiefe, to prevent an ill: since God sends good for evill, as he made light out of darkenesse, *Joseph* was in prison, before he could be Governor of *Egypt*; and the *Israelites* were in bondage, before they could come into *Canaan*: You see your foare, but not your salve: Though with *Job* you lye now in ashes, yet when with *Job*, you be tryed, there shall be no more sorrowes left to afflict you, then there were sores left to torment him: For as the power of God is above our capacities: So doth his succors and comforts, come quite contra-

rie

rie to our hopes : To him therefore referre all things, and in him onely repose your selfe ; and be you assured, that in the assurance of your better trust, you shall finde comfort unexpected, and hope well rewarded. Crosses (your Grace knowes) are but touch-stones, to try our patience ; and patience is both a vertue and the true Physitian of distresse : And in managing of affection and affliction, is the true proofe of discretion : To overcome another, is the guist of Fortune ; but to vanquish our owne wills, is the true proofe of wise courage, and a glory proper to our selves.

Leonfesse (said *Vienna*,) that Patience is a Vertue, but a poore one ; and that Hope is a heavenly thing, but long hopes consume patience, and water a farre off, doth never quench fire at hand : And when two Winters come together, Death may fall before Summer. Yet time (sayd *La-nova*) heales griefes, by killing of cares. Nay, Time (shee replyed) is rather a devourer of our expectations, then a Chyrurgion to heale our soares : For all men takes pleasure to come to theyr journyes end before they be wearie ; and our teeming hopes, would ever be delivered of a gracious Birth. Yet be you Madame (he re-answered) as you should be, if not as you would be, since it will be as it is ; and with some sweete deceit, exile these sower conceits. Alasse, (sayd *Vienna*) how can sowre conceites, entertaine sweet deceits? since present deceites, are still my sowrest conceites : Your Physicke *La-nova*, is good, but my disease is desperate : For patience without comfort, brings perill of consumption ; and they are alwayes unpatient Martyrs, that are punished unjustly : my griefe was at the highest before, and now like swelling *Nilus*, it disdaineth bounds. Deceive not your selfe, said *La-nova*, his endeered Love, not brooking your misery ; and not his fraud, never knowne to any, with his killing dispayre (the bloody butcher of all hopes contentments) hath forced thus his further flight : And for probation thereof, reade keere his Letter, which he sent me ; and doubt you not Madame, but when after-times shall make him finde the error of his amisse, and that his won-

wounded hope shall bee healed with better thoughts; that then (finding with the sicke man, that the shifting of his Bed, alters not his disease) hee will then, I say, returne in his repentance, and make inquisition after your welfare.

Vienna taking and perusing the Letter, and swallowing up the contents, with contentment, was overcome almuch, with kind, and affectionate griefe, as before shee was surprized with cold care and distast, of his supposed flying fancie: Insomuch, that washing a new her face, in the balmy drops of her love-distilling teares, shee layd her hands on his shoulder, and sighing sayd; O pardon, *La-nova*, my offensive offence. Sweet *Faru*, where-ere thou art, pardon my amisse: I was, I am, and will be still the same, and ever thine. Thus having surfeited in her owne sorrow, she purged her jealous conceit, and in the comfort of his constant love, she layd her downe on her weeping bed, where *La-nova* left her, to rest her restlesse thoughts.

By this time, the Moone seven times had showne her fullest face, and as many times lost the splendor of her light. When the Prince of *Burbon*, desirous to see the Emperious Mistresse of his enthralled heart, taking humble leave of his Father, secretly poasted to *Vienna*, where the *Daulphin* enknowledged of his comming, went to receive him at his outermost gate. The young Prince, greeted, entertained, and feasted, of some, of many, of all; amongst them all, mist the fairest of them all, the faire *Vienna*, the admired Princesse of all pulcretude, of whose wished welfare, he asked her Father: Who like a subtle *Mercurist* (cunning in Cautels) soberly sayd; that as yet she had not recovered her health. The young Prince, discomforted in so lingering a sicknesse, importuned the *Daulphin*, that hee might visit her, and so somewhat satisfie his hungry minde, almost famished with desire. The *Daulphin* (whose senses held now a Synode) was driven to such a exigent, that not knowing how to avoyde the Cheque without a Mate, he was perforce forced to confesse the trueth. So that taking him aside, he swore by Sacrament of solemne Oath, that his

whose drift, and desire was, to bestowe his Daughter on none but him; and that he had banished ambitious and audatious Sir *Paris* for his over-proud and presumptious love. But such (said he) hath beene, and is still, her permanent frowardnesse, and most obstinate disobedience therein, that in injustice, I have justly imprisoned her, not so much for her degenerate breach of duty, (though not to restraine an ill, is to maintaine an ill) as to bring her to yeeld to your fancy: But over-hardened in her wilfull conceit, shee rests no lesse careless of her endurance, then resolved in her wilfulnesse; for which, I also have deprived her of her glory, and comfort; sworne her continuall thraldome, and pray the continuance of your good opinion, and amitie.

The young Prince astonished at the strangenesse of the case, wondred greatly at the cause: Yet flattering himselfe, with selfe-conceite of his worthy worthynesse; He earnestly intreated the *Daulphin*, that he might make some tryall, what himself could doe for himselfe. The *Daulphin* granting his request, he presently cloathed himselfe, in the richest Ornaments of Pride and State; and Princely attended, went with more speed, then successe to the Prison; the Doore whereof had but onely a small hole cut forth, to take ayre in, and to receive such leane and slender Sustenance, as was most sparingly allowed her.

Vienna foretold of his comming, had before, gotten by *La-nova's* meanes, a Capon, whose dismembred Legges, she closely had tyed under the holes of her naked Armes, that there, with heate putrifying, they might the sooner corrupt, and (unsavery) smell the stronger. The young Prince comming to the doore, knockt, and demanded for *Vienna*: Who comming, and seeing him so richly clad, and in so glorious an estate, blusht out such beauty, that her very Eyes seem'd a fayre Temple, wherein Love and Beauty seated themselves: Yet dissembling her knowledge of him she asked what he was, and would. *Vienna's* Friend, (hee sayd) and *Vienna's* Love I would. My Friend, (sayd she) oh Friendlesse, name I Friend? that live exempt from

Freinds:

Friends: My Love, why name I Love? that onely love to live here unbeloved.

The young Prince (whose listening eares, were well pleased with the sweet harmony of her well tuned words; and whose liking Eyes, were ravished with the sight of her perfections) was so perplexed betwixt new conceived desires, and disdaine to bee disdained; that not knowing what to say, hee stood like one that had lost himselfe; not readi in sence, but as a faire Flower, nipt with the morning frost, hanging downe his head, as most sorry, for his declining glory: In this dispaire, the remembrance of his owne greatnesse, and the conceit of his owne merits, gave such quickning life to his mortified thoughts, and such freedome to his imprisoned tongue, that boldly, and plainely, hee told her, who hee was, why, and for what he came. *Vienna* pleading ignorance for the errour of her careleslie regard, humbled her selfe, with thankfull acknowledgement of his more worthy worthinesse: But such (sayd she) is the obligation of my decreed chastity, that nought but death shall breake the bond.

Why Madame (replyed the Prince) in so doing, you wrong Nature, in clouding the brightnesse of her Sunne, deprive the world of more glorious light, neglect your duty, in dissenting from your Fathers will, wound my desires with forlorne hopes, and rob your selfe, both of propagating pleasure, sweetest content, and greatest glory: Then leave these injurious walls, and change your Prison (unfitting your Person) for a Pallace prepared for a Princesse; In assurance whereof, accept most renowned Lady, this pledge of my Faith, wherein is characters the Life of my Love, and the Love of my Soule; and therewith,

Of Ruby rich, a wounded heart he gave,
That pierc't by Dart, did bleed; and mercy crave.

This was so Artificially made and cut; that the falling drops did seeme to mourne, and plead for pitty, and underneath

derneath them, was engraven; *Vienna helpe*. This he gave, and this she gave againe; saying, that by guilts, we make our selves Lords; but by taking slaves: I will not make a Prince servile, nor can you make a Prisoner proud: Affection is a meere stranger to affection; and Jewels of price doe not befit a miserable thrall. Then let your owne guilt (replyed the Prince) make you a Queene, and me your slave. My fortunes (sayd *Vienna*) admits of no such Soveraignty; and your Greatnesse is too potent for a Vassaile. I am too poore to give; and it stands not with a Lord to begge; then be you still a King in your owne thoughts, and I will rest content with my Fate. Why, Kings (answered the Prince) have no priviledge in Love: and the Gods themselves were subject to beauty. *Vienna* constant in her chaste pretence, seeing his earnest prosecution, and being wearied with resistance, because loathing such conference, held it good pollicy to prevent his further importunity, And therefore she briefely and plainely told him, that she was not for his honour, nor his honour of her humour. For know (shee weeping said) that the long cold and grievous imprisonment, which indurable, I have yet endured, hath so corrupted and putrified my impaired body; that the very stench thereof offendeth, and endangereth the small (yet tedious) remainder of my loathed life. For proofe whereof, shee bearing her breasts, bad him feele, what infectious sent her ulcerated and dying flesh yeelded; which he no sooner did but that hee was neere stifled with the smell. The enflamed Prince, thus cooled in his hot pursuites, found his thoughts now freer from affection, then hee deemed his body found from infection. Such was the choaking savour, that so offended his queasie stomacke, that comforting her for fashion sake, hee made a briefe conclusion, and there left both her, and his love, that earst would have dyed for love. *Vienna* well appayed in acquitting her selfe of so troublesome, and hurtfull a suitor, returned to *Isabella*; and sighing out a smile, tolde her, how shee had deceived the Prince; whereat she joyed no little, and concluded thereby, that women

womens pregnant wits, in all cases of sodaine extremities, pre-excelled meane most sapient heads. The Prince thus satisfied, acquainted the *Dauphine* with the circumstance of the matter; which nothing moovred his Tygars heart; which the Prince condemning, held it no security to stay with a Tyrant: and therefore striking sayle, in so threatning a tempest, he tooke his thankefull farewell of him, and all his Knights, and so returned to *Barbour*.

Now Sir *Paris* had by this time, recovered the bounds of Turky, where fearing the innate, and inveterated malice of those barbarous Infidels against Christians. To dispierce that threatning cloud, that might showre downe mischiefe on his harmeleſſe head; Hee made politicy his guyde, and craft his Councellour; And being a great Artist, and well learned in the secrets of Nature; He cast an Artificiall blacknesse all over him, and transnominated his name by turning his name backeward, he Christned himselfe *Straz*, an *Aethiopian* borne.

For who in forraigne place, will safely live, and credit win,
Muſt work with wiles, and not oppoſe; nor bold their doing fine.

Thus with indefatigable paines he travailed, unregarded of all, and not suspected of any, into *Constantinople*; where having knowledge of the Greeke tongue, he conversed with the meanest of estate, the better to preserve his owne estate. And it happened, (and happily happened) that Fortune, Fortune-like of his foe, became his friend. For walking one day into the fields, accompanied with none, but with his owne troubled thoughts, hee encountred by adventure with the *Sultans* chiefe Faulkner, who returning from Hawking, bare on his hand a goodly fayre Faulcon, so dangerously hurt, that there rested no hope of her life. *Straz* (for so now must we call him) seeing the Hawke have her bruised wings, and all blooded on her ſt breast, being Artificially cunning, and naturally affecting the game; pitied the chance, and boldly stepping to him, ask'd in Greeke,

how it happened. The Faulkener neere dead, to see his Hawke almost dead; sadly told him, that flying at the River, his Hawke flying at height of highest pitch, made so forceable a stouping on the rising Fowle, that in her stone-like fall, shee nere gorg'd her selfe on a broken bough, that grew amongst other branches, upon the Grovie banke. Such fayd *Sinap*, is the fortune of the Field: but what will you give, if I recover your Hawke; any thing (said the Faulkner) for that *Solimon* the great *Sultan*, doth prize her for her high flying, before any City in *Greece*: Then *Sinap* undertaking it, gathered certaine powerfull hearbes, of inward and unknowne vertue, and bought other Apothecary materials; and so carefully applyed his expert skill, that in short time hee healed, and perfected the so endangered Hawke. The Faulkener admiring at his skill (for ignorance is the mother of admiration) in the joy of his thoughts, went and brought his recovered Hawke unto *Solimon*, and recounted unto him; how that a stranger, an *Æthiopian* borne, that called himselfe *Sinap*, had effected that cunning Cure: and that he was a man so exquisite in all proportion, and of so goodly and Majesticall a presence, that hee seemed not onely to bee of an Heroicall heart, but also promised more then was usually in a man. The *Sultan* joyous of his Hawke, and well pleased with his description, held his requisite cunning in great regard; and his service more necessary then others: And therefore hee instantly sent for him; who no sooner came, but that liking his person, hee graced him with his good countenance, and demanded what he was, and what occasion brought him into that Region. *Sinap*, whose Courtly demeanour, might well warrant his behaviour, and in whose face, was stampt the true Character of honour, with humble boldnesse told him, that hee was of no great lineage, nor lively-hood, yet gentle borne; but so subject to the Destinies displeasure, that not brooking his fatall infelicity, hee secretly had left the utmost South of *Æthiopia*, adjoyning to the Deserts of *Libia*, his Native soyle, to seeke content elsewhere in forraigne Nati-

Nations, And after, said *Sirap*, I had long with tedious travaile past the hote, and whole Clymate of *Affricke*, having no other companion then my minde, nor no other servant then my tongue : I was at length by the guide of Fortune, conducted into this part of *Greece*, where my thoughts wing'd with desire, to see the most great, and mightiest Monarch on the earth, brought me to this your Imperiall seate. The *Sultan* pleased, with his pleasing, and well couched words (grew desirous of his service) and therefore according to the nature of his pride (appropriating to himselfe authority over all) he Imperiously commanded him to attend his Person : To which, though *Sirap* knew, that denials to such absolute Potentates, were held for capitall offences : yet he thus reverently and boldly answered. If, said he, any poore endeavours of mine (most high and mighty Emperour) may be but pleasing to your Greatnesse, I shall then thinke my selfe most happy, when I shall find my selfe able to doe you any agreeable service. But if in any wise your unmatchable Maiesty, seeke so to tye me to your will, that of necessity I must follow your fancy : Then must I (not offending your magnificence) deeme both your highest Highnesse, unjust ; and hold your Law, no Law ; because grounded on necessity. The *Saltan* wondring at his bold and discreet answere, and liking his noble and generous spirit, highly estimated him, according to the vertue of his courage ; that could, and durst, with such prudent boldnesse, and circumspect feare, except against his never controled pleasure : And therefore allowing his reasons for reason ; hee freely graunted him more then the full prehemynence of a free priviledged Travailer ; and seeing greatnesse and the law of his will aside ; he gently entreated him, but to make some stay in his Court, and hee would mount his fortunes, by his extended favours.

Thus workes our Starres ; by meanes, most small
That things sore-doom'd, by Fate, may fall.

For

For *Sirap*, being thus rarely, and royally intreated, and entertained with the *Sultans* unknowne, and unusuall favors and requests; wholly humbled himselfe at his command; and said, that albeit, he had vowed continuall Pilgrimage to sundry Regions; yet would he in some sort, yeeld obedience to his will, and dispence for a time with his conscience, because he would not oppose, nor resist the pleasure of his will, nor the command of his potent power. The *Sultan* glad of his grant, gave one of his *Bashaes* in charge, that he should be provided for at his dispences; who presently placed him next to the house, where the *Tartarian* Ambassadour, but newly arrived, was lodged.

Now amongst the Ambassadours followers, there was one that farre exceeded all the rest in huge height, incomparable strength, and great proportion, insomuch that the Turkes did with wonder admire his stature, and deemed his *Sampson*-like force, beyond the power of men. This grim and insatiating *Tartar* (who serv'd no other God, but his will: nor observ'd no other law, but his lust) being one day left behind, to manage some affaires in the house, when the rest were gone to the Court; suddainly, and most rudely seared upon a young Damosell, that as unfortunatly as unadvisedly, was come to see the provision, and manner of these Strangers. Her (without any shew of good entreaty, or kind usage) with a swift force he carried into a Chamber, and disvirginated her; notwithstanding her shrill cryes, that call'd in many (but too late) to her ayd. This untamed beast, or rather infernall Devill, siding himselfe ppr est with multitudes, grew so enraged, that his wrath had no meane, neither did his interrupted fury, admit of any consideration, but dreadlesse both of Law and danger, place, and people: hee threw all to the earth, that came neere to him, endeavouring still to retaine his prey, which made the eye-eyes of all so great: That *Sirap* being in his Chamber, at the noise thereof, rushed in with his peaceable sword, and finding him carrying the bemoaning Mayd, in an unmannerly manner from them, towards another

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Chamber, hee so powerfully smote him on the face with his displeased hand, that force, perforce, hee was forc'd to leave his hold, and betake him to his angry Semitar, with which hee furiously assaulted him. But *Sarap* (who held it a great fault, not to doe a good thing well) readily returned him unwelcome interest, for his so willing leave. Long did they worke on each other, like tempests on a Shippe, and the bloud of both, did well shew, that neither of them were well pleased: None durst come neere them, till that *Keller Aga*, Captaine of the *Janizaries*, hearing of this tumultuous and debateful strife, came in, and stayed the fight.

The Damosels Father, and friends, (standing upon theyr strength of testimony) pursu'd the outrage, by way of complaint against the Tartar, and required of *Solyman* the benefit of Law. The Tartar (countenancing himselfe under the protection of Potency and Ambassage) pleaded the priviledge of his place, and said, That he was not lyable to theyr ordinances; nor subject to any but his owne Lord, the Emperour: who in Majesty, might, and merit, farre surmounted all other Potentates of the world; and thereupon offered in open Court Combat, thundring out defiance against all, that but durst averre the contrary.

Solyman much distasting his ungoverned pride, and worse disjesting his barbarous outrage, and offensive contempt: did inwardly fret that no one durst attempt to quench, nor allay the prodigall heate of his foolish fire; and not knowing how otherwise to correct his insolence, since Kings should ever shew themselves rather just, then great: and the law of Nations (which is the staie of Peace, and maintenance of Honour) did warrant his tryall by Combat; hee at last thus deliberately concluded: That the 20th day following, he should be ready Armed at all assayes, and mounted like a Knight, to make that good with his sword, which hee so arrogantly, and over-audaciously had delivered with his tongue. And if there came not any one then to chastise his folly, and correct him for his brutish, and injurious attempts, that then he should be free from touch, both of law

and life. This being rumoured abroad, came to *Sinans* eares, who grieving to loose opportunity, as one that thirsted after occasion, both to shew his courage in honourable revenge, and to doe *Solimon* some commendable service: though his resolution was a sufficient Armour for the encounter, yet knowing that naked valour, could promise no successe where Armed force did assaile: his greatest feare was, least for want of Armour, and furniture, others would cut the grasse from under his feete, and so deprive him both of favour and fortune. But this couragious feare, was acquitted by the timorous feare of all others, that feelingly feared such desperate and deadly attempts, as promised neither hap, nor hope of good successe. At length the day being come, and all things in order, came *Solimon* with his *Sultanesse*, attended with his *Vice-royes*; *Beglerbegs*, and *Bassbaes* in great Royalty, and 2000. Armed men for his Guard, and in the place of tryall assigned, he seated himselfe and his *Sultanesse* upon a glorious Throane within his Imperiall Pavillion; great was the presse, and many the people, that wayted on the issue hereof: when suddainly the sound of Trumpet shewed the neere approach of the Tartar: who (in honour of his earthly God, the sonne of the light, the terrour of men, and for the repute of his Country) came with his sword drawing, accompanied with the Ambassador and all his followers, most richly furnished. The Appellant himselfe being mounted on a couragious Horse, his Caparisons, and other his furniture, all of purple Sattin, embroydered with gold all over, with dismembred heads, armes and severed legges of slaughtered men, besprinkled all with blood. And in his Shield hee over-gloriously bare his owne picture, naked; holding a Combiting Lyon, fisted by the throat with his hand, and vnderneath was written, WHAT NOT: In this terrifying equipage, he stayed at the Barriers of the Lysts, vntill the Officers appoynted for that service, demanded what he was, and wherfore he came; who answered, that hee was *Turbulent the fierce*, the invincible Tartar, that came to proove by his sword,

sword, that he being onely subject to the greatest Monarch on earth (who had no equall) ought not to vndergoe the censure of any other inferiour powre, and thereupon demanded entrance; which being permitted, hee put vp his sword, and was conducted to the vpper end of the Lysts, where lighting, he was seated in a rich Chaire, suitable to his Basses, to repose himselfe in: Neere vnto which, was pitch'd a most stately Tent for the Ambassador, and his Trayne. Then the Herauld was commanded to summon the Defendant by sound of Trumpet, but no one appeared, which made *Solimon* fearefull of disgrace. Then he sounded the second time, but no one presented himselfe: which made the proud Tartar (in arrogancie of his redoubted puissance) to stand vp, and drawing his terrified sword, hee brandished it ouer his head, in such tryumphing and daring manner, that the great *Sultan* seeing his insulting pride, could scarce containe himselfe within himselfe. Then as the Herauld sounded his last summons, a lowly Hermit, clad all in gray, leaning on a staffe of Ebony, stayed him with his other hand, and required; that hee might speake with *Solimon* the Emperour, who being brought before him, bowed himselfe, thrice before him, and then prayed in zeale of justice, and for the honour of the Turkish-Empire, he might haue Horse, and Armour, to tame that vncivill and vntutored Tartar, whole pride, hee said, was not so high, but that *Vengeance* did sit above it.

The *Sultan* glad that any one durst, and would in his honour vndertake, so great and fearefull a hazard; commanded that presently he should be with-drawne, and brought to his Armoury, and there at his choyse be Arm'd, and mounted as his proper Champion; which was no sooner said, but that the Hermit being attended on thither, tooke (vpon the view of all) one of the largest and one that fitted his owne conceit best: wherewith being Armed, and mounted, he shewed himselfe at the Barriers end of the Lyst, in a bright Azure Armour, like vnto the skie, with a halfe Moone in the midst, both before, and behinde: His Basses,

Caparizons, and other furniture waved like a Sea, full of silver Fishes, that seemed as he rid, to swime; and play under so bright a Planet. On his Shield hee had a Ship, stayed (in the midst of a Sea) by a little Fish, called *Remora*; and his impresse was, *Vertue, not force*. As thus hee stood looking for entrance, The appointed Officers, demaunded what he was, and wherefore hee came, who answered, that he was a Man of peace, a devout Hermite, and one of the least of the most humblest Servants of Great *Solimon*; Who for the love of Honour, and to honour his Lord, came to approove that the *Sultan* of *Turkie*, was a greater, and a more Emperiall, and a more magnificent Monarch, then the *Tartarian* Emperour, and much more renowned in his person; And that *Turbulents* shamefull, and criminall offence, was punishable (by all Nationall lawes) where the fault was committed; and this he would make good on his body, and desired to enter the Lysts. Upon this, all the Turkes gave a great shout, and cryed God, and *Mahomet* for the *Hermite*: And so putting up his Sword, hee was conducted by one of the *Bashaes* to the other end of the Lysts, where dismounting himselfe, hee was seated in a rich Chayre of State, curiously wrought with halfe Moones in silver, and set with pretious Stones. During theyr small repose, the elected Officers viewed theyr Armes and theyr Armours, to see whether they were of equall length, and that there were no wrong done to Chivalry: and then the chiefe Herauld proclaimed, that no one under paine of death should enter the Lysts, but the Officers appoynted to the service, and that no one should cast any thing into the Lysts, nor use any words, nor signe to discourage, or encourage either party.

This done, he bade the Combatants to rise, and mount themselves, and at the sound of Trumpet to begin the assault. As the setting foorth it could not be discerned who was first. The *Tartar*, bearing his Mast-like Staffe over high, carried away part of the *Hermites* Plume; But the *Hermite* (unto whom Judgement and custome gave no advantage) bare himselfe so evenly in his winged Course, that he hit the *Tartar* so forceable on the brest, that though the good-

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nesse of his Armour deayed entrance, yet did it make him doe homage to the strength of the blow: For *Turbulent* keeping his seate, was notwithstanding, by the breaking of all his Girthes, set on the ground, with his Saddle betwixt his legges. This not onely moved great laughter, but stroke all men with such a wonder, that where before they could not harbour the least hope, now they began to looke after good hap. The *Tartar* swelling with nefull disdaine (like unto the disturbed Ocean) breathed out diresull revenge; and furiously drawing foorth his dreadfull Sword, called for him, (who needed no summons at all) threatning death and destruction, not onely to him, but to all others. But the *Hermit*, whose undismayed courage, could not be shaken with any boysterous windes; upon his stopage, turned his Horse, and seeing him on foote, (scorning the advantage) alighted, and unsheathing his correcting Semiter, advisedly came towards the *Tartar*, who rudely saluted him, with so mightie a blow, that notwithstanding his full ward, with his Shield) hee was forced to stagger a little; whereby hee knew the unresistable strength of his Foe, and more warily stood after, rather upon motion, then warding: Yet did his superlative valour, equall the others incomparable strength: But the *Hermit*, in guerdon of *Turbulents* cold curtesie, returned him such powerfull thankes, as made his dazeled eyes ready to start out of his disturbed head. This interchange of puissant streakes (eccheing like the *Cielops* blowes upon their fiery Anvilles) begot such spightfull disdaine, and malitious rage in both, that the tempestuous furie of theyr stormy blowes came like thunder, to the amazement of the beholders: The great stature, and unresistable strength of the one, shewing both might and courage; and the unmatchable valour, and practive skill of the other, shewing great prowis and judgement. *Turbulent*, madde with hatefull and angry contempt, that any one should, or could, so stand against him (trusting to his never fayling strength) layd on such loade on the magnanimous *Hermite*, as all men wondered how he could keepe his stan-

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ding, or standing, durst once stand to withstand him: But the bold haughtie *Hermite*, whose watchfull care, and tried skill, had made him expert in each threatning tempests, gaue some way vnto that stormie showre, auoyding the danger, sometimes by motion of his Bodie, and sometimes by strong and warie wardes; neuer loosing any aduantage to offend, nor giuing ground in his defence.

In the end, finding the *Tartars* wasting fury to consume it selfe; In the abatement thereof, he so redoubled his renewed blowes, which like hayle-stones strooue to ouertake each other before they fell, that *Turbulent* knew not how to auoide the greatnesse of the stroke. Now was there seuerall Armours broken, broiled, and mangled in many places, and the blood that issued from them both, made the dyed Earth a witnesse of their implacable rage. But the *Tartar*, that had lost most blood, finding his strength to abate, vsured all his forces together, and smote the Hermite so forceably on his Burganet, that notwithstanding his Shield, which then he cleaue asunder, he brought him on his knees maugre both his warde and his might; but such was his quicke deliuerie, and inuincible courage, that he was not sooner downe, then he was vp againe: and seeing himselfe depriued of the best part of his defence, he was so ouercome with scornefull anger, that he had beene brought to loose; that he began to renew the Fight, more furiously, and with much more puissant and insupportable blowes, then before: and finding (by his euer watching eye) that the Vambrasse was broken, and falne from the *Tartars* Cuysse, and that he was within his aduantage; taking his threatning and wrathfull Sword in both his hands, hee hit him so full and so strongly on his disarmed Arme, that hee seuered it from his cursed Bodie, so that Arme, and harmefull Sword fell both to the ground. The *Sultan*, and all the rest beyond all wonder wondring at the greatnesse of the blow, and the assistance of so terrible a combate, admired who that valiant Hermite should be, that with such vnwearied force, and such approued skill, had sheue-

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ed such prowesse, as the like was never seene.

The losse of the *Tartars* arme made him curse heaven, and earth, and frothing at his mouth, like a wilde chaffed Bull, he bellowing out wrath, and vengeance in such a madding manner, that (being as ignorant of his Fate, as he was impudently mad in the maintainance of his ignominious wrong) he desperately runne headlong on the *Hermit*, thinking to beare him over. But advised experience, and wary circumspection, which had ever arm'd the *Hermit* for all accidents and assaults, made him unwilling of such unkind embracement. And therefore made stopage by a most fortunate thrust, which finding entrance under his bruised Tasses, runne upwards and made quicke inquisition after his death. Thus was the pride of *Goliah* turned into confusion, and thus fell the redoubted *Tartar*, like a great Towre upon the earth, to the amazed griefe of the Ambassadour, and all his Traine; and to the admiring joyes of the *Sultan* and his Turkes. But the *Hermit*, who ever held, that to destroy mercifully, was to save; stept to him, and pulling off his head-piece, with his sword he smote off his fearefull head, and holding it up on high, Cryed, God save *Solimon*, the invincible *Sultan*, and mightiest Emperour, and greatest Potentate on earth.

This being done, the Trumpets tryumphantly sounded forth the joy of most pleasing victory, and all the people made such rejoycing Cryes, that their applauding shouts pierc't the lower Region, to witnesse their glory on the earth. But silence being made, the heroicall victorious *Hermit* (arm'd with glorious conquest) was betwixt two *Beglerbeggs* (the cheefest of the Turkish Nobility) brought with sounding Trumpets unto the *Sultan*, who commending his great strength, his surmounting prowesse, and most invincible courage, commanded him to put off his Helmet, that he might know who had so much honoured him, that according to his great merit, hee might deservedly advance him. To which the humble *Hermit* answered, that all his Actions did ayme at Honour, not at advancement;

ment; and that the favours he had already found and received of so great a Prince, was all-sufficient in it selfe, to enable a weaker arme to performe a greater worke; besides his desire (he layd) did carry him beyond all meanes, and ability, to doe him a more pleasing service; And therewithall taking off his Helmet, in all humility he bowed his body (according to the Turkish manner) thrice unto him. But when *Solimon* saw that he was *Sirap*, his neer affected and entertained friend, laying aside all State and regard of greatnesse, he ranne to him, and embracing him, said: How shall the Turkish *Sultan* requite the honourable love of so praise-worthy a friend, but in the renowned hazard of his invaluable life, hath both preserved, and dignified my name, and the fame of my Empire. But more befitting times shall shew us respectfully gratefull, and affectionately mindfull, of so vertuous a friend, so famous a Champion, and so glorious an act. In the interim, hee commanded that three of his chiefe *Bashaes* should ride before *Sirap*, and that the first should carry the *Tartars* louped arme and Sword: the second his unweldy Speare, and massie Shield; and the third, his grim and terrible severed Head; and that after should follow the monstrous and headlesse trunke of that huge boasting *Goliah*; after whom would march the disgraced Ambassadour, and all his discontented traine: And that *Sirap* mounted on his Courser, all alone, with his naked bloudied sword in his hand, like a Conquerour should follow; and after him, he himselfe, the *Sultanesse*, and all his royall Attendants should ride, and so passe through the City, to his Pallace. This he did to honour his friend; And out of this honour, did *Eugenia* his *Sultanesse* more affectionately looke upon the merit of *Sirap*. His carriage seemed now more majesticall; his colour though blacke, shee deemed lovely; and the nobleneſse of his spirit, deserved (shee thought) the favour of the greatest Empresse. This liking begot longing, and she desired how to enjoy, what she was enjoyned not to affect. The remembrance of her place, and the terrour of their law, qualified, but not quenched her fired

fired fancie; which ſhe ſeeking to ſmother in the embers, burſt out after into a greater, and more ſhamefull flame.

But *Sirap*, during his repoſe, for the healing of his wounds; entering into conſideration of his croſſe fortunes, ſeeing his admired victories applauded with open joyes, honour, and tryumphes; and his dejected and enthralled heart, ſtill clad in blacke woe, and accompanyed onely with ſecret griefe, and tormenting paſſions. To feed his diſtaſte of rejoycing, with ſome ſad conceites. He ſuitably compoſed theſe few following reverſt, and returning verſes; which being read either forward or backward, are ſtill the ſame in ſence both wayes; and either way, end in meeter.

Ioy, Mirth, Tryumphes; I doe defie,
Deſtroy me Death; fayne would I die:
Forlorne am I; Love is exilde,
Scorne ſmiles thereat; Hope is beguilde:
Men baniſh'd bliſſe, in Woe muſt dwell,
Then Ioy, Mirth, Tryumphes, all farewell.

Thus did he ſhewe himſelfe to be ever one, as conſtant in his woes as he was unremoveable in his love; And thus ever in his houres of leaſure, did either his tongue complaine, or his penne manifeſt his ſorrow. But when loathed time had healed his honoured wounds. The grand *Sultan* to give his ſolitarineſſe ſome ſollace, ſent unto him, that the next day hee ſhould be in befitting readineſſe to attend him to the chaſe of the wilde Boare, in the neere adjoyning forreſt; And commanded one of his *Baſſhaes* to ſee that *Sirap* ſhould be well mounted, and furniſhed accordingly. For ſtill it bare him in minde (ſeeing the map of Majeſty in his eyes, and finding the vertue of true Nobility in his thoughts) that he was extract from Royall bloud; And by this meanes, hee thought he ſhould (by his obſervance) make a further tryall thereof. The next morning *Phoebus* had no ſooner rent the ſable Clouds, and waſh'd his face with the dew of the earth, but that the winding of baſe and bugle hornes,

ſummoned the *Sultan* to his Silvan ſports, and *Sirap* to his attendance.

And long it was not, but that each one was in full readineſſe, and being horſed, rid to the Forreſt, where ſeparating themſelves, they tooke divers wayes, the ſooner to finde their game, but ſtill *Sirap* attended the *Sultan*, whoſe fortune was to eſpie the Boare, whetting of his angry Tuſhes in the mouth of his denne, as though hee had foreſeene his pretended purſuit, and meant to wound his purſuing foes. The *Sultan* proud of ſuch ſucceſſe, gave ſpurres to his flying Horſe, and with careleſſe eagerneſſe unlodging the beaſt, purſued him ſo ſwiftly, that none but *Sirap* could come neere vnto him. The Boare ſeeing himſelfe purſued, fled by decreed deſteny towards the middeſt of the Deſart; where the Turke faſt following, was ſodainly ſeazed on by a great, fell and hideous Dragon.

Sirap ſeeing the *Sultan* ſo embraced within the murthering armes of death, (knowing no feare to make a pawſe) ſet ſpurres to his Horſe, and ſo furiouſly runne at him with his Boare-ſpeare, that he happily wounded him under the left wing. The fierce Dragon feeling the ſmart of his hurt, left his vnkind hold, and ſmote with his wings ſo violently at *Sirap*, that he brake his Speare all to pieces. Then drew *Sirap* his Semiter, which the *Sultan* had that morning given him, and freſhly aſſaulted that dreadfull Beaſt with ſuch adviſed heedfulneſſe, that hardly could that enraged Monſter faſten on him; ſo quicke in agility, ſo ready in dexterity, and ſo watchfull hee was at all times. But in the end he ſmote *Sirap* ſo forceably with his Serpentine tayle, that maugre all his might and ſtrength, he was conſtrained to fall on the ground: when the wrathfull Dragon advancing his threatning wings, and opening his infernall mouth, made offer as ſhe would devoure him at once. But *Sirap* ſeeing the danger, carried ſo vigilant an eye, and ſo ready a hand, that the Dragon no ſooner ſtooped to ſeaze on him, but that, as hee lay vpright on the ground, hee ſo ſtrongly thruſt his well ſteeled Semiter into his almoſt unpenetrable breſt,

breſt, that piercing his heart, hee ſodainly prevented death by death. Now the frighted *Sultan*, who onely was but pinched a little with his clawes; was no ſooner free from that murthering Beaſt, but that creeping amazedly into a thicke buſhy Grove, he fearefully hid himſelfe there, ſcarce daring to lend his eyes, to behold that vncouth and perillous Combat. But when he ſaw *Sirap* on his feete, ſtriking off that gaſtly and monſtrous head; and elivating it on the point of his Semiter, and turning himſelfe, called for his Lord. Then, then, came he forth in the admiration of his thoughts; and kneeling downe, firſt gaue thankes to *Mahomet*, and then to him, for his ſo redeemed and preſerued life. But *Sirap* yeelding the heauens onely thankes, bad him aſcribe the onely glory thereof to God, and not to him a ſinfull man, or to any other furnized power; ſince none but God had armed his humble heart with vndaunted courage; and none but God could haue giuen his weake hand ſuch a happie Conqueſt. As thus they ſacrificed their thankes. One of the *Baſhawes*, that had loſt himſelfe in the purſuit, came ſtraying in by chance, vnto whom the *Sultan* recounted all the accident: with ſuch admiring wonder of *Sirap*s worthy valour, that both the *Sultan*, and his *Baſha*, eſteemed him as another *Mahomet*. In this height of *Solimons* joy for his ſecured life; hee commanded the *Baſha* himſelfe to carry the Dragons head before *Sirap*, into the Citie, and that his man ſhould poaſt before to publiſh that thrice renowned deed, that the Citizens might tryumph in their Lords eſcape, and honour *Sirap* for his purchaſed life. And no ſooner it was reuealed, but that the Citizens firſt amazed with wonder, and after raviſhed with joy, wholly went to meet their earthly God; whom once reuerenced, they guarded to the City gate; where the *Caliph* (the Primate of their ſuperſtition) to celebrate the happineſſe of *Solimons* preſeruation, accompanied with all the order of their ceremonious Prieſts, receiued him, and brought him after their Hereticall, or rather Heatheniſh manner to his Pallace. The next day hee cauſed the Dragons head to be ſet on his

Pallace gate, that all men beholding it, might know their Lords danger, and *Sinan* valour. Then he assembled all his *Bassaes*, and in their presence would have created him one of his *Visiers*; which with all thankfull humilny hee reverently refused, as not capable yet of that dignity, and therefore humbly requested his Greatnesse, that hee would for a time pardon his deniall, untill the infancy of his weake merit, were growne stronger in better deserts, which well pleased *Solimon*; because *Solimon* would not displease *Sinan*. Then began he to feast, and to make tryumphes in his Court. Where *Sinan* honoured Knighthood in those Justs, and graced those Justs in honour of the *Sultan*. Such was his Knightly carriage, such his unresistable courage; so well could hee manage his furious Steed, and so redoubted was hee in all his encounters, that all men rather deemed him the God of Armes, then a man in Armes. For there was neither *Turke*, nor *Sarazen*, that could withstand his puissant force: nor was there any dismounted, that held himselfe dishonoured. So highly did they estimate his unequalled valour, that they held his power rather divine then humane. As for the vulgar sort they flock'd about to see him, with such applauding shoutes, as though *Mars* had left his heavenly Spheare, and discended amongst them, to sport himselfe on earth.

These Heroicall deeds of famous Chivalry, begot admiration in all, but brought forth such unresistable affection in the faultfull *Sultaxesse*, that what before shee held deadly, now she deemed it not to bee veniall: Lascivious love dissolved the bonds of all respects, and her mind being set on desire, nothing could limit her adventures. For though lust carry ruine behind her, yet must the Queene of love enjoy the God of Warre: yea, though *Vulcan* frame and lay his subtill nets for their discovery. How to make *Argoes* sleepe, was all her unquiet care; the eyes of the Eunuches must bee made blind, either with Gold, or guile; which shee put in practice, by calling these watching Attendants, or rather jealous Jaylors unto her; unto whom shee told, that the

day

day following, *Hirena* another of the *Sultans* Wives, had secretly appoynted a *Grecian Hero* to come to solace with her; for as that day, the *Sultan* himself, his *Visiers*, *Bashaes*, and Martiall Commanders, would sit in the *Divano*, there to consult and conclude, for the invading of *Christendome*; And if they would stand as faithfull Sentinels in such a place as she would covertly appoynt them to, and carefully make their prying eyes full witnesses of her sportfull abuses, that then she would guild their labours over with Gold, enrich their estates, and make them more pleasing in the *Sultans* eyes, for that regardfull service, The Eunuches, whose offices stood upon such employments, embraced the offer, and promised theyr best endeavours.

The *Sultanesse* proudly glad, that she should by this deceitfull meanes, be freed from these preventing and interrupting Spirits, made now no question of opportunity, and therefore no doubt of the fruition of her desire; To hasten which she called unto her *Mentiga*, one of her attendants, whom she before had fashioned to her purpose, and gave her in secret charge, that she should that evening following, disguise her selfe in Mans apparell, and goe to the victorious *Æthiopian*, and warily deliver him that Letter, and crave his answer. Glad was *Mentiga* of this imployment, it fitted her nature well; and hope of reward gave speed to her desires, to doe her Mistresse some pleasing service. The evening being come, this mindfull *Mentiga* (sinnes packhorse) that had tyred many a Man, now attired her selfe like a Man; and going, found *Sirap* alone in his Chamber; unto whom, humbling her selfe, she delivered her carnall Letter, which thus pleaded in her Mistresses behalfe.

Eugenia *the Greatest of Women, well greeteth* Sirap, *the Worthiest of Men. That I write to thee may be thy glory; and that I love thee, let it be thy happinesse: If thou hast wit to know Love, I have beauty to moove Love; and if thou hast merit to win Love. I have a body to reward Love: We both*

were bred in the intrailes of the flesh, and therefore subject to the desires of the Flesh. But nature then excuse my blushing shew of immodestly herein who hath not left our affections within our owne powers, but hath framed our inherent and inevitable fancies, as facile to be seduced by Love, as shee hath made us by kind, too kind to resist Love. The Sultan *growes old, and Love decks not her selfe with fading Flowers, nor can the withered Tree shade beauty from the burning Sun, Love without fruit is a Picture without a Face; and* Venus *is best pleased when she is feelingly infolded within* Mars *his armes. If then thou wilt live like the King of Bees, seeke honey at my Hive, and thou shalt sucke the driest of full delight, and gage the vessell, when this Earthly God shall drinke the Lee. It shall suffice* Solimon, *that the Sea is sufficient for more Fishes then one; and it may proudly content thee, that opportunity waites on thy best fortunes, for to morrow will the* Sultan *sit in the* Divano, *and I have taken order for my Attendants. Then cloath thy selfe in some Religious habite (for they may ever doe the most wrong, of whom least is looked for,) and some where Pleasure shall enrich thee, and so farewell.*

EVGENIA.

Sirah having read this with amazement, stood abashed, not that over-powerfull Love had given her such bold countenance; but that licentious Lust had armed her with such Impudency. Hee now found that the dry Earth, the Grave, and a wicked Woman, were three unsatiable things: But her alluring bribes could not win him, nor her attractive offers weine him from the constant resolve of his vertuous disposse; For though *Fortunes* gates were set wide open for him to enter, yet hee well knew, that asmuch would hurt the ill that hee should find, as the good that he should loose: Though Lawrell (he said) hee of high esteeme, yet who so tasteth it shall find it bitter. Vices may vanish, but their effects can not perish; and therefore he chose rather with the Bee, to extract Honey from every weed, then with the Spi-

Spider to gather poyſon of the fayreſt flower. *Vienna* love was a rich rocke of defence againſt all Siren ſongs, nor would the binding benefits he had received of the *Sultan* ſuffer him to blaſt his benefactors Vine, nor make him mud the fountaine that gave him drinke: A perpetuall repenting ſorrow, he could not buy, for ſo golden and glorious ſeeming a ſolace: For what profiteth it to touch, nay have the Crowne? and after to be ſmitten downe with the Scepter. Dignities aggravate the offence againſt him, that is bound not to offend; and ſuch pleaſures ever contaminate thoſe that imbrace them. Falſe diſloyaltie could not corrupt him nor could poverty infect him. As theſe conſiderations made him reſolute in the refuſall ſo doubtfull, feare made him carefull, leaſt his denyall ſhould beget diſdaine, and diſdaine bring forth direfull revenge; for vnjuſt Women doe never appeaſe their wrathfull ires againſt juſt Men. To ſayle betwixt theſe threatning Gulphes, was dangerous, yet like a wiſe Pilot, he turned himſelfe to the ſtearne of his beſt providencie; and taking Pen and Inke, hee no leſſe ſubtilly then ſuddainly, writ her ſuch an anſwere, as (being left of purpoſe unpointed) might ſenſibly be read, either to ſute her deſire, or to excuſe his denyall. This Letter he ſealed, and delivered it to the *Protean* Meſſenger, with excuſe of the neceſſity of his Religious obſervation, to celebrate his Nativitie the next day, and that he would courteouſly attend, and joyfully embrace the benefit of the next Tyde. By this colourable delay, he freed himſelfe from all hazard, and by winning of time, he hoped to avoyde all dangers. But *Eugenia* receiving the Letter, read it as followes.

THe awe of Majeſtie, and bond of obliging honeſtie I regard, not the conſideration of ſo glorious Loue, ſhall make me yours; the greatneſſe of your merit I acknowledge, and will affect as I ought; reſpectiuely I honour the eſtimate of your Place, and Greatneſſe; your Loue I will affectionately embrace neuer; Eugenia *for me, ſhall fayle of her deſire, and* Siap *will euer liue freely; yours in all ſervice,*

Siap.

Disdaine of contempt, and rancorous despight for refused favours, would scarce let her read out the last word, but that throwing it away in a most distastfull rage, shee vowed that his life should answer the disgrace: which *Mentiga* hearing, grieved that her labours had brought forth no better fruit, and finding her Paradiz'd hopes cast downe, shee in a most scornefull manner tooke up the Letter, and happily read it the other contrary way, and therewithall humbling herselfe, besought her Majesty to take a better view thereof, and not to contemne him, that gave her such ample and pleasing content. Content, nay contempt sayd *Engenia*, thou wouldst say. Thinkest thou that I cannot see, reade, nor understand what he hath done? what madnesse moves thee to perswade mee to impossibilities. Thy idle words cannot make my constant eye, a Traytor to my perfect judgement. See here witlesse woman, that hast either lost thy sight, or thy sences. Reade, reade, and let every word winne thy assistance to my just, and cruell revenge. It shall (most potent Empresse) answered *Mentiga*, so that in your owne milder nature, and more temperate dispose, you will but vouchsafe to see with patience, what I shall most truly and directly reade. I will, sayd *Engenia* on that condition, and thereupon *Mentiga* read the same againe, and as shee read it, she poynted it with her finger, as followeth now poynted.

THe awe of Majesty, and bond of obliging honesty I regard not the consideration of so glorious love shall make me yours; the greatnesse of your merrit I acknowledge and will affect as I ought respectively; I honour the estimate of your place, and greatnesse; Your love I will affectionately embrace; never Eugenia, *forme, shall faile of her desire; and* Sirap *will ever live freely yours, in all service.*

SIRAP.

Now

Now moſt meritorious Lady (ſayd *Mentiga*) and worthyeſt of Princes, what miſlike can you gather from ſo full a conſent of love? Or what could you expect more from him, then to be wholly yours? with advenure of life, he offers love, and not regarding danger he devotes himſelf to your pleaſure. O happy Lady, Soveraign Queen of Fortune, and ſole commander of contentment; that out of your own fancy can triumph over others affections, and at your own pleaſure enjoy your deſires with wiſhed delights. *Eugenia* amazed, and confounded with wonder, knew not what to ſay, or thinke of her ſelfe: Sure ſhee was that ſhe read it directly otherwiſe, and as aſſuredly ſhe found it now to bee otherwiſe.

In this ſilent confuſed ſtudy ſhe puniſhed all her thoughts with variety of hinking, and ſtood like a fair liveleſſe picture, made to life; but wanting life, vntil fatall *Mentiga* awaked her wandring ſpirits, and thus merrily cheered her.

Nay, moſt mighty Empreſs (ſhe ſayd) confeſs your error, and your pardon ſhall be granted: heer is nothing metamorphoſed; only you may ſee, that there is nothing well done, that is ill conſtrued. Your fear to looſe what you wiſhed to have; made you think as you doubted; beleeve what you feared; and read as you deemed. But that cloud being diſpierced, look now with comfort upon the glory of the Sun, and with joy receive the benefit of his ſweet influence, and therewithall ſhe read, and re-read it, with ſuch plain and direct pointing of it, that the *Sultaneſſe* (being eaſily made apt to embrace what ſhe deſired) acknowledged her over ſight, and never after ſought to read it in any other manner, or to any other ſenſe.

To ratifie which, *Mentiga* told her, that he ſorrowfully craved pardon for his next days attendance. For that it being his birth day, he was tyed both by his Countries cuſtom, and by his oblieged obſervance, religiouſly to celebrate it, in a ſacred ſort, according to their wonted and hallowed manner. This was ſomewhat cordiall unto her wounded heart, though not ſo comfortable as ſhe deſired. And yet it did (becauſe it muſt)

satisfie for the time: which time, was all, surprized *Sirap* sought to gain: For in the delay of dayes he hoped to prevent that threatning evill, which so dangerously (like a prodigious, though bright Comet) proclaimed and prognosticated his destruction. In the mean time he left the pleasing and entising sports of the court (for pleasures are no pastimes for male-contented and disconsolated men) and purposely walked all alone into the fields (the freer to enjoy his own thoughts) where suddenly making a stand in his melancholy pause, he writ in the sand with the point of his sword as follows.

My foes I foyl; my woes do conquer me,
Fancy I fly, yet love, and lov'd would be:
Thus Sirap *joyes, and thus doth* Paris *mourn,*
In Greece *grac'd, and admir'd; in* France *forlorn.*

No sooner had he writ the last Letter, but with his discontented foot he buried them all in their own Sepulchers, and smoothing he place againe, stampt out this new inscription.

No eye shall see, what sands would tell,
No winds shall blab, where I do dwell.

But then calling to remembrance his enthralled Lady, lying hopelesse, hapelesse, and heartlesse: in his losse, in her love, and in her selfe. And finding himselfe exiled from Prince, Parents, and possessions, wandering like a fugitive, from foraign places, to places still unknown. Then, then, drowning the late flowing streame of his gotten glory, in the full Sea of present hard haps; he began thus to ease his oppressing griefe, by pleading, and publishing to the winds his case, and cause of grievous care.

O false Fortune (said he) constant only in inconstancy, how hast thou made me a mirror of thy many mutabilities.

First, thou flatteredst my clyming thoughts with imperiall conceits, and promisedst successe to my aspiring hopes, and

and then; even then, thou puniſheſt my deſires with diſtruſting favours. After thou didſt erect rich and glorious Trophies, for my renowned Victoryes; and in thy greateſt grace, diſgrace my fortunes, and eclipſe my honour, with moſt obſcure and clouded Conqueſts. Then in thy fraudulent ſmiles, thou wingedſt my hope with beauties conſent, and madeſt me flye in the heaven of my bliſfull contentment. But after (like a cruell Tyrant, thou thruſt my heart out of Paradiſe, and like a Thief, robbed my deſires of his purchaſed Prey. And now rather to ſhew thy ſtayleſſe ſtate, then to ſalve any wound thou gaveſt; thou girdeſt me with pleaſing glory, and unaffected favours in *Greece*, and feedeſt my mated mind with unſeaſonable joyes; when alas my excrucciated thoughts cannot but live, as ſtrangers in forraign delights.

O ſweet *Vienna*, in thee only have I loſt the beauty of the world, the pride of all joys, the ſweeteſt fruit of beſt content, and the higheſt mark of true loves ambition: And for thee only all theſe remonſtrances of love, joy, mirth, ſolace, and triumphs, ſeem unto me but as the rich ſpoils of a vanquiſhed Kingdom, in the eye of a Captive Prince; which as they are, but as unbreadings of his loſſe; ſo are theſe, but as ſharp whetſtones to my continuated ſorrows.

O how theſe Barbarian, and Turkiſh tunes of comfort, ſound in my eares, like the Iſraelites bemoaning Muſicke, upon the Babylonian bankes: And how the *Sultan*, and his Empereſſes affording graces, ſeem unto me but as the glyſtering ſparkes of a broken Diamond, and the Pictures of dead and decayed beauties; fair ſignes, not ſalves, of my loſt felicity; and true memorials, not medicines, of my purchaſt calamity. O *Vienna*, *Vienna*, as thou art the food of my thoughts, the relief of my wiſhes, and the onely life, and repaſſe of all my deſires; ſo is thy love to me a continuall hunger, and thy abſence an extream famine. Then pardon my enforced flight in my former fury, driven thereunto by my angry Fates; and let my faith live full in thy fancy, which is not to be controlled by any Fortune. But alas O

thou liveſt thy ſelf, a Captive Prince to thy will; and a moſt deſolate priſoner to thy abuſed conſtancy.

O cruell *Dolphin*, Tiger-hearted Father, and moſt unnaturall, and unrelenting Parent; the ſmalleſt drops will ſoften the hardeſt ſtones, but natures greateſt tears, cannot ſupple thy ſtony heart: thy juſtice without pitty, is as cruell as pitty, without juſtice is fooliſh. If wrath were not by mercy to be appeaſed, no fleſh ſhould be ſaved.

O would____and thus as he would have floated further in the Sea of his ſorrow, he was interrupted and driven out of his *Saturnall* humor, by a certain meſſenger of worth, that the Turk had ſent to ſeek him, with whom he returned, ſhadowing his grief, with the borrowed vail of ſeeming pleaſant; and arming his patience with noble reſolution, to give way to all occurrents, and to withſtand all ſiniſter accidents.

No ſooner was he come into the *Sultans* ſight, but that he cheerfully called him, and briefly told him, that he meant to invade Chriſtendome: And that for his approved Prowes, and for the love he bare him, he meant to grace him with the conducting of his Army, and make him Generall over all his forces. This ſaid he, is our will, and this your charge; Then ſee that your performance anſwer our expectation, and that our love be guerdoned with your victories. *Sirap* wounded with theſe words, knew not how to lay a plaiſter on this ſore, yet reſolved in his Countries good he humbly proſtrating himſelf, yeelded all reverend thanks, for ſuch his great eſteem and graceſull reſpect.

But ſuch (ſaid he, pardon me, moſt victorious, and moſt mightieſt, of moſt mightieſt Princes) is my unpractized knowledge in Marſhalling of Troops, and ranging of Battels, that I ſhould rather eclipſe the feared honour of your name, by my overthrow; then eternize your gotten fame by my Conqueſts. Beſides know (moſt great Commander) that though I be a mortall enemy to the Croſſe of Chriſt, and an inherent foe to all Chriſtians; yet for ſome private cauſes, (beſt knowne to my ſelfe) I vowed long ſince never to tread on Chriſtian ground, nor come where any worſhip that *Meſ-*

ſias

fias for their God. Then let (I humbly intreat your Imperiall Majesty) some other in worth more worthier; supply my defects in their better deserts, and bury not your living renown in my so probable ignorance, and unexperienced discipline.

The *Su'tan* weying the danger of an unpractised Generall, allowed the rather his devout objections; and considering the religiousnesse of his vowes, (though he held it superstitious in it self) yet would he not violate his consecrated promise; but yeelding to his request, he made *Mustapha, Basha*, his Generall; and the preparation for him was so great that the bruit thereof piercing the Western clyme, came to the knowledge of the French King; who as the greatest Christian Prince, assembled his wisest counsellours, and noble Peers, praying also in ayd of all his allyes, and Princely confederates about him, to confer, and conclude somewhat, for the honour and preservation of Christendome; Amongst whom, the *Dolphin* of *Viennois* was there as the sole *Solon*, and onely wisest (though too severe a *Cato*) of his Country.

But such was his over-weening conceit, such the elevation of his high stirring spirit, and such his proud estimation of his allowed wisedome; that hailed on (I know not by what destiny) he voluntary offered, secredy, and Pilgrim like to go to *Constantinople*, there to espy, and learn, the strength, intention, course and preparation then intended, meant, and made for Christendome.

This being applauded by the whole assembly, so tickled the flattering humor of his vainglory, the ecclipse of his mature wisedom) that poysoned with their praises; he fayled to look into the consideration of so doubtfull, and threatning an enterprise, *Pride* made him forget both his place and his yeares, and *Glory* would not permit him, neither to take counsell of *Time*; nor make a provident delays, which well shewes, that they that are transported with their own desires, have no true scope of judgement left them, to looke with perfect eyes into their designes; otherwise actions so uncertaine, un-

had been better not undertaken, then unfortunately hazarded: But he ever haileth to repent that rashly enterpriseth: He was most resolute in his determination, nothing could dismay him, nor no man could diswade him: doubt he held to be the bane of all hopefull endeavours, and if his fate were certain, he said it would profit him little to take heed; and if uncertain, it would be more then mear fooliſhnes, to fear what he was ignorant of would happen.

In this resolute resolve, he called for the Lord *Vran Esperance*, (a man whose care and providence, was the life of that State,) unto his wisedome and trust did he leave the whole government of his Principallity, till his returne; commanding him upon his allegiance, to martiall, and manage the whole State, as best should stand with Justice, Law, and equity; and that he would neither in pitty, duty, nor favour (such was his perseverant rigour) release, comfort, nor give countenance to the Princesse *Vienna*, otherwise then was by him already censured, allowed, and accustomed: That her obstinate and degenerate disobedience (she being a Traytor to true Generation) might eternize his un partiall Justice, make her miserable, in being an example to others, and that his Title and right, might in his absence be the better secured by her imprisonment. And so taking his leave, he privately departed, accompanied with none but with *Mal Fience*, his affected and learned servant.

After their Land-travell, they Shipt themselves and lanched into the Ocean; where after some dayes sayling, they were by force of wrathfull and sinister winds (by the command of *Neptune*) driven into the *Egyptian* Sea, and so cast on the Bay of *Alexandria*, where he had not rested full three dayes, but that a subtile *Mercurian*, a Merchant of *Babylon*, that then lay in Traffique there, observing more heedfully the eminent Majesty, and uncontrolled countenance of the *Dolphin*, supposed thereby that he was of no mean Estate. His Complexion and attire made him a *Christian*; and his commanding eyes (the true image of the mind)

mind) shewed him to be of an high Spirit.

This *Lynx*, this Blood-hound to mischief, hunted after opportunity, to resolve this doubt, and by fortune encountred with *Mal Fiance* in the Market-place, whither the *Dolphin* his Lord had sent him to buy some rarities; Vnto whom in Latine (as the most generall Tongue, best known to all) the politique Merchant gave many kind salutes, offering him secretly for the love he bare to Christ, and Christians, all the best Offices he might perform, wishing withall, (to gaine the more credit) not to make himselfe known in so dangerous and impious a place. *Mal Fiance* (being better Learned then travelled) finding himself so kindly intreated by a stranger, returned thanks, and joyfully embrac'd his courtesie. The Merchant glad that hee understood him, requested his acceptance of a cuppe of their Country-Wine, which *Mal Fiance* (as one proud of such unexpected friendship in so strange a place, and that he had met with one of knowledge to conferre withall,) willingly assented unto.

The Marchant, having waded thus farre into the depth of his awaked intention, thought good to sound the Foord at full by undermining their projects: And therefore in the curtesie of their Bacchonizing cups, he gave him some few pieces of Gold, wishing him to make his wants known, with the distresse of his Companion, that he might privately relieve them, and secretly give them comfort and directions for their more security.

This false fire (the seeming shew of good regard) burnt up all *Mal Fiances* fear of distrust; the strength of hot wines, consumed all due consideration, and the joy he took in finding so good a Christian amongst unbeleeving *Infidels*, made him unadvisedly tell the Merchant who he was, whom he served, and where his Lord the Prince was. This Machivilian Marchant, being now fully enformed of what he desired, the better to mature his ill design, spake to the Master of the House in the *Slavonian* Tongue, (a Language much used amongst the *Turks*) that he should stay that Stranger, untill

till his return from the *Sanzake*, the Turkes Governour of *Alexandria*, which he did, to no leſſe admiration, then diſmay of confounded *Mal Fiance*: For now too late he found that Chriſtall is like a pretious ſtone, till it come to hamering; that his betraying tongue was guilty of his own evill, and that in the leaſt danger, is ever ſome eminent perill. But this ſeducing Marchant (the ſon of deceit, born of hate, fed with miſchief, and maintained with others loſſes) being now armed with all the apparances of Truth, that might fit and further his purpoſe, went inſtantly to the dreadleſſe *Dolphin*, and in his corrupt Latine (ſutable to his ulcerated heart) he thus greeted him,

THE Saviour of the faithfull, the comfortable Sonne of the moſt Righteous, all-Seeing, and Everliving GOD, make your Excellency moſt happy in all your intendments, and guard your perſon from the knowledge and malice of cruell Miſcreants. To teſtifie my Faith by my Workes, and to preſerve the living Plants of Chriſts Vineyard; from the bloody handes of the deſtroyer. I am come, moſt noble Prince, to ſave thy thriee worthy Chriſtian life; from the Tyranny of murdering Infidels: In aſſurance whereof, let this ſuffice, that your attendant *Mal Fiance* is apprehended, and that for fear, he hath confeſt that you are a French Prince, and *Dolphin* of *Viennois*; and that as a wily *Vliſſes*, you are ſelected, and come to pry into the *Turkiſh* State, and to diſcover their projects; which being made known to the *Sanzake*, your Highneſſe ſhall be ſent a Priſoner to *Conſtantinople*, where that curſed ſinfull *Sultan* will make you dye a moſt cruell death. To prevent which, I have poſted unto you, and will for our Saviours ſake, convey you from his ſlaviſh and barbarous cruelty. For know; moſt gracious Prince, that in heart I am a reall Chriſtian, though in ſhew a *Mahometitian*, and have given addition of Life to many, by private intelligence, keener relief, ſpeedy prevention, and by cloſe protecti-

on,

on, and unknowne transporting them to their Native homes; And this and all this I do in some satisfaction for my Sins, and to save my soul, for which the Lord of Life lost his deerest life. This loathed habite of mine, gives me safety, and warrants my vowed endeavours for Christian supports: Vnto which saving service, I have dedicated both the length of my days, and the fullnesse of my means. Nor do I leave *Goshen* to dwell in the Tents of *Kedar*; Nor desire I with *Lot* to stay in *Sodom*; nor would I for my possessions here, establish my inheritance (with the Children of *Ruben*) in the Land of *Gilead*; But I live in *Alexandria*, for performance of my sacred vowes, and to preserve the Flock of Christ, from these Band-dogs of Satan, that otherwise would be devoured by them. And therefore if you love this your life go with me, and passe over the Foard now the waters are low, least by your dangerous delay you be destroyed in the Flood: And to prevent the instant search, I will bring you out of the Lyons den; and free you from the snare of the Hunter. Fraud you know goes beyond force, and prevention helps, what repentance cannot redresse. I will not use many words, (Protestation is the Mother of Jealousie) but when time shall promise better security, I will at my owne charge convey you to *France*. In the mean time, you shal want nothing that my mony can procure, or my Labours obtain.

Thus did this subtile *Simon* (who had the voyce of *Iacob*, but the hands of *Esau*) guild over his poysoned Pilles, and weave the Webbe of the *Dolphin*'s woe: who finding cause of fear in that hee was so apparently knowne, did willingly feed on poyson, and rashly commend his welfare, to his betraying trust; praising God, that hee had sent him such a Shield of defence, and had so preserved him from the terror of shamefull death: But this comfort in danger, was but like the honey that *Sampson* found in the Lyons Jawes, or like lightning in a foggy night: Time would

not permit neither of better consideration, nor of further complement.

The perfideous Marchants fear (for still he seemed fearfully to fear) haled him away to his chamber, where he closely kept him with respect, untill the next day; against which time he had provided two swift Dromidaries well furnished, to carry them to *Babilon*, there to make present of so great and strange a Prince unto the *Soldan* his King, promising himself, either a great share in his ransome, or no small reward for his so worthy a Prize.

The long travail of the *Dolphin*, made him give way to all suspitious thoughts: His journies were greater then stood with ease or liking; Yet what he could not avoid he learned to bear; necessity enforced him a constant patience. But being come to *Babylon*, he was presented to the *Soldan*, and like a Captive (in tryumph) he was led through the City to prison. The dejected *Dolphin* (whose French Fortunes were but erst the Ministers of his will) was now so controled, and deprived of all dignity, that hopelesse of his life, he had no other comfort, then to be voyd of all comfort: Sometimes he would invey against the detestable treachery of his deceitfull Servant, and condemn his own credulity in beleeving an Unbeleever. Then would he curse his over-glorious desire of Popularity, the ground of his grief in seeking applause with danger, and hazarding his person to give liking to others, But after when humble misery had appeased his discontented thoughts, hee then cast off his Adders-skinne; and soft Pitty did enter in at an Iron gate: and finding then his own cruell Tyranny, in anothers long digested misery, he let fall some relenting teares, and passionately he thus bewayled his Daughters endurance, in his owne thraldome.

Ah poor *Vienna*, too poor for *Vienna*: Rich art thou in Feature, but more then poor by thy Father, Nature hath honoured thee in thy Birth, Beauty hath eterniz'd thee in thy Person, and Vertue hath renowned thee in thy Life. Onely I, yea I onely, thy hapless Sire, have made thee infortunate, to be the more infortunate my selfe: The rigour

gour of my Injuſtice, is in true Juſtice, now puniſhed in my ſelf with rigour; and the remembrance of thy long injurious endured miſeries, is as a living hell to my dying ſoul. O that thy ſorrows (my thoughts tormentors) might end with my life, or that thy life (my lives honour) might be preſerved by my death; ſo ſhould I dye more contented, and thou live better regarded and comforted. But alas thou untimely dyeſt, to live in thy renown, and I ſhamefully live, to dye in my reproach.

O cruell Father, unhappy *Dolphin*: O forlorn *Vienna*, but moſt diſtreſſed daughter. The Heathens make my death their Heaven, and my neereſt friends account my life their hell. The earth now diſdains to bear me, and yet the heavens deny to receive me. Men ſcorne me in my fall, and God refuſeth me in my ſin: So ſhall I dye diſdayned of moſt, bewayled of none, and unregarded of all. Thus did miſery, and ſorrow (the kind ſiſters of mercy, and true wakers of compaſſion) extract tears and ſighs from ſtony cruelty; as ſtrokes do force fire out of hardeſt Flints.

But leaving him to his more deſerved dolours; Let us return to the great *Sultan* of *Turky*, who hearing of the *Dolphin's* apprehenſion, and that he was a priſoner at *Babylon*; wrote inſtantly to the *Soldan*, that in no wiſe he ſhould releaſe him: In the Interim, he joying wondred, and wondring enjoyned, that Bonefires, Feaſts, and Tryumphs, ſhould be made throughout the City. In ſuch high account and fearfull regard, did they hold him for his judicious diſciplin, practiſe pollicies, turbulent ſpirit, Martiall provocation, approved directions, and rare ſtratagems, that now taken, they held (in this preſage) the Conqueſt certain. But *Sirap* underſtanding the cauſe of theſe rejoycings, was aſtoniſhed at the newes. Report could not make him beleeve what reaſon ſhewed was falſe. His greatneſſe he thought denyed all private exployts, and his yeares gainſaid ſuch tedious travaile. The places were too farre remote; and there was no combination of Chriſtian Princes, to undertake a generall Warre. Traffique ſtood not with

his dignity, and pleasure could not draw his age to perill. His command at home, would not suffer him to go from home: Nor durst he trust the faith of a Subject, nor the strength of his Foes: He had no Son, and therefore most subject to his neighbour invasions. He was wise, and more feared then beloved; And therefore he had cause to fear many, whom many did fear. These, and other reasons, perswaded him to the falsity thereof.

But the *Sultan* discoursing of the truth, and the manner thereof wounded him with wonder, and made belief subscribe to his relation. Now grief arrested his loyall heart, and made his dutifull regard, a prisoner to his pensive thoughts. His forsaken Country, was now forsaken, and made a pray for the avaritious Forraigner. His distressed Lady destitute of his help, when she had most need of his ayd.

This was his greatest grief, and this commanded his return: But judgment told him, that her right failed, while the *Dolphin* lived, that the Nature of Justice was to render to every one his own, and that that he was bound for *Vienna*'s sake, and as a Subject, to industriate himself for his delivery: And though his exile awaked Revenge, yet Charity, he knew, required forgetfulness of evill deeds. His Countries hazard, he deemed lesse then his Lords losse. The miscarrying of the one, might be holpen by the recovery of the other: but the destruction of the Prince would beget both forraign and intestine broyls.

In this perswasion, he secretly vowed his best endeavours for his infranchisement; and secretly smothered his sorrow, never taking notice of the accident, nor making enquiry after further occurrants. In the expiration of few days, being in the Court, he found the *Sultan* alone, in the mildness of his unusuall mood, both pleasing and pleasant: In that happy hour he took opportunity by the fore-part, and (imprisoning his worthy resolution within the Closet of his secret thoughts) he in all subjected humblenesse, requested his favourable consent for the accomplishment of his obliging vow, that tyed his engaged soul, amongst other Cities of famous name, to see *Babylon*

bylon, both for the antiquity and worthinesse of the same: And that he would be pleased to grant him his Imperiall Warrant under his Silver Seal, for his better security in travail; and further grace him, with his commendatory Letter to the *Soldan*, that he might find favour in his sight, and respect with his Highnesse.

The *Sultan* unwilling to leave him; in that he both loved him affectionatly, and intended to make a profitable use of his great, and unequa'led valour, perswaded him to stay still with him, and he should command in *Turkie*, dwell in his grace, and live in height of honour. But *Sirap* pleading necessity to go, promised speedy return; and that in lieu of his favours, he would bestow all his remaining dayes in his service. This pleased the Turk so well, that he yeelded to his request, and to his encouragement for his back repair: He gave him Princely Robes (as Ornaments of Honour) to countenance him; rich Jewels to shew his Dignity; and great Treasure to defray his answerable dispence.

He furnished him with Attendants, especially with one of knowledge in the *Chaldean* tongue, to be his Interpreter.

He also writ unto the *Soldan*, to receive him, as one most compleat in all worth, worthy all honour, honoured by *Solimon* the great, his especiall Favourite, and the God of Wars chiefest Champion; and therefore he entreated him to receive him with all Royall regard, and to give him what contentment he might; and the rather, in that he purposely came to see his magnificency, and the state both of his Court, and City. This no little availed *Sirat*, in his intendments and these Princely favours, and furthering means made him no lesse joyfull for his proud hopes; then most humbly thankfull for the *Sultans* so gracious a respect.

And so taking a submissive leave for that time; He would needs for his pleasure go to *Pera*, a City distant but a mile from *Constantinople*: And as he crossed *Thracius Bosforus*, (a water that only divideth the two Cities:) he fortunately espied amongst the Gally-slaves that rowed him, a French-man no otherwise known to him, then the Cloath to the Lift:

For though ſeven yeares ſlavish Captivity had made him a *Grecian* in his tongue; and dyed his Sunne-burnt skinne more blacker, then his Native hue; yet did his making, and manner of his ſpeech, proclaim him a French-man. Of him in Greek, he demanded what was his name, and Nation: who anſwered *France* is my Country; *Bonſoy* my name, which pleaſed him well. Then (without diſcovering himſelfe, or taking further knowledge of him) he asked, Whether he would for his Liberty, faithfully and truely ſerve, and follow him, and his fortunes: and he would after ſometime, ſend him into his own Country, whereſoever it was.

Bonſoy to gain that happy freedom, and to be free from that miſerable and baſe ſlavery; ſwore by the Son of God, who was made man, that men might be made the ſonnes of God; that he would truly, and faithfully (during his pleaſure) tye himſelf, and all his endeavours, to his command. Whereupon *Sirap* begg'd him of the Captain, that durſt not deny him any thing, and ever after moſt kindly uſed him, and loved him, becauſe hee would be, not only ſerved but beloved of him: That forth of that love hee might the better truſt him, and be the better intereſted in him. For where love hath ſupremacy, there all affections attend on it, and all other paſſions are overſwayed by it.

But now the ſenſuall *Sultaneſſe* hearing of *Sirap* haſty proviſion for his ſuddain departure to *Babylon*, grew more then impatient in her diſcontented feares; and beyond all conſideration of her ſtate, deplored the hardneſſe of her hap. Her luſtfull hopes were now wounded in the expectation of he laſcivious deſires, and unbounded love ſo oppreſt her unchaſt thoughts, that finding her infected affection fruſtrated of conceived joyes, ſhe fainted under the burthen of her unexpected vows. In this ſad alteration ſhe threw her ſelfe on the humble floore, where her dumbe ſorrowes uttered nought but bemoaning teares, and complayning ſighes: Which *Mentiga* ruefully beholding, and well weying that this unwelcome event would deprive her

of

of enriching favours, and of promised preferments, she summoned her wits together, and set them all on the rack of invention, to find out means of some redress.

At last, after a sad and serious pause, she said; Take comfort most mighty Empress, and my most gracious Soveraign, let this suddain lightning dye in his abortive birth, and listen to your most submissive Handmaid, who desires no longer life, then she may do your Highness acceptable service. Your Knight is no doubt, enforc'd (by the *Sultans* employment) to this unliked journey, and your remembrance will not only be a plea for his dispatch; but his controling affection will also give speed to his return.

In the mean time, I will undertake to bring him this night to your bed, where you may make your desired delights, do homage to your wills, pay tribute to your sufferance, and bind him over to accomplish your further pleasure.

Then raise your better thoughts, this base floor (but your foot-stool) is no bed for Majesty: Nor stands it with the resplendant Queen of ASIA, to prostrate her self so low, as to lie in the dust of the earth. *Eugenia* thus rowzed, rose (with an erected heart) from her seat of sorrow, and carefully looking on her, said; Ah, *Mentiga*, *Mentiga*, can it be that Physick hath any Cordiall Receipt for so desperate a Disease? Is there any mollifying salve can cure my tormenting sore? or canst thou give a healing plaister, to my wounded mind. Speak thou hapless, or most happy woman: When, where, or how, canst thou effect so great, and sweet a work; and please thy Lady without perceivance? The glorious Sun (thou know'st) is ever remarkable, when mean Stars are seldom gazed on. Pale *Jealousie* is a subtile spie; and invincible *Envie* hath murthering eyes. *Danger* waits on dignities, and *Beauty* is ever guarded with observance. The light (I fear) is a blab, and darkness but a Traytor: These walls have eares, then be silent *Mentiga*, least the Ayr whisper, and betray thy intention, and enterprise.

Thus had *Eugenia* (when it came to it) many Eyes, to see into many Evils, but they were all blind to prevent any.

Misfor-

Misfortune ſo blindeth thoſe ſhe will overthrow, that nothing can cleer their underſtandings, nor limit their adventures; which made *Mentiga* anſwer that ſhe had a Charm to cloſe up *Argoes* eyes, and that deceit ſhould lull danger a ſleep, when Beauty ſhould feaſt with love. And this ſhe ſayd it is, and muſt be.

The *Sultan*, you know (either to refreſh himſelf with eaſe or to make his pleaſures more compleat by change) doth the two laſt nights of every week, abſtain both from your bed and Chamber; And this enſuing night being the firſt of the two, when your *Eunuches* be at ſupper, wee will in my chamber ſecretly change our attyres, and ſo give life to our device, you muſt as *Mentiga* bring me as Empereſſe to your bed, where leaving me, you ſhall depart into my Chamber next adjoyning, where faſtening the door you muſt attend the hour of midnight, and then putting on my Night-gown, you muſt as ſilently as may be go down the ſtaires into the Garden, and thereopening the poſtern gate, (the key whereof ſhall be preprovided for you) you ſhall receive your diſguiſed Knight and bringing him up the ſtaires to my Chamber, you both may ſafely entertain your ſtoln delights; and give both your deſires all fulneſs of content.

But how (ſaid *Eugenia*) ſhall he return undiſcovered. Early in the morning replied *Mentiga*, before the day ſhall deſcry your dalliances, will I riſe and come unattyred unto you to my chamber, when you ſhal leave my bleſt and beautified bed, and returne to your owne chamber in ſuch manner as I came. And then will I cloathe your Knight in the religious habite of the *Hozes*, the ſame I uſed, when I went to him. And ſo hee may depart, when the Sunne (the eye of the world) ſhall not diſcover him. For clouded Rocks deceive Mariners; A juſtifiable cloake ever hides a treacherous fraude, and they ever may do the moſt wrong of whom leaſt is looked for. And becauſe we will not procraſtinate our deſignes, leſt our projects bee communicated, I will preſently put on my *Proteus* ſhape, and like a holy Father, go to *Sirap*, unto whom I will unfold

all

all that we have determined, and both enjoyn and entreat him in your name, and for your love, that he will not fayl his hour, at that place, but come to take Loves farewell, and leave a ſetled poſſeſſion of his purchaſed favours.

This enticing plot, promiſed more to *Eugenia* then a poſſibility. Her lawleſſe love ſaw no exception, nor could her wantonizing thoughts dream of any interception: Her tranſported deſires were ſo drowned in her over-amorous paſſion, that ſhe entertained the leaſt conceit, that might but help her fooliſh fancy. Her flattering hopes held good correſpondency with all likelihoods; and in the confidence of her ſuppoſed aſſurance ſhe bad her go, and after called her back again. Her preſaging heart did fayl her, and ſhe began to fear ſhe knew not what. A ſudden trembling poſſeſſed her in every part, and what before ſhe but carelelly dreaded, now ſhe did more then fearing doubt. In this diſtraction, and fear of miſadventure ſhe ſayd; It is better to be in love moſt miſerable, then through love to be guilty of our owne manifeſt confuſion. Why ſhould we then *Mentiga* for our lovingfolies weave the web of our own woes? Violent ſtreams being once run out the mud will appear in the bottom. The indignation of a Prince is death; and the love of a ſtranger as inconſtant, as a Travellers mind is wandring. He is but mean, and puddles are not for Princes to drink at: Let him be as he is, that I may be as I am. O *Eugenia*! hadſt thou been as provident to ſhun the cauſe of thy fall; as thou was fooliſhly wiſe to apprehend thy fall:

Thou might have longer liv'd in thy renown,
But now thy ſins are ripe; Fate throws thee down.

For ſhe being drawn by a wilfull folly, unto that whereunto ſhe was deſtinate, no ſooner had uttered what ſhe miſliked, but ſtraight ſhe miſliked what ſhe had uttered. Shall idle doubt (ſaid ſhe) the hearſe of our deſires, deprive me of my wiſhed delights? Is baſe

fear (the badge and terror of Peasants) a befitting Counsellour for a commauding Empereſſe? or is love tyed to equality, honour, or majesty, that knowes no difference of persons? Must greateſt Queens want their wills, and the droſſe of Damosels enjoy their pleasures? Where then is our dignityes, our prerogatives, and our priviledges? To command others, and be slaves to our selves, is worſe then subjection. I will be my self, my affections shall bow to my will, and my fancy shall command my pleasures.

Neceſſity hath no law, and where there is no law, there is no breach. Here *Mentiga* take this purſe, and happily get thee gone, & fortunately return. This concluding command gave her speed, and being come before him, she thus in his privat chamber all alone salutes him,

Eugenia, the great Empetiall *Sultaneſſe*, Soveraign Queene of Queens, and only Mirror of Beauty and Bounty, by me her trusty Hand-maid greetes thee well, and wisheth thee (O thou happieſt of men, and bleſt Sonne of Fortune) all the joyes that thy heart can wish, or her affection can afford. She grieves that thou art bound for *Babylon*; and she entreats thee, that disguised this night, at the hour of twelve, when darkneſſe hath put on her blackeſt robe, thou wilt come to the Poſtern-gate of the Garden Wall, where she will in person receive thee, and safely bring thee, where thou mayeſt Bathe thy self, in Beauties moſt delightfull Fountaine, and feaſt thy beſt Fortunes, with all the pleasures that true Love, or proud State can yeeld. Nor mayeſt thou doubt of hazard herein, since thy security is thus carefully and certainly assured. And therewithall she related to him the whole plot of their device; which she said was onely intended, that by your incorporated farewels, you both might seal such an infringeable deed of your covenanted Loves, that nought but death should breake the same.

Sirap being thus surprized, when leaſt he looked for such an assault wished himself in *Babilon*. His vertuous diſpoſe, did contemne such shamefull treachery: Nor would he

he violate his plighted faith to *Vienna*, for all the proud fortunes and Favours of *Asia*, and *Affrick*: Yet fearing least his refusall should crosse his departure, he smoothly set a scarlet dy, on his rough and course conceit, and like *Iove* himself when he entred *Danaes* Tower, he seemed both pleasant and pleasing to *Mentiga*; which made her more apt to beleeve what he never meant.

Return (sayd he) unto the brighteſt Star, and greateſt Glory of *Turkie*, and present in all humble humbleneſſe, my true service unto her, and say; That in the entercourse of Affection, my Love surmounts hers, and that neither danger nor death shall alter, or hinder, the wished fruition of my fancy, so fortified by a Princes favour. To take my farewell is my thirsting desire and to seal the deed of my purchased favour, is the Gordian knot that I most wish to unloose; Be true to thy Queen, wise to thy self, give thy thoughts no tongue, nor my name no record.

Thus did he in another meaning satisfie blinded *Mentiga*; who proud of her surmized successe, that ravished with joy, that taking a compendious farewell, she posted (in the conceit of her happy endeavours) to feast *Eugenia* with her glad tydings.

And no sooner was she gone, but that *Sirap* falling on his knees, besought God to guard his innocency, from all *Barbarian* perils, and to free his chaste thoughts from those tempting *Syrens*, those ruinating Follies, and those lascivious and nefarious Assaults; and that he would so direct him in his wisedome, and so defend him by his power, that he might safely (without interruption) go to *Babylon*, and for the good of his Sanctuary, remove that Piller of his Church out of the house of *Dagon*, and bring him home to be a Glory to his temple. This sacrifice was his safeguard; His vertuous determination, and constant resolution, merited well; but his firme affiance in his God, and dependancy on Divine perfection, shielded him, no doubt, from partaking of that adherent mischiefe that fell fatally upon the *Sultaneſſe*, and *Mentiga*: Yet in seeking to avoyd *Scylla*, he

feared to fall into *Charibdis*: His non-appearance, would make his fraud apparant; and his deluſion, might draw on his ſecret deſtruction.

But *Mentiga* comming to her Soveraign Lady (who long had expected her before ſhe came, though ſhe came long before reaſon could expect her) chearfully recounted unto her, what *Sirap* (in truth but not truly) had proteſtingly delivered unto her; how pleaſing her meſſage was to him; how joyfully he entertained the Name of Love; how feelingly he entred into compariſon for his affection; and how comfortably he embraced the remembrance of his deſired Fare-well.

Theſe, and other demonſtrances of Paſſion, ſhe ſo full and pleaſantly related, that *Eugenia* drowning all thoughts of danger in the conceit of her approaching happineſſe, ſhe dreamed of nought but *Loves* Embracements, *Venus* Delights, and wantonizing Sports; building a Pallace of Pleaſure in her mind, wherein ſhe meant to feaſt all her Amorous deſires, and crown her thoughts with ſweet content.

To this end, ſhe gave *Mentiga* in charge, that nothing ſhould be wanting, that ſhould be requiſite to further their deſignes; Whilſt interrupted *Sirap* (being thus chequ'd by a Queen) lay ſtudying how he might drive it to a Stall, and not receive the Mate, but give ſpeed to his departure.

Reſolved he was, not to touch the forbidden Fruit, nor to drink on *Circes* Cup; he would not with the Spider ſuck poyſon out of a fair Flower, nor ſpot his true-love with the dregs of Majeſty.

Proud bewitching pleaſure could not intice him to Folly, nor rich alluring Treaſures corrupt his conſtant integrity: He ſcorned to ſell his Loyalty for Lucre, or Love for Silver: True wiſdom made his vertuous mind to bend, rather to that which was good in it ſelf, then to that, which by evill minds might be judged good.

In brief, his concluſion was, to excuſe his not comming, by expreſſe command from the *Sultan*, that as that night, he ſhould conſult with his *Viſiers*, concerning his Negotiation in *Babylon*.

But

But this falſe colour need no allowance, Diſpleaſed Juſtice took away all exception, and ſealed him pardon before any accuſation: For the diſmall night being come, Vengeance attended her fatall hour; which approaching, ſhe accordingly changed her attire with *Mentiga*, and brought her as her Handmaid to her Royall Bed, and after went to *Mentiga's* Chamber, where ſhe waking, wayted for the appointed hour; which come, ſhe caſting on *Mentigaes* Night-gown, with a bold heart (beyond the reſolve of her weak Sex) ſhe paced down the ſtairs that led into the Garden; Into which, ſhe no ſooner entred, but that ſhe ſaw the angry Heavens (then clad all in black) throwing down with violence, a fiery threatning Star over-croſſe the Garden, forbidding her farther paſſage, notwithſtanding the table Skies lent not then an other Light.

This prodigious Sign, and fearfull premonition, might well have appaled and back'd a more redoubted heart, but that the voluptuouſneſſe of her thoughts, extinguiſhed the light of her mind. Love gave her boldneſſe, and unlimited Luſt directed her (according to her ſiniſter and deſtinated Fate) unto the Poſtern gate, which ſhe with nimble facility opened, and there made her fearleſs ſtand.

O imperious and impious Love, thou deluding Traytor, how rightly did the Poets and Painters, paint thee blind, and naked? Since thou haſt no eyes to ſee into how many dangers thou leadeſt thy ſervants; and like thy ſelf, makeſt them both blind and naked, diſrobeing them of all their vertuous abiliments, that their naked ſhame may appear in their found purſuits.

Who ſeeketh thee, findeth deceit; and whoſoever followes thee, ſeeketh reproach, and obtaineth repentance. *Care*, is thy Court; *Tyranny*, thy Raign; *Slaves*, thy Subjects; *Folly*, thy attendance; *Luſt*, thy Law; *Sin*, thy ſervice; and *Repentance*, thy wages. But this mighty *Sultaneſſe*, whoſe wretched folly, was cloathed in danger, had not long waited for her own woe, but that there came a baſe *Sarazen* towards her, who of purpoſe did ſtraggle that way, to ſeize upon ſome prey; the fall of whoſe ſteps, gave the found *Sultaneſſe* ſuch hope of *Sinaps*

then comming, that over rashly running upon him; holding for certain that it was he, she said, Come, come my best beloved and go with me, where I will lodge thy love in pleasures lap, and guerdon thy labours with fulnesse of gold; And therewithall she kist him, more then oft, deeming that his rough habit had been but the cloak of his craft. For the Prince and the Peasant differeth but in the fleece, not in the flesh. But the subtile *Saracen* being capable of his own good, apprehended the errour, and in hope of gain adventured the successe. Thus did the mounting Kite, seize on a homely prey, and in her blindnesse, prefer a greasie lamp, before a bright and mighty Star; and throwing her Mantle upon him, led him towards her last prepared bed, where he fearing to be discovered, divested himself of his homely habite and rough shirt.

And did (re did, and often did) full well,
The thing my modest Muse doth blush to tell.
For with a lusty courage (stoutly borne)
He did (*in* Sitaps *steed*) *the* Sultan *horn.*

And in this surfeit of pleasure did they cloy themselves till themselves had wholly spent themselves. When wearied with delights, they both were summoned by leaden *Morpheus* to banquet with bloud and death. For the *Sultan* (by divine decree) dreaming that night, that the roofe of *Eugenias* Chamber did renting part it self in two, and was open; and that hee saw descending downe from a black Cloud; a grim swarty man, cloathed in a short ill favoured garment, all to be rent, he'ding a broad rusty sword, dyed with Vermillion red in his beimeared hand. Who falling on the tapestred-floore, stood not long; but that *Eugenia* came smiling all in white, besprinkled thick with blood, and put on him a scarlet robe, set her Diadem on his shaggy head; kissed, and embraced him oft, and then taking him by the soyled hand, led him towards her royall bed; which the *Sultan* seeming to see, cryed out, and sayd:

Stay

Stay villain, ſtay; The Eagle made not her neſt for the Owle to lye in; The Batte hath no eyes to looke upon the Sunne, nor may the Keſtrell make her pearch within her beams.

And therewithall graſping for his Semitar he amazedly awaked, and finding it but a dream, ſmiled, yet was wounded with no little wonder at the ſtrangeneſſe of the ſame. His thoughts ſtill were troubled and his heart (led thereunto by the force of Fate) gave him ſuch a preſent deſire to go offer inceníe to *Venus*, in *Eugenia's* ſhrine, that ſodainly taking his night robe, his Semitary, and his key, (which purpoſely he had made for his ſole and private paſſage at all times into her Chamber) he went to perform his wanton Sacrifice: and being entred fincing by the dawn of day (for the night began to caſt off her black Mantle) that all things as he thought were well, he joyed at the illuſion of his phantaſticall dream, and in the contentment thereof, withdrawing a little the curtain, he careleſly laid him down by *Menigaes* ſide: who upon his entrance awaked, and finding her ſelf intangled in her own device, grew fearefull of the iſſue, and kept her ſelfe as cloſe as might be. The *Sultans* kind entreaties, found no reſiſtance, nor yet any pleaſing entertainment. The fear of her death, took away all delight of dalliance; and thoſe pleaſures which before ſhe made her Paradiſe, ſhe now deemed them a mortall puniſhment. Faine would ſhe have killed her ſelfe. for feare of death, but death gave her no means of death. In this deadly terrour ſhe lay ſo diſtracted, that every member began ſo to tremble and ſhake, that the *Sultan* in tenderneſſe of her health, (fearing ſickneſſe ſuddain attachment) haſtily took her in his armes, and kiſſing her many times, asked her how ſhe fared, but receiving no anſwer (for ſuddaine ſurprized Treaſon hath no tongue) he bare her towards the light, to give her better ayr, when ſeeing who ſhe was, and on whom he had ſpent his enforced pleaſures; miſsing *Eugenia*, and remembring his provoking dream; all enraged, he caſt her to the floor, and treading on her throate, hee tooke his Semitar, and thruſt it

quite

quite through her heart, and then violently running at the door that opened into *Mentegats* Chamber, he burst it open: The noise whereof awaked the sturdy slave, that he might see his own death; who seeing one enter with his sword drawn, not knowing who he was, nor where himself was, leap'd out of his banefull bed, and snatching a bed-staffe in his hand, fiercely rushed upon his vnknown Lord, got within him, and being the stronger, had him down, and so liberally belaboured him, that the bloud running down his face, well witnessed that the slave alone, now lesse respected and feared him; then many Nations, mightiest Armies, and greatest Princes, that onely had trembled at his sight. Which made the *Sultan* in his dismay, cry; Treason, treason; at the hearing whereof came running in two Janizaries that were of his Guard, whose allotment was that day amongst many others to attend.

They seeing this strange accident, pulled the rascall off the *Sultan*, and hewed him all to pieces. But the *Sultaneſſe* thus surprized with shame, with fear, and with amazement, was more confounded at the base sight of her reproachfull deceit, then at the bloody summons of pale death; and because she would not see her owne shame, nor looke murther in the face, she crept over the head into the bed, crying fearefully, No *Moor*, no *Moor*; because she saw, she had not layn with the *Moor*. Which made *Soltmon* suppose, that she cried that he should stay his hand and do no more; which distastfull conceit, exasperated his anger, and added more fewell to his enflamed fire, and in the heat of his irefull indignation, he step'd to her adulterous bed, and like a tempestuous storm he fell upon her, giving her stab upon stab, saying oft withall; Nay, thus much more and more: And the more he said so, the more he thrust his Semitar (not yet dryed with the bloud of the Sarazen) into her body.

This speedy and suddain execution, was *Siraps* preservation. For it took away all further knowledge of the cause. The Court was now all in combustion, and the City hearing that the *Sultan* was slain, instantly did rise, and confusedly did

did run to the Pallace, bearing all down before them in such a distract sort, that the Turks Guard was glad to shut the Gates against them, and to entreat the *Sultan* to shew himself out of the Casement unto them, which so well appeased them, that they quietly returned to their houses.

Then was inquisition made after the knowledge of the *Saracens* apparell, which was so base, that all men wondered not only that he was there, but how he came there. His mangled body kept him unknown, and his mean habit made him no appertenant to the Court.

When no notice could be had neither of the one, nor of the other, the appeased *Sultan* sent for the Eunuches that attended his Empress, and cauled two *Mutes* to strangle them in his sight. After, he caused all the dead bodies, with the two beds, and all their Apparell, to be carryed forth of the City, and to be burned all together; and further, gave in charge, that the two Chambers should be converted into houses of base use, and that no one under pain of death should after speak thereof.

Now *Siraf*, who during these tempestuous storms, lay at anchor in his own private Harbour, as one that knew well, that great men ever envying the glory and fortune of strangers, would in these tumults be ready to stab at the bosome of merit; and that Mischief (the cursed Captain always of the unruly Commons) might in a disturbed uproar indanger his safety; hearing now that the sight of the *Sultan* had allayed the windy Allarms of his rumoured death, and that the present murther of the *Sultaneffe*, with her Maid and unknown Paramor, was the occasion of such disorders rising; He grew jealous of the Cause, suspicious of the Errour, and unsecure of his welfare.

For, though guarded with innocency, yet was he fearfull, left *Mustiga* had cast some scandalizing aspersion upon his unspotted honesty.

In this fearfull doubt, he kept himself within himself, untill report had further manifested not only the manner of all their Deaths, but the ignorance of the Cause. This dispersed all Clouds of care, and made him a perfect Judge

both of the error and the event. Then lifting up his erected heart, he said: O *Vienna*, thy love I see now hath given me a second life, and my constant loyalty hath kept me from the grave, *Justice* hath preserved the guiltless, and righteousness hath found mercy in judgement.

Now praised be my God my strong defence: For he hath covered me under the wings of his protection, and kept me from the death of the wicked. He hath cast down lightning and burnt up the Daughters of *Babell*, that I might be safe in their suddain destruction. The storm is past, and these cloudy occurrants threaten another tempest. The Sea cannot be so calm in Summer, but that it may swell again with the rage of wrathfull winter; There is more wisedom in preventing then in redressing a mischief; Security lives not in tyranny. For though the Tyger hide his clawes, yet in the end will he shew his Rapine. Revenge hath now smoothed the *Sultans* angry brow, and Time hath given some peace to his displeasure.

The tide serves me, and my prophane aboad with the heathen is displeasing to the heavens. My captived Lord calls me away and *Vienna* says, I am too slow; my mark is set, and I levell streight, I will comend my aim, and therewithall casting off all further deliberation, he went to the Court to take his leave of *Solimon*, who seeing him stand upon his departure, after some private conference and protestations, that he would crown his return with highest honours advancement, he vouchsafed graciously to embrace him, and so bad him farewell.

The next morning *Sirap* having before caused all things to be in readinesse, the winds summoning him to Sea, he took shipping, and sayling by the Islands, scituate in part of the Mediteranean Sea, he landed at *Sidon* a Port Town in *Syria* and there taking Horse, he posted through the Country, and part of the Desarts of *Arabia*, and so came to *Babylon*. Where we will leave him to look into *France*, and see how *Vienna* brookes her continued thraldome, which was not so grievous unto her, as the tormenting suppose of Sir *Paris* losse. Great was her sorrow in fear of him, and ma-

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ny her bemoanings for not hearing from him. Insomuch, that *La-nova* seeing the increase of her growing cares, thus sadly spake unto her.

Madam, these ruthlesse Walls neither melt with your tears, nor yet shake, nor shrink with your sighes. Comfort dwels not in restraint, nor lives remedy in Lamentations. Though your Father be absent, yet hath he left a jealous Keeper: You may ever weep and bewayl your estate, and ly still in the bed of sorrow: If you never seek after redresse, you shall ever find your self a Prisoner: You know the secret way I made to relieve you: If so you please, I will convey you through the same, to some private place, where Metamorphoied we will either hunt in quest after Sir *Paris*, or you shall rest unknown in some Forraign Nation, till either my travell shall gain knowledge of his abode, or that the death of the *Dolphin* shall leave (you for your right) to the tryall of your friends.

Then cast off these mortifiing dumps, and leave now your sorrow to the Governors, as a pawn for your return, and let us stand upon our fortunes; hope lives in industry, and my adventures shall ever wayt on your pleasure.

This kind offer did move her much, but could not remove her at all; Liberty she said was sweet to that life, that might take the pleasures of this life: But to a dejected heart whose banisht content could promise no wished delight; there a close prison was better then a glorious Pallace. To travail (she said) to my *Paris*, would be more pleasing then painfull to *Vienna*; but not knowing where he is, I might perhaps extravagantly go further from him then I am, that am already further off then I would be: here for his love was I made a Prisoner, and here wil I still rest a Prisoner for his love. If he be living and loving, here shall I soonest hear from him; and if he be neither in Love nor in life, here will I end both my Love and life; Onely take thanks for thy loving care, and kind respect, and be still a true friend to *Paris*, that *Vienna* may ever have comfort in *La-nova*.

Upon this conclusion he parted, and *Isabella* strewed the rushes over the private way that gave him entrance: But no sooner was it done, but that one of the Keepers Gentlemen (that seemed ever most serviceable unto her) came in, whom the devilish *Dolphina* had before fashioned to her purpose, for she wrought upon his wants as knowing well, that poverty betrayeth vertue, and that wealth bewitcheth wit; Corruption having made him her creature she had instructed him how to traine *Vienna* to her destruction; for nought but death could satisfie her disdainfull fair. Her malicious and unbounded pride, looked into the danger of her Lords return: If the *Dolphin* fell, then must *Vienna* (though now a Prisoner) be Soveraign.

This made her heart-burning hate to prosecute her overthrow: And though she had no cause to fear her, (for occasion never yet made her her enemy) yet could she not indure to think that she should be subject to another, that now was most eminent in her self.

To have the Regent, was all her ambitious desire, and nothing did let but *Vienna's* right; To frustrate which, she with fulnesse of Gold, and promises of preferment had as aforesaid seduced this meane-minded Servant, to deceive and to destroy her by such subtile and obscure meanes, as both gave least shew of mistrust, and most likelihood of execution; And this it was.

Don Poltran (for so was he rightly named) bringing *Vienna's* mornings repast to her, with a bemoaning tongue, and a sighing heart, complained much against Nature, and envyed more against Fortune, that had made beauty so miserable and vertue so unhappy, as to entomb the glory of the one, and the efficacy of the other, in so unprofitable, and so uncomfortable place. My eyes (said he) cannot endure to see Dignity so disgraced; nor can my Eares entertain the killing sound of your laments: I must, and will leave my service, that at length I may be a Stranger to sorrow, least my grief for your griefs, make my revived woes as great as your grief.

Vienna liking his generous nature, judged by his discreet and relenting discourse that he was well bred, and pleasing witty; and therefore required him to tell what was his name, and where he was born: who answered, *Don Poltron* am I called, and in *Spain* was my birth; my education was better then my fortune, and this my servile Place bears now record of my sinister fate.

Why, said *Vienna*, if thou be infortunate, keep still thy station, here is a place of woe and thou hast a Princess to associate thee in thy sorrows: Hast thou cause to bewail thy mishaps? Let us know thy crosses, and we will ease thee with our grief; For it is a comfort to find a companion in misery.

Then say *Poltron* (for thy Nature agrees better with us, then thy Name) and story to us the life of thy Fortune, that we may also recreate our mind, by listening to thy griefs.

Poltron having pleased her with this sugered Bayt, cast out his hidden Hook, and told her that he was a rich Merchants Son in *Spain*, left so well Treasured, that he swayed the world at will, untill imperious Love made him of a free Lord, a Bond slave to *Mellestora*.

Unto her (said he) I sued long for obtained grace; which had, I held my self more fortunately happy, then *Paris* did in the fruition of his Love. *Paris*, said *Vienna*, what *Paris*? *Paris* (said he) of *Troy*, that enjoyed the Beauty of *Greece*, and made his Pleasure a Plague to his Country.

But in the height of my joyes, and hope of highest happiness, Death deprived me of my Paradised Bliss, and not only made my broken heart the sad habitation of woe, but also turned my mind (which before was a Kingdom to me) into a Hell of tormenting thoughts.

The place of my birth grew (by her loss) so hatefull to me, that I was necessitated to forgo the ground that yielded me no other Harvest but grief.

In brief, for better portage, I turned all my Substance into Jewels of estimate, and travelled to *Naples*, where I spent more of my wealth, then I did of my woes.

Then Repentance made me leave that wastfull Nation, and

so I came unfortunately into *France*. Thus he drew on her attention with a faigned tale, that he might without all suspition and with better gain of belief, give more fewell to her desire, for his further betraying discourse.

And to blind all jealous thoughts, he purposely seemed by his abrupt end, to be unwilling to proceed further. But *Vienna* (whose crossed affection delighted to hear of semblable fortunes) would needs know what other mishaps waited on his lost love.

Alas Madame, said *Poltron*, the small remainder of my broken state I brought with me into *France*, to maintein the length of my days; but in my passage, I was set on by four Theeves, that stript me of all I had, and wounded me sore, and would no doubt have taken my life, but that by chance there came by a poor *Hermite*, who seeing their violence, without all dread of their number, or fear of his own feebleness, cast off his peacefull Gown, and drawing out a hidden sword out of his staffe, he so fiercely assaulted them, that in the end he slew three of them, whilest the fourth run away with the prey, the danger of my wounds made him then as far to surmount himself in pitty, as he had excelled the other in valour: And in the tenderness of his relenting mind, he brought me to his Cell, where on a bed of mos he laid me; and binding up my wounds with a piece of his shirt (for other linnens he had none) he afterwards applyed the juyce of hearbs so oft unto them, that they healed, and I began to grow strong.

With him had I continued still, but that during the stay of my recovery, I could not endure to see this good Chyrurgion, and noble minded *Hermite*, that had so well preserved and cherished me, fit so oft sighing, and many times exclaiming against unjust rigour, & unnatural injustice; that half distraught, he would often confusedly say; Doth the Sea nourish a more cruell fish then the *Dolphin*? Is not *Vienna* the fairest City of the world? And lived there ever a more unfortunate man then *Paris*. Then would he bewayl destroyed *Troy*, and blame Love that fired *Ilion*; and by and by curse that wretched Knight that overthrew so fair a Creature, and so glorious a City.

ty. Then would he ſit in a dolefull dump, and after ſuddainly ſtart up as one affrighted, and accuſe his offending tongue of treachery, for wronging the divine name of love, ſince he was ſo highly beloved, as his mean fortune merited not the glory thereof.

But leaving him (with my Prayers) both to his Cave, and to his Cell; after many thanks, I left that wofull and worthy Hermit, and came to *Viennois*, where neceſſity compelled me to ſeek this ſervice. And this moſt vertuous Princeſſe is the Map of my miſery; and ſo he ſeemed to end before he had begun; that the Fiſh might bite the more eagerly, when the bayt was pulled away: But oh, ſaid *Vienna* (for now ſhe had ſwallowed the hidden, and hurtfull hook) didſt thou not perceive the cauſe of his ſo ſecret and ſo great a grief? Yes, Noble Lady, ſaid *Poltron*. Time and Occaſion gave me meanes to know the ſame; then good *Poltron*, let me intreat thee ſhe ſaid, to relate the full diſcourſe thereof. For ſuch ſubjects of woe beſt fitteth wofull minds, and cauſes of dolor and calamity, are ever moſt pleaſing to perplexed perſons. *Poltron* thus hailed on, to ſet the trap, that ſhould enſnare her life, thus cunningly gave fire to her tinder.

Though, ſaid he, I am unwilling to ingrieve my thoughts with the ſad remembrance of my friends over-grievous ſorrows; yet ſince it is your pleaſure, your will commands my obedience.

Then know, moſt faireſt of fair Ladyes, that after I had many times obſerved the frenzy of his paſſions: and wondring, had noted his broken and diſconſonant complaints he being at other times moſt adviſedly wiſe, and moſt humbly (though ſadly) patient; As we were ſitting at the mouth of his Cave, chatting on the miſeries of this life, and the croſſes of this uncertain world, I requeſted him in favour of my deſire, to recount unto me, the cauſe of his ſo often paſſionate laments. In anſwer whereof he ſaid.

Though my grief be already ſuch as there can be no addition to ſo great an extream; and though my wounds cannot be healed, becauſe they may not be ſearched, yet to

give

give thee some content, know that not far from *Toledo* in *Spain*, I served not long since a great and mighty Lord, called *Don Dauphinatus*; who had one only Daughter named *Paris-anna*, whose beauty was far fairer then the Evening Star, and whose vertue was more powerfull then the greatest constellation.

By her sweet influence did I only live and breath; and though my mean fortune durst not gaze on so bright a Planet, yet did her gracious aspect both so ennob'le, and inable my towring thoughts, that unknown, I atchieved in honour of her name, many admired exploits.

After some season, both my acts, and my love, were accidentally made known to her, who in time made me (though most unworthy) the Master of her desires, that was, and still am, a servant to her will. Our mutuall minds thus combined, was like the Garden of *Eden*, wherein grew more delights, then either Nature now affords, or Art can express. Our hearts fed on pleasures, our eyes beheld the bliss of each other, and in the full comfort of all content, did we sleep in love; and wake, and walk, in all fulnes of joy. From this Paradise, were we driven by felonious Fortune, who envying our happines, would not suffer that we should make this Earth our Heaven, that was before curst for our sins.

My Lord, her Father, had knowledge thereof, who finding my indignity not worthy of such soveraignty, was so carryed away with disdainfull scorn, and irefull displeasure, that he doomed me to death, if ever I were found within the precinct of his command.

This separation (for now I was put to my flight) was such a corasive to both our confounded soules, that she staid to endure a greater misery, the deprivation of life, and I wandered, in unknown paths, to seek after a wished death.

Long was my travail, and manifold my fortunes: But neither distance of place, continuance of travail, happinesse of fortune, nor tract of time, could free my fancy, nor weary me from my constant affection. At last, being both wearied and nighted, I came to this harmlesse Cell; where in love

of

of Solitarineſs and in contempt of the world I vowed to ſpend the unſpentſtor owes of my Life, and keepe my ſelfe from the knowledge of Men: and therenpon he devoutly ſwore me that I ſhould not make his private aboad known unto any Man.

Whereat the wounded Princeſſe, in her apprehenſion, ſighed, and watered the floore with her baulmy Teares, as knowing by the amplyfied and conjoyned Names, and by the concurrence and circumſtance of the matter, that he was moſt aſſuredly her beloved *Paris*, and thereupon ſhe demanded what was his Name? *Sans Liesure* (replyed *Poltron*) did he call himſelf. *Sans Liesure*, ſaid ſhe? Oh how rightly did the Deſtinies Chriſten him: and how truely doth his Name expreſſe his fate; for grief hath but a dead heart, and hapleſs love none at all. But where is that place of plaint, that ſo confines ſorrow in it ſelf, and makes woe a habitation for ſo miſerable a Man? Tell me, oh tell me, that I may ſend ſome ſanctified perſon to comfort him, and wean him from ſo wretched a life.

My Oath (anſwered *Poltron*,) will not admit, that any man by my means ſhould know thereof. Then would I were (ſhe ſaid) with him my ſelf, for by his Name (I now remember) he is that Divining Man that hath revealed Wonders, and can tell what ſhall befall every one: Oft have I heard of him, and ſtrange things by him foretold have come to paſſe.

Thus did they both diſguiſe their minds, and with untempered Morter daub uptheir ſeverall concealed meanings, and hidden intentions, that they might both the better work out their Advantages. But *Poltron* ſeeing his venomous Plot had (without all ſuſpect) thus poyſoned her belief; boldly told her, That as ſhe was no *Man*, ſhe was not within the Condition of his Bond, and therefore (if ſo ſhe pleaſed) he would not onely give her full Liberty, but alſo bring her unknown to that hapleſſe Hermite, whom ſhe deſired ſo much to ſee, provided that ſhe ſhould give him Gold, to bring him after to his Native Houſe, and alſo be directed by him, both for the

means and the manner of their escape and travail. To this, she answered that prisons were no Treasure-houses, and that she had no Mint to answer her mind; onely some reserved Iewels she had, which she would give him.

It shall (said he) suffice; Pitty pleads in your behalf, your merit claims redresse, and my feeling grief to see a Princesse so distrest, commands the hazard of my life. Be you but silent and secret, and you shall see, that I will deceive the waking eyes of encharged wisedome, and overthrow the heedfull care of reposed trust: And thus it must be: By the print of the keys (which I will make in Wax) will I make other like keys, by which all the doors shall congee to your will, and give passage to your pleasure.

Then will I have you for your better security homely attired, with a box under your arm, and Bone-lace hanging out of it, a pair of shears tied to your Girdle, and a yard in your hand, that you may seem to be not what you are, but what in appearance I would have you shew to be. And I will with a Pedlars pack on my back, well suited thereunto, travell along with you as your husband: So shall we both better escape and avoid suspition.

But how, said *Vienna*, shall *Izabella* bestow her self? She, said *Poltron*, must stay behind in prison, to take away the knowledge of our flight; For after our departure she must lock the door again, keep your bed with the Curtaines drawn, and lay your clothes by, most in sight; and when any comes into her, she must carefully say, that you are not well, and that you are laid down to sleep. So shall we gain time to prevent our hasty pursuits, and she may after at her will repair to some private friend, in such disguise as I will provide for her.

That (said *Vienna*) may not be; for I will never leave her, that hath never forsaken me; nor will I without her, venture upon any such adventure.

Poltron seeing it would not otherwise bee, yeelded, though unwilling thereunto, and like Sinnes Sollicitour, moved, that *Izabella* would play the Pedlar, and he would become

become a Tinker, with his Budget on his back, a leathern couloured Apron before him, a Hammer under his Girdle, and a Brazen ladle in one of his hands; And thus with his face besmeared, would he go a pretty way before them, as none of their company, and yet guide them in the way. So gallant a Bonelace-seller, so proud a Pedlet, and so stout a Tinker, all *France* will not pattern; But thus it must be, if you Madam, will have your desire; Nor may you scorn that means that promiseth assurance of Liberty, and hope of better hap.

The Gods to have their wils, disdained not the shape of beasts, and we must with the cunning Fowler, cloath our selves in Feathers, if we will deceive wily birds. It is a Soare, no sinne, to betray Tyranny; but a shift, no shame, to get Liberty.

These guilefull enticing words of his, and the betraying instructions of the deepe deceitefull *Dolphins*, were (without any semblance of other reach) so smoothly, and passionately delivered, by this damnable and perfideous Villain, that all his wily words were held as Oracles, and the further he seemed to be from her, the neerer still he touched her to the quick: In so much, that *Vienna* being blindly led in her over-affectionate desire, beyond the limit of all due consideration, yeelded to referre her self to his trust, and to fashion themselves according to his direction.

Alasse *Vienna*, where disloyall Treason threatens thy shipwrack, and where remorcelesse murder is thy plot; there assured danger must be thy Harbour, and reproachfull destruction thy host: Implacable malice pursues thee, invisible fraud betrayes thee, and too late repentance, will I fear, learn thee, that they are most miserable, that make themselves wretched examples to others. But how should Love (the child of Folly) looke into a plot of policy, when unseduced wit cannot see it, nor untainted wisedome find it. The appearance of Truth, and the shew of Pitty, and simplicity, hath in all deceitfull Practises, subverted

verted Cities, depoled Kings, defrauded Subjects of their rights, and taken away the guiltleſſe lives of Innocents. How then poor Princeſs, couldſt thou avoyd thy running upon the Sands, though armies of objections did riſe againſt thy doubtfull hazard; yet cannot thy good, though free intention, make thee faulty, though thy over-credulity in entertaining of conjectures made thee erre. Thy chaſt thoughts ſhine ſtill, I ſee, in thy vertue; and thy vertue (by divine providence) muſt ſhield thee both from abuſive ſhame, and from unexpected ſlaughter.

But now *Poltron* had provided at *Vienna's* coſt all materials; and the Ladies diſrobeing themſelves, hid their attyres, and to caſt a miſt before the eyes of ignorance, they clothed them to the purpoſe, and at ſupper time, the night being dark, upon *Poltrons* watch-word, who then ſtood centinell, they came forth, pulling the door after them; For lock it, *Vienna* would not becauſe it ſhould appear which way they came forth, leaſt upon further ſearch they might find out *La-noue's* private way, and ſo bring him into trouble, who at the time was in Flanders enquiring after his loſt friend.

The next morning their eſcape was diſcovered, the City was ſearched, *Poltron* miſt, and every way was full of inquiſitors. But that nights travell, and their unſuſpected diſguiſe (being the uſuall habit of ſuch wandring profeſſours) brought them ſafe unto a great wood, that ſtood at the foot of a high hill in *Langnedoc*, where he perſwaded them the *Hermit* had his Cell.

At the entrance whereof *Vienna* ſtumbled, the dull earth forbidding thereby her further paſſage; and *Izabella's* eyes were ſuddenly for the time ſtricken blind; as though the feet of the one, were unwilling to bring their Miſtris into perill: and the eyes of the other were aſhamed to ſee ſuch intended villany. But no preſage can foreſtall deſire, love looks altogether after their own fancies, & conſters all things according to her affections This helhound, (the Divels Agent) ſeeing *Vienna* ready to fall, ſtept to her, and taking her by the arm, in ſhew to ſupport her, led her into the thickeſt of the wood, where ſuddenly as one

transformed,

transformed, this seeming dove shewed himself a vulture; and like cruelty her self, with imbossed mouth and staring eyes, he drew his short sword that hung by his lustfull side, and gastly swore, that if either of them made any noise, he would forthwith kill them both: whereat the weak and wearied Ladies, were so amazed, that all their sences were senceless, their tongues were bound to the peace by iustice fear; they could not speak, nor durst not cry.

Now Lust, the (execrable parent of murther) seeing her abashed beauty shine like the sun through a Cleud, had so fiered his fancy, that where before it was but kindled by her looks, now having her within his power, it did violently burn by the touch. Death must now forbear, and attend his pleasure for his pleasure; and nothing could satisfie this covetous Fox, but after the stealing of the grapes he meant to forrage the vine.

To effect which, he turned *Isabella*'s face to a tree, and bound her arms round about the same, and notwithstanding flatteringly promised them both their lives, if *Vienna* would but consent to his wanton will; If not, he then prodigally swore, that in dispight of all he would gather the fruit, now it was ripe, and after leave their slain bodyes a prey unto the beasts of the field. *Vienna* having recovered some spirit, and seeing the present danger, with elevated eys, erected hands, and bowed knees, she besought him not to sport in her misery, nor to spot his soul with the repenting pleasure of uncleannes. Remember sayd she, that I am a Princesse, save but my honour, as thou art my mothers son, and I will freely forgive thee my death, as I am my fathers daughter.

I seek not life, but the honour of my life; for my long liv'd grief, makes me hate life, and despise death, but in the losse of my chiefest cherished care, my curses shall poyson thy salvation; and the wildfire of thy lust, shall burn up all thy worldly welfare, and make thee a speedy prey to speedy destruction. O let then my Chast teares quench the flame of thy sinfull Concupiscence; blast not the beauty of the Lilly in the bud; deprive not the Rose of the fairnes of the

bloom; nor brand not thy self with the curſed name of a hatefull villain. The fierceſt Lyon hath no cruelty to hurt a Royall Virgine; Man was made to help not to hurt a filly maid; and the Lord of Hoſts, hath countleſſe Plagues to puniſh ſuch offenders, Thy carnall regard is but momentary, but thy ſhamfe will be everlaſting, and thy puniſhment eternall; For repentance follows fruition; and the reward of ſin is death. Thus did ſhe pray, plead, and entreat, and thus would ſhe have diſſwaded him from doing evill, that never yet knew good, but his unruly paſſion, and thirſt of blood, could brook neither interceſſion, nor interruption.

His hot untamed deſires prayd in ayd of force, which made her ſhreek, & call ful loud on Gods Juſtice for helpful revenge; when ſuddenly the angry heavens began to make war againſt him, and to threaten him with a terrible voyce, and ſending forth ſuch fearfull thunder, lightning, and powerfull ſtormes, that force perforce he was enforced to deſiſt for the time.

But as the wofull Ladyes continued ſtill their ſhouting cryes; It fortuned that two Peaſants that had Pomage in the wood, had been ſeeking of their ſwine, who by violence of the diſturbed Skies, and wrathfull Elements, had taken ſhelter under a Tree. As thus they ſilent ſtood, praying for preſervation, they heard their diſmall cries, and haſting (for ſo their good Angels would) toward the place of plaint, they found the obdurate Traytor attempting a freſh aſſault; which made, the ſwifter Man comming in with his Batte, to make him looſe his laſcivious hold.

This happy accident revived the dying heart of *Vienna* and the guilty dread of *Poltron*, fearing to be taken, made him ſo deſperate, that he both wounded and grounded the gentle Peaſant; and as he endeavoured to take away his life, the other comming in, knockt out his braines. This ſpeedy diſpatch gave the Divell his due, and freed the *Dolphins* of all ſuſpect, who otherwiſe had by Drugge taken order for his perpetuall concealments. The Ladies thus ſuccoured, freed, and comforted prayſed God for their deliverance,

deliverance, and thanked the poor Men for their assistance; And in guerdon of their so happy service, not knowing otherwise how to requite so great a good, they wished (concealing themselves) that they would bring them to the Governor of *Viennois*, who they knew would bountifully reward them.

The uncapable Peasants, smiling thereat, told them, that they would not for *Jasons* labour, seek after *Coridons* hyre: for persons (said they) so unremarkable can neither pleasure nor profit greatnesse of State. To which, the Princesse answered, that by her means they should deliver into his hands the two Ladyes that were committed to his charge, and that lately conveyed themselves out of prison.

This golden hope did win their consents, and not only refreshed them in their travel, but also gave speed to their journy: Only it contented *Vienna*, that she should by this meanes requite her preservers, though thereby she made her self a thrall to time and tyranny. Liberty could give her no comfort, nor could she tell how better to dispose of her loathed life, then to make her self a prisoner to *Love* and *Fortune*: the care she had of *Isabella* made her the more sensitive of her wrongs; and therfore turning toward her, she softly said; Though the fruit of the Olife tree come late, yet is the liquor both good and wholesome.

The tyde now serveth, my dear *Isabella*, take thou the benefit thereof, and at last free thy self from participating of my further woes: *Fortune* hath bound my life prentise to her frowns, and I am resolved to serve out my time; then leave mē to my fate, and get thee to some more happy place, where my prayers, and thy more fortunate friends, may purchase thee more content.

Isabella's impearled teares did publish her mislike, and in her griefe she said, that love never thought that time too long, that did hang on desert; and that sorrowes growne to a custome, were pleasing to miserable Creatures; Then what should separate my attendance from your Grace, since without you I cannot live, and with you I meane to

dye.

dye. *Vienna* thanking her, joyed no little in her constant fellowship; For friendship is ever most sweetest, when Fortune is most sowrest.

Thus as they chatted, they came to *Viennois*, where she advised their two good conductors, to wait for the Governours going to the Church, and then boldly to step to him, and secretly to proffer him the delivery of the Princesse and her Companion; which done you shall privately bring us unto him, unto whom we will present what we have promised.

The Peasants promise (having done according to instruction) made the Governor to rejoyce so at the newes, that he returned back to his house, and sent one of them for the Princesse, who yet was not knowne to be the Princesse. Upon their return, *Vienna* with shew of Majesty, thus greeted the Governour.

Let not my Lord *Vray Esperance* wonder at our disguise, nor question the cause: it may suffice, you have your Prisoners, and we are content with our alotments: Reward well these honest persons, that with hazard of their lives, have not onely preserved our honors and lives, but also freed you from many cares, and saved you perhaps from dangerous troubles. This is all our desires, we know your charge, and willingly yeeld to your dispose.

The Governor baring (in due reverence) his aged head with more tears of pitty then of joy, respectively saluted them, and giving the Peasants store of Crowns, humbly and courteously he brought the Ladyes to their carefull Chamber, where we will leave them to learn of *Sirap*, what success waited on his *Babylonian* endeavours.

Now had time, and travell, brought *Sirap* (whom we left in his journey) unto *Babylon*; where the *Soldan* (to gratifie the *Turk*, and to shew his love to Vertue, and his estimation of merit) entertained him with all magnificence, and variety of Kingly delights. But after they had feasted, and spent some dayes in Courtly sports: *Sirap* being mindfull of his Lord, desired to see the City, with such Monuments and Antiquityes, as were therein; which so well

pleased

pleased the *Soldan*, that to honour him the more, he accompanied him in person, still shewing him by his interpreter, all such places of note and worth, as then were there remaining: At length they past by, (for so their passage lay) the Castle wherein the *Dolphin* was imprisoned.

Which Sir *Sirap* long viewing, commended, and in his praise thereof demanded by his Interpreter, what Castle or Pallace that was, that was so well scituated, so stately built, and of such strength. And they told him that it was *Mount Semerian*, built of old by *Semiramis*, Queen unto the first great King of the *Assyrian Monarchy*, and that as then, there lay as Prisoner one of the greatest Princes of *France* in the Western clime; known by the name of the *Dolphin* of *Viennois*.

Sirap seemed much to wonder both at the name and country, as unheard of before, and therefore was desirous to see the stature, favour, carriage and manner of those men; and to learn, if he could, the nature, law, religion, custom, and state of the country; which stood so well with the *Soldans* liking, that both in one desire, went to the Castle to see, and to confer with the *Dolphin*.

Now *Sirap* building on *Bonsoyes* fidelity, as having somewhat possest him with his purpose, and wrought him to his wil; did use him as Interpreter betwixt him and the *Dolphin*: For he would not altogether, yet discover himself to *Bonsoy*, and therefore speaking to him in Greek, he commanded that he should salute the *Dolphin* in his name, and tell him that as a stranger he was come to see him, and of meat humanity to visit him; which the *Dolphin* kindly accepting, as kindly regreeted, and entertained him with all the gracious remonstrances he could.

Sirap bad him then ask what his country was, how great; by what lawes they were governed, under what title they were subjected, what Religion they observed and what God they chiefly adored, unto which the *Dolphin* thus briefly answered.

France he said is my native nest, both most populous and

ſpacious, as having in it 27 thouſand Pariſh Churches; It is moſt fertile; and abounds in all plentifulneſs of fruits, wines, ſalt, corn, fiſh and wild-fowl; There are many Vniverſities famous therein (the nurſing mothers of all vertue) out of whoſe breaſts, youth draws out the knowledge of all arts; It hath many large Provinces; and divers bordering Principalityes owe homage thereunto: The Cityes are great and many; rich in treaſure, and fair, and uniforme in building; the chief whereof is *Paris*, famous for beauty and bigneſſe: the uſuall reſidence of the King, and great traffique of all kind of Merchandize.

Our Lawes are termed the civill Lawes, wherein Juſtice is tempered, and qualified by equity and conſcience; and equity and conſcience are garded and maintained with Juſtice. Our Monarch is entituled a King, the moſt Chriſtian King of France, under whoſe protection his people live ſecure, injoying their own, and under whoſe Greatneſſe, his Subjects reſt fearleſſe of forraign foes.

Our Religion is built upon Gods ſacred word; Truth is the root thereof, Charity the branch, and good works the fruit. Our Paſtors are our Teachers, who like Lamps conſume themſelves to enlighten others; their Doctrine is examined by the twelve Apoſtles: Our prayers by Chriſt taught ſix Petitions: Our Faith by the generall Creed; and our lives by Gods tenne Commandements. And where the tongue of *Aaron* cannot perſwade, there the rod of *Moſes* doth correct, and compell.

We ſerve and worſhip one onely God in perſons three, not confuſed, nor divided; but diſtinct: of one and the ſame divine Eſſence, eternity, power, and quality. God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghoſt. The father being the firſt, chief, and originall cauſe of all things; The Son his word and eternall wiſedom: and the Holy Ghoſt his power, vertue, and efficacy. This is that God, that by his Word made the glorious Globe his ſeat, and the maſſie earth his footſtoole; that fed his ſervants (the unprovided Iſraelites) with food from Heaven, forty yeares in the Wilderneſſe; that divided the Waters,

and

and brought them dry-foot through the Red-Sea, and drencht proud *Pharoh* therein, that purſued them with a murdering heart. To him we offer no burnt-offerings, nor ſacrifice of blood, but the ſweet intercеſſion of devout prayers. For thoſe ceremonies ceaſed at the comming of Chriſt, by whom we are called Chriſtians; and we are received into his Church by baptiſme, and continued and fed therein by the other Sacrament of his laſt Supper.

And ſuch is our Country, theſe our Lawes, ſuch our King, this our Religion, and this the God we onely ſerve, love, fear and adore. *Sirap* thanked him for his good deſcription, and ſeemed to take pleaſure in the knowledge thereof. Then he demanded how he brookt his Captivity, and he anſwered like a Prince, and therefore like himſelf; as one ſubject to chance, and reſolved in the change. Then he bad him ask whether he had any children, and he all ſighing ſaid, but one onely daughter. Then *Sirap* cauſed him to ask why he then ſo ſighed; and he replying ſaid, that his ſole ſouls grief conſiſted in her memory, and ſo made manifeſt his hard, cruell, and unnaturall dealing toward her; and how he had left her a priſoner to his tyranny, and therefore by divine juſtice made himſelf a priſoner to Tyranny.

Sirap being thus certified, was well pleaſed that *Vienna* yet living, lived his permanent friend; and though he grieved much for her endurance, yet did he ſmother up his conceived ſorrow in the recordation of her love. The thought of his exile, and *Vienna*'s thraldome, awaked *Hatred* and *Anger* (the ready Officers of Revenge) to haſten his death: but in the eye of his milder conſideration, knowing him to be his Lord, and *Vienna*'s father; his relenting heart checked his repining humor, and blew the coals of his hotter deſire, to ſeek, and to effect his ſpeedy deliverance.

To compaſſe which, he ſeeming (ſeemed of purpoſe) to take pleaſure in him, and underſtanding of his Countries cuſtomes, commodityes, and government. And therefore he requeſted the *Soldan* for the continuance of his contentment, and for his further knowledge of forrain affairs, to admit,

and tollerate his thither repair, that he might hereafter (if cauſe ſo required) reduce his learning to practice; which the *Soldan* granting, gave in charge for his free acceſſe, and ſo they departed; the one glad in that he had, or could gratifie ſo worthy a friend; the other proud, in that he had laid a foundation whereon to build.

The two next dayes *Sirap* ſpent in covertly revealing, wherin his expertneſſe, and carriage, did both win reſpect, and gave delight. The third following day, he with his Interpretour went to parley with the *Dolphin*, who deſpairing of life, they found expecting death. But after they had greeted, and regreeted each other, with kind ſalutes, *Sirap* told him by his Interpreter, that as a man he bewailed his fortune; and as he was a Prince, he lamented his fall.

Yet diſmay not noble Lord, ſaid he, ſince all corporall damages, that happen to mortall men, are either by means remedied, by reaſon ſuffered, by time cured, or by death ended. Malicious and violent ſtorms may for the time cleave the bark from the tree, and rent the branches of his body; yet for all the furious blaſts of wrathfull winds, it cannot be pluckt up by the root. If there be a power above the capacity of men then may there come comfort, contrary to the conceit of men. Expectation in a weak mind, makes an evil greater, and a good leſſe: but the reſolved mind digeſts an evill being come, and makes a future good preſent before it come; Then expect the beſt, ſince you know the worſt at the worſt, will have an end.

The *Dolphin* conceiving the civill demeanour, the Philoſophicall diſcourſe, and the pious mind of the ſuppoſed impious and barbarous Moor, honoured his mild inclination, wondered at his regular admonitions, and thanked him for his humane comforts and tender regard. My mind, mindfull (ſaid *Sirap*) of Fortunes fickleneſſe, affects (I know not how, nor wherefore) your deliverance: what then will the *Dolphin* give, if I affect the ſame? The *Dolphin*, whoſe ſmalleſt ſayles of hope, the leaſt winds did blow, offered the third part of his Principallity, when he ſhould

come

come to *Viennois*. Promiſes, ſaid *Sirap*, of advancement, are no aſſurances of enrichment, and he hath a wit too ſhort of diſcretion, that will loſe certain favours, for uncertain fortunes.

Notwithſtanding, if you will but ſwear unto me by that ſame God, which you ſerve and adore, to grant me one requeſt, that I ſhall make when I come to *Viennois*, I will indanger my life to free your life from danger; and leave, and loſe my honours in *Babylon*, and *Greece*, to ſeal and ſeat my ſelf with you in *France*; more you cannot deſire, leſſe (my Country-Gods ayding me) I will not accompliſh.

The *Dolphin*, whoſe flattering hope, ſuddainly gave him a preſent aſſay of future happineſſe, though at the firſt he was very credulous in entertaining ſuch favourable conjectures, yet hardly could he ground any firm belief, ſince knowing him to be but a Stranger, he thought that ſuch deep wounds could not be ſearched with ſuch ſhallow Inſtruments.

But at the laſt, referring all things to God, and to the Will and Wiſdom of the ſuppoſed Moor, he wholly embraced his kind offer, and anchored all his hopes, in his provident induſtry: unto whom, preferring life before livelyhood, he devoutly ſware by his Fathers God, the onely one true God, and God of all Gods, in whom he chiefly, and only truſted; that whatſoever he would demand, ſhould be freely, abſolutely, and willingly given him, In further conſideration whereof, he gave him a rich Diamond, and his Interpretour a hundred French crowns; which for his uſe, if need required, he had cloſely hid betwixt the lyning of the coller of his doublet. *Sirap* holding himſelf ſatisfied, ſaid, it ſufficed.

Only he required his continual prayers for his better ſucceſs, and ſo left him, to feaſt his hopefull heart with the expectation of deſired ſucceſs. The next day, *Sirap* taking occaſion to walk to *Euphrates*, that famous River that runs by *Babylon*, there to view the variety of ſtrange and ſeverall ſmall ſhips, he caſually met, and ſecretly compounded with an avarous Pylot, whoſe corruption being gilded over with gold, he was to bring him down the River through the Perſian

gulfe to the next Port town upon the *Affrick* shore: the fifth following night he appointed to come aboard, attended onely with two men, and therefore gave him in charge, not onely to be most secret therein, but also that he should make full provision of all requisites.

This done, he presently gave forth, that he would shortly depart, and return to *Constantinople*: and the better to accomplish his desire without misdeem: he determined (under colour of preparation, and fitly furnishing himself) to lye some few dayes in the City, before he would embarque himself.

All which he presently imparted to the *Soldan*, and humbly with prodigall thanks took his leave, saying, that his period of time, pleaded now his promised return, which in no wise he would violate with the high Commander of his thoughts, the great and Emperiall Turk, unto whom he owed all obliged love, and most reverend respect. And therefore, if so it pleased his Majesty to command his ready service in ought, he would willingly attend his pleasure, and by his Graces imployments, hold himself more then graced.

The *Soldan* seeing he would depart, presented him with many rich gifts of Royall estimate, holding himself no little bounden to his Gods, in that they had interessed him in so noble & meritorious a friend, so blinded was he with *Sirups* civill demeanour, and so dusked with *Solimans* powerful commends, that he could not with *Palamedes*, pry into the profundity of *Ulysses*; and therefore requesting him to take in worth those small remembrances of his fast sealed love, he friendly bad him farewell, and so left him.

Sirap whose thoughts travelled now in quest after the *Dolphins* deliverance, got himself into the City, where he chambered himself in a Merchants house of great and good regard, where being once left and seated, he began to call his wits to account, how best he might best deceive the *Dolphins* Keeper.

For providence preventeth misfortunes, and gives life to our future actions; And therefore he was neither carelesly, nor overtimerously

timerously suspitious of that, which might sinisterly and suddenly succeed; but jealous, and heedfull in the hazard, least any over-sight might crosse his endeavours, and so leave his Lord helpless, and himself hapless. But after he had stretcht and tentred his wit, and set al possibilities on the rack of his invention; at length his desire cartying him beyond all doubt of danger; he armed his determination with steeled resolution, and setting his chance on the dice, he thus attempted, and assayed his fortune.

The day before his departure, he went unto the Castle, where gently greeting the Keeper, he told him that he was to return to *Constantinople*, and therefore finding himself engaged to him for his willing paines, and already shewed kindnesses, he was come of purpose in person to invite him, and all his followers (unto whom he had been troublesome) to sup with him that night, that he thereby might acknowledge his thankfulness, and they have cause to remember his love, and his person: And because (he said) my Chamber is no receit, and that I am unwilling to be troublesome, or offensive to the Master of the house, let me entreat the use of the Castle, and so make you my Host, and Guest at once.

The Keeper blinded with his former bounty, secured by the *Soldan*, and now drawne on, by the pleasing shew of kind courtesie; knowing him (whom yet he never knew) to be of a vertuous dispose, of great estimate, and highly favoured of the King; did freely, and gratefully offer himself, his service, and the Castle at his command. The great unknown distance, betwixt the *Dolphins* and the *Moors* country climes, with their admiration of each other, and the difference of their tongues could not make the guld keeper suspitious, nor can cause him once to dream of deceitfull guile.

This illusion gave *Sirap* hope of happy success, and therefore manifesting his thankfulness with a rich Iewell, that he (giving) required that he would wear it for his sake, he left him, and prodigally provided, what either his purse could procure, or the time would afford; hee also gave further charge to his attendants

tendents, that the Table should be still and ever fully furnished with many repleat cups of Greekish Wine. For (said he) the cost is ill spared; that is spared for cost; and the beauty of the banquet is there eclips'd, where *Iupiter* raines not down full showres of *Nectar*.

As himself, he had carefully and secretly before provided sleeping Poppy, heavy Darnell, and the mortifiing juyce of life-bereaving Mandrake; with other powerfull powders, a small quantity whereof taken in drink would make the receiver fall into a most sudden and deadly sleep. This did he so secretly, and so frankly bestow amongst all the flaggon pots but one (which *Bonfey* had in trusty charge reserved by mark, for himself and his Lord) that every one had in ful measure his dormative full waight.

These poysoned pots he closely kept for the middle of the banquet; and supper being served in, *Sirap* seated every one in their due places, to the contentment of each one; & then he began to feast, and chear his gladsome guests, and like a pleasant Idolist, merrily cheered his feasted friends. But in the end (they having no end in drinking) he seeing them so devoutly sacrificing to *Bacchus*, he to honor their Religion, added then more fatall fewell to their drunken fire.

Their overdrawn cups were still repleniſhed with the powdered Wines, and ever he plyed them with cups, till their cups had over-plyed them: That drunk in their drowsie devotion, they falling into a leaden slumber, began to sleep out all living consideration.

Now *Sirap* seeing his hope honoured with some perfection thought it fit to do homage to opportunity; for in deferring of time, many times, it is both the losse of life, and occasion: And therefore adding execution to time, he instantly went to make all such as were in the Castle sure; which done, he came back, and taking the keyes from the Keeper, (whom with the rest of both their servants, we will leave where they silent lay) he hastily went down to the *Dolphins* lodging, where they found him prostrate on the ground, moystening the earth, with his repenting teares, and piercing the heavens with

his

his prayers for the ſuppoſed Moors good ſucceſſe; but before he could make an end of his prayers, *Sirap* came to end his prayers, and Purgatory at once; and releaſing him from his oppreſſing Irons, brought him up to view *Morpheus* Comedy, which that dull God (with his ayd) had made, and prepared for his pleaſure.

Thus when our ſins are ripe, and God to Juſtice bent,
He turns our greateſt pleaſures to our juſt puniſhment.

Now Time ſtruck his lock before, and it fitted not to argue what was done; or what was to be done, leaſt they themſelves might be undone; but giving praiſe to God in their ſeverall ſhewed kinds, they preſently buckled up their ſpirits with their legs, like Bees, that having ſucke the juyce of forraign Gardens, make wing to their own hives, that they may make merry with the fraught of their adventures. So did they haſt to the back-gate of the Caſtle, which they prizing open, went to the Rivers ſide, where the hired Pylot courteouſly attended their comming: In a ſmall veſſell they imbarqued themſelves, and ſayled to the *Perſian Gulfe*, and ſo along to the *Affriek* Sea: Upon the entry whereof, there croſt them a great Pyrate of *Arabia*, whoſe uncheckt fortunes, and uncontrouled ſtrength ſtill crown'd his hardeſt attempts with victory.

But his pride was now like a vapour, that aſcending high, ſoon turneth into ſmoak. For he no ſooner ſaw their ſmall Frigot, but counting it his purchaſe, he haſtily made towards them, and looking for no reſiſtance, he grapled with them, and commanded them to yeeld.

But *Sirap* being unwilling to looſe the rich benefit of his high adventure, having no acquaintance with fear, and being ever accuſtomed to conquer, drew forth his ſleeping Semitar, which his enraged fury whetted ſo ſharp, that he clove the firſt oppoſer down to the back, and ſent the head of the next, as an Ambaſſadour, to plead for peace amongſt the monſters of the Sea. The *Dolphin* ſeeing ſuch great chips out out of

such rough timber, wondered at his force, and admired his valour; Death seemed now to hold a Sessions in the Ship, and *Sirap* still gave the summons for their appearance. For fearing left their entry into his ship, should endanger the *Dolphin*; he to prevent that, hazarded himself the more, by leaping in among his enemies, where his magnanimious mind, armed with the arm of puissance, so disheartned his foes, that the Captain fearing least any more should come to assist him, caused the ships to be ungrapled: And no sooner were they separated, but that the timerous Pilot wherein the *Dolphin* was, seeing himselfe severed from perill, began to turn the stern of his ship, and with a side wind to sayl back; which *Bonfoy* espying, thought it better to dy in adventure of his liberty, then to become a Captive again to misery.

Despair therefore made him valiant, and necessity did adde to his courage, which made him to exceed himself in might and to go beyond all hope in successe: For suddenly running the Pilot thorow with his sword, he wounded the next to him so sore, that he could not offend. The *Dolphin* seeing the successe of his bold attempt, raised his faln courage to the height of noble resolution; and unsheathing his quiet sword, that *Sirap* had given him, he gave him such assistance, as his weak ability could afford.

In the end, fear made them valiant, and their valour freed them from fear. The assaulted Saylers (being weaponlesse) fell in their bloud; and in their overthrowes, did the survivours submit themselves to the mercy of their swords. Force now over-awed them, and they were compelled by *Bonfoy* to make towards the other Ship, wherein *Sirap* was making an end of an unequall battell. For having at the first slain their redoubted Captain, he wrested his approved broad shield from him, under which shelter, his encreasing valour made such slaughter, as of sixteen persons, he left but three alive, which as *Bonfoy* came in, were prostrate on their knees for pardon. But when *Sirap* saw them, and understood of their intercedent, he was more glad

glad of their safeties, then he was of his own victory. The *Dolphin* stood amazed when he saw the Ship embost with scattered heads, divided arms, and dismembred legs; And in his admiration said, if he be but a man *how this?* If more then a man, *why this?* Such forceable blowes, shewes a power beyond all humane power, and yet I see he is but a man, though he hath done much more then many men.

This estimate of his valour and worth, made him ever after respect him more for his incomparable prowesse, then he did before for his deliverance. *Bonfoy* now thought himself happy in such a Master, and *Sirap* grew proud of such a servant.

Love (the joy of nature) now sat in triumph for their securities, and the wrathfull God of War, being wearied with destruction, laid him down in the bed of peace: with these two ships they securely sayled, with winds suitable to their wills all along the coasts of *Magadoxa* in *Æthiopia*, and so by *Guine*, where meeting with a Portugall Marchant, they hired the Pilot to bring them to *Marsailes*.

Thus did the insensible providence of God, from injurious and bad causes, produce good effects; making the banishment of the one to save the life of the other, and the love of liberty, to give liberty to love. The change that change of fortune wrought in them all, made their minds more then pleasing Paradises of unspeakable pleasures.

The *Dolphin* dreamd of nought but Majesty and Dignities; *Bonfoy* of freedom and preferment; and *Sirap* his rich hopes promised him now golden fortunes: yet durst he not unmask himself, left he should deprive *Conseit* of his new Christendome, and betray *Policy* of his chiefest pretence; but still holding the borrowed habite and artificiall colour of a black *Moor*, he still spake unto the *Dolphin* by *Bonfoy* his Interpreter, by whom he discoursed of many things: and again, and again, and still again, enquired of such affaires, as most neerest did concern him; wherein he took double delight, in not onely gaining knowledge of the assurance of *Viennas life* and *love*: but in deceiving

the *Dolphin*, that the *Dolphin* might thereby be the more deceived. In this clouded communication we will leave them a while, to see what befell *Mal Fiance*, whom we left detained in the Tavern, ignorant of his Lords surprise, though not innocent of the cause.

Ten dayes did the Vintner keep him close, still expecting that either the Marchant should return, or that the *Sanzake* should send for his restrained guest. But when he could neither hear of the one, nor the other; he began to grow jealous of the matter, and premeditating thereon, at last, fastned on this belief; That the Marchant (like a subtile *Mercurian*) had cheated the Stranger, and after left him, not onely to pay for the wine, but also made him a stale to convey himself away under the face of honesty. For otherwise he thought, that if there had been cause of taxation, complaint or examination; there would no doubt have been hasty inquisition made after him.

In this perswasion he set *Mal Fiance* at liberty, who now found his repenting errour, in the losse of his Lord; Shame rebuk't his tongue, Grief attach'd his heart, and Fear afflicted all his thoughts, at this deer rate he purchas'd wit; which taught him to labour more advisedly in the fearfull search of the *Dolphin*; His enquiring eyes did still pry into every corner of all his carefull and wandring wayes; and in all assemblies, he sought whom he could not find. But when neither weary time, nor wary search could give him any knowledge of him. Then happily meeting with a Flemming, that was ready bound for *Zeland*, he went a Shipboard with him, hoping that either he should find his Lord returned to *Viennois*, or give them cause to follow him in better quest.

After many days sayling they happily arrived at *Middleburgh*, where in an old decayed Burgamasters house, they lodged *Mal Fiance*, who finding the aged jealousie of his aged Host, cunningly carryed himself in a strict shew of purity; that under that deceit he might the better deceive. This suspitious Syre, having not onely a beautifull daughter, but a young fair wife

wife whom he lately espoused, was so fearfully jealous of them both, that he confined them within the limit of his house; and if either of them were but out of his sight, he straight supposed she was in action; A service which none can digest, that may not themselves perform. But to take away all means that did help (not heal) his misdeems; he caused his daughter to lye in a low bed within his Chamber, and made the door to be lockt each night.

Now it fell out that there was a great and secret love betwixt his Daughter, and one *Hannce*; the sonne of a rich Tanner, that dwelt not farre from him, who by appointment came presently after supper time to her Chamber window, that lookt into the Garden, where he so passionately pleaded for the Harvest of his amorous desires, that she (being made of flesh, not flint) granted that he should reap the full fruition of his love, if he would but adventure the venure of it. For so (said she) it is, that over and besides my fathers watchfull fear, and ever waking jealousie, I do lye neer unto him, within his chamber, where though I may easily give you entrance, yet to entertain you without his perceivance, stands not with my belief.

That matters not said *Hannce*, I will not leave the venture, for any adventure; leave the manging thereof to me, who will for thy sake attempt the height of the hazard. Love fears no danger; and pleasure without shew of perill, looseth the vigour of her sweetnesse: I will with fear so deceive his fear. Onely be not thou afraid at any thing that thou shalt hear, or see, and so farewel, and expect my comming.

All this wanton discourse did *Mal-Fiano* listning heare, as by chance he leaned in his Chamber window, which was but the breadth of a post from her window; who like a true *Venerian* (knowing their carnall conclusion) resolved to take the benefit of the match, though she were more then his match, and to put into the *Mediterranean Sea*, when the wind should serve, in that pleasant pinnace, wherein

enhaunced *Hannes* hoped solely to sayl with joy through the *Magellan Straights*.

To affect which, he sate in counsell with all his thoughts, how he might best deceive not only hopefull *Hannes*, but also her jealous Father, and overamorous mother; who being sick of old ages tedious, and overlong induring debilityes, had many times by her alluring eyes, stoln glances, and other enticing dem eancurs, lookt for Physick at his hands. At last device advised him, that there was no way to bind jealousie to the peace, and to keep himself from interruption, but onely by horrour of fear, to make him loose himself, and senceleslie of all other fear: In proof whereof, that night, at the dead hour of heavy and leaden sleep, he took one of his bed-sheets, and tying a knot on the top, threw it over him, and like a troubled ghost, with doubtfull paces went into the Burgamasters Chamber; who being kept waking by his decrepit griefs, heard the fall of his steps, and being so dark that he could not see, he gastly askt who was there? None but I, said his watching sensuall daughter, supposing it had been *Hannes*.

Is the door lockt said he? yes, quoth she, you heard me lock it your self, and so she did, but without the staple. *Malefiance* being thus Planet-stricken, curst old *Saturn*, for being now so opposite to *Venus*, and in his pawse of doubtfull stay, he light on this subtile shift; presently he crept stealingly, under his bed, where finding a pair of bellowes, that carelesly had been thrown, and left there; hee took them up, and softly rising by the beds head, he blew many sudden and short blasts upon him, and then falling down again, he set his back to the middle of the bed-cords, where with all his force he lifted the bed up as high as he could, and then would let it softly fall, and then raising it up again, would after let it fall suddenly; and then would he blast with the bellowes againe, which so amazed and frighted the poore Burgamaster, that he could not speak, but fearfully crept over the head into the bed, and layd such fast (though shaking) hands, on his wife, that he awaked her; who being held

held over-hard, demanded what so appaled him: who answered in a low voyce, that there was some tormenting spirit in the Chamber. Alas sweet (sayd she) thinking it to be but the disease of his jealousie, you do but dream, there is no such thing, give me leave to sleep, since you cannot keep me waking.

The Daughter whose lustfull attendance, waked after venereall copulation, hearing this, and knowing the fallacy; could not but laugh at her fathers deceiving, and betraying fear, and in the pride of her naked strength, she prepared her selfe (being then most ready, when shee was most unready) both to affay and allay that troublesome spirit.

Mal-Fiance having thus secured their stirring, by deluding their hearing, went boldly to the daughters bed, (the wished port, where he desired to arrive) where finding no opposition; she still deeming him to be *Hymen*, he cast anchor, that his barque might ride at full Sea: At which time *Mars* and *Venus* being in conjunction, produced such strange effects, that the bed wherein they lay, did both shake and rock; which her mother-in-law hearing, began to be half afraid, having heard nothing before: yet out of wonted boldness (which was great in bodily adventures) she called to her daughter and asked her how she did; I do (qd. she) well, and as well as any woman can do.

It is the better for you, replyed the mother, but do you not heare, nor feel any thing? I hear nothing (said she) that is ill, and most assured I am, I feel no hurt. Well daughter, said the Mother, blesse you, and crosse you from all evill spirits.

Nay mother (quoth she) my faith herein hath ever been so great, and so good, that I neither fear the Devill, nor think any man is present that endangers me. All this while the poor Burgamaster lay over the head in the sweat of his cold fear, which did so overmaster over his weakenesse, that he durst by no meanes, but lustily calling up his man, he had him light a candle: for he would rise, and go fetch his ghostly Father Fryer *Frederick*, to

come

come to bleſſe his Chamber, and ſprinkle it all over with holy water.

His wife could not divert him from it, and his daughter and her unknown Paramour were ready to betray themſelves with laughter: yet was *Mal Fiance* glad to hide himſelf in the bed, whilſt to prevent ſuſpition, the daughter roſe, and took upon her to unlock the unlocked doors, by which time the man came with a light, and getting his Maſter up, hee holpe to array him, and after went with a Lanthorne with him to ſeeke the Fryer.

No ſooner were they gone, but in comes laſcivious *Haunce* in the heat of his deſire, like the Prince of darkneſſe, cloathed in a Bulls-hide, with the horns on his head, (for it much behooved him to have horns, that muſt leave horns behind him) who finding the doors open, made no ſtay till he came to the daughters bed, where hearing two breath, he ſoftly ſhrunk back, ſuppoſing it was the Fathers bed, and ſtumbling after by hap on the other bed, where the wife lay all alone, he holding down his head ſoftly ſaid; Fear not my Love, it is I, and ſo diſmantling himſelf, laid him down by her, who conceiting that it was *Mal Fiance*, that had taken the benefit of her husbands going forth, refiſted not, but entertained him with all the full favours, that wanton love could afford: (Thus doe Womens light thoughts many times make their husbands to have heavie heads.)

But in this amorous combat, the very bed proclaimed their forceable encounters, and the fall of bedſtaves well witneſſed their freſh aſſaults, which the daughter hearing, deemed that her reſtleſſe mother was tormented with ſome terrour of fear: and therefore calling to her, ſhe wiſhed her to have a good heart, and not to yeeld to idle conceits, which but troubled the mind with deceiving imaginations. The mother perceiving that ſomething was perceived, and that they were heard, took upon her to be affrighted, and ſaid: Alas daughter, ſomething I know, hath been upon me, and if ſpirits have any ſubſtances, it is ſurely one. Cover your ſelf well, ſaid the daughter.

By this enterchange of chatte, *Haunce* knew that he had travelled

travailed in a by-path, which so distasted him, that his teeth gnashed together for anger, and *Mal Fiance* lay laughing at the knowledge thereof, who remembring now, that *Haunce* would come in some fearfull shape, to make way for his pleasure he thought to work further on him, and to beat him with his own weapon; And to give life to his device, he stole up, and creeping along the beds side, wherein enchaffed *Haunce* did ly he sought by feeling, and by feeling found the hairy hide, which by handling thereof, he knew well was a garment of his Fathers, and as he threw it over him, with intent to frighten *Haunce*, he heard his Hoff and the Frier coming into the house; who came sooner then they were expected: Then he was forc'd to run behind the door, thinking by his hell-like habite, to terrifie them all; and so got unknown to his Chamber.

Now *Haunce* perceiving light through the doot (for as yet the Fryer durst not come in, till he had laid divers *Pater nosters*, and besprinkled the door with his holy water sprinkle) leap'd hastily out of his disliked bed, and failing to find his devills coat, he pul'd the higher sheet out of the bed, and shrowding himself therein, went like a ghost to the other side of the dore, thinking likewise so suddenly to affright them, that undiscovered he might escape. But the tardy-taken-women, that now were more afraid of shame, then they were before of sin, were driven to such an exigent, that they knew not how to avoid, neither rebuke nor reproach; their scarlet blushes accused them, and the holy Church was at the dore ready to condemn them.

In this hell they lay, fearing to bee seene, untill the light which most they feared, freed them from those they most feared. For the new transformed Devill, and the late metamorphosed ghost, suddainly seeing each other by the light of the Candle, upon the opening of the dore, were so agast at the fearefull sight of either others terrifying, and unknowne shapes, that they verily thought, that the Devill, or some other ill spirit were purposely come from hell to carry them away, for their sinfull assuming their damned

formes, to such wicked and forbidden ends. In this fear and fearful thought, they made such haft to run away the one from the other, that they both rusht at once so forceably through the door, that they bear the old Burgamaster down, and turned the poor Fryer over and over; in which fall he pittifully brake his face on the housecill, and half drowned the Burgamaster with the Holy-water that he brought and shed upon him.

The carefull women though they were thus cleared of disgrace, yet were they so danted at the sight of these incarnall devills, that they wofully cryed, and shrieked out; the servant with the Lanthorn as one distract; run out of doors; *Mal Fiance* as fearfully fled to his chamber; and heartless *Hannce* most amazedly run into the street after the servant; who looking for fear behind him, saw this spirit P. running (as he thought) after him; which made him cry out, help, help, a spirit, a ghost; a ghost, a spirit.

The Watchmen comming, and hearing him, thought the man was stark mad; but looking about, they saw this affrighted frightning ghost comming towards them, which put them all into such amazed fear, that they threw down their weapons and run away. The coast being thus cleared, unhappy *Hannce* got into his Fathers house.

But now the next neighbours that had heard the wretched womans shrieking cries, were risen, and having gotten lights speedily came to see, and know the cause of their outcryes, And finding the Master of the house and the Fryer (whom fear had entranced) half dead on the floor, and the Frier all bloudied by his fall, they supposing, that they were slain, instantly cried out, Murther, murther; The dismayed women (that all this while lay over their heads, in the bath of their sweating feare, doing pennance for their Holme pleasures) having their fear both renewed, and redoubled by these their cries, cryed out as fast, the Devill, the Devill, at the hearing whereof, all the neighbours runne out of the house again, and *Mal Fiance* grew upon this dreadfull alarum, so fearfully timerous, that hee durst not moove

though

though he were more then moved. In this agony of terrour did they all lye till break of day, when light (the comfort of dark dismay) emboldned the chief Officer (who of purpose was sent for) to enter into this house of horrour, where taking them from the place of purgatory; they found upon examination that the devill had been there, and was the cause of all their disturbances.

But *Mal Fianse* who now had made peace with his distracted thoughts; not onely found his own error, but easily apprehended the shift, and enforced subtilty of the other. For remembring he had disfurnished *Haunce* of his black Mantle, and so prevented him of his infernal shape, he conceited that he had no other means to free himself, then by taking one of the sheets, and so by appearing like a ghost to make way for himself. In the belief of this conceit, he vowed that *Haunce* should wel pay both for tel lying him, and for his planting in another's Vineyard.

And to this end, he seeking found him, and told him, that he had a very good Bulls hide to sell him. *Haunce* knowing well where he lay, was much astonisht thereat, and thanking him said, he had no need of any. Then (quoth *Mal Fiance*) shall my Host have it to make him a Night-gown; but you shall pay for the horns, though you were so liberall, as freely to give them. For in brief Mr. Tanner, the abuse that you have offered mine Host, and the scandall that you have raised on his house is so injuriously great, and so shamefully injurious, that unlesse you will give me ten pounds, I will uncase the Devill, and both reveal his adulterous dealing, and tell of your ghostly escape. *Haunce* seeing he was discovered, bought his concealment with his coin; which made *Mal Fiance* so wanton, that being so well silver-shod for travell he discharged all his debts, and in the innocency of his thought, not dreaming after any danger, he made more haft then good speed to *Vienne*.

And no sooner was he come, and known to be in *Vienna*, but that the Lord *Vray Esperance* sent for him, & demanded where his Soveraign Lord the *Dolphin* was; who being unable

to answer thereunto, was presently deemed either to have murthered him, or to have betrayed him to his enemies: For it is a rule by observation true: that they that fear not to be thought faulty, will neither be afraid to commit the fault, nor ashamed to be seen after the fact. His leaving (howsoever) of his Liege Lord, was held worthy of death. And therefore was he sent bound hand and foot to prison, till rigour of justice should by speedy sentence award him condigne punnishment.

But the bruit hereof begat such tumultuous uproares, and brought forth such mischievous factions both in Court and City, that hardly could the tempest be allayed without the utter subversion of the State. For how should the low shrubs stand in rebellion, when the high Cedar was thought to be blown down by treason? In this combustion, some stood for the indubitate heir the Princesse *Vienna*, whose liberty they proudly required amongst whom Sir *Iaques*, and *La-nova* were most forward.

Some for the malicious and proud *Dolphinie*, whose Regency many affected; but all malecontents, repugnant, humorists, disordered men decaied persons, & servile Peasants (that thrive best in mutation of States, and live by others falling, as swine do by the dropping of Acorns) flocked about *Monsieur Maligne*, the reputed bastard of the *Delphin*, who ambitiously would needs (according to the wicked disposition of illegetimates) deprive others by ruin and rapine of their rights, and appropriate to himself the Crown.

The fired factions began to break out into flaming sedition and masked Rebellion wayted but on time and advantage, to use open force against each other: The Common-Weale did well to see her destruction in this triumviry; Among these briers and brambles, that sought to over-top the stately Oak; awfull Justice had no powerfull place: Law was of no force, and authority lost all command. For where alteration threatens Warre, there the sword maketh all things lawfull.

But when the Lord *Vray Esperance*, who was an *Anthony* in

in clemency, a *Trajan* in bounty, and another *Augustus* in wisdom, beloved of most and respected of all; saw this tripertite and dissentious division growing to such monstrous heads: and hearing that many of the giddy-headed multitude were already assembled together in the Market place in a most confused manner according to the mutinous natures of the mutable Commons, fearing their aptness to innovation, and the sad effects of civill broyls, or some sudden overture, leaving (because wanting) all time of further consideration: even in the assurance of his vertue, and strength of his zeal to his Country, he suddenly went to the Market-place, where all men (notwithstanding their distemperatures) gave way to his merit, and in love followed after him.

So powerfull was he in popular affection, which he perceiving, stayed; and turning himself towards them, with tears in his eyes and his Hat in his hands, more like an humble Suppliant, then a regall Ruler, he made a sign for audience; which granted, he mildly after some few sighs said,

What moves my fast friends, loving favourites, and more then dear Counntry-men, to this threatning mutiny? What disturbs your quiet peace, or what seek you by the hurtfull Arms? Do you want a Prince? Why the *Dolphin*, your liege Lord (for ought any knows) liveth, and the Princess his apparent Heir is not dead.

Doth any usurp your rights, or oppress you with wrongs? Why Justice shall give to every one his own, and I am here ready to shed my bloud in your behalfs. Or doth the bare suppose of your Soveraigns death, thus untimely move you to create, and invest a new, because *Mal-Fiance* is returned without his Lord? A project, trust me, that will bring forth some notable deceitfull design.

If needs he must be dead, because none can hear tell that he is alive; Why then should he not be as well living, because here no one knows that he is dead? But admit, that our sins have (which God forbid) deprived us of him, doth it follow, that the ambitious *Dolphin's*, or that degenerat

Baſtard *Maligne*, ſhould ſucceed him? What though *Vienna* be a priſoner to her Fathers will, and my faith muſt keep her ſtill a thrall to his ſeverity? yet the Father dying, the Daughters bonds are broken, I diſcharged, and you tyed to inthronize her for your lawfull Princeſs.

Why then ſhould there be any ſuch diſparity of minds, or diverſity of affections amongſt you, ſince you are all ſubjects born to one end, and *Viennoians* ſworn to one right? What ſhall become of this Principality, when thoſe that ſhould unite themſelves to maintain the Weal-publique; do thus divide themſelves, to overthrow the Publique-Weal? Know you not, that by thus banding your ſelves, you do altogether abandon your ſelves?

Will not your inſulting, and incroaching Neighbours (the proud *Savonians*) our inveterate and irreconciliable enemies, take advantage of your weakning of your own ſtrengths, enter forcibly upon your rights, diſpoſſeſſe you of your Habitations, and make you Aliens to your Inheritances? Yes, yes, be you aſſured, that hatred amongſt friends, gives ever ſuccour to ſtrangers; and that Civill Wars within you, will bring Forrain Wars upon you.

Look on the *Delphis*, of whom I am loath to ſpeak ill, yet in this, I know not how to ſpeak well. Doth not her unwatted corruption, and pride ſhew, that ſhe loves a Pallace better then her Paradiſe? that thinks by ſhameſull rebellion, to make her ſelf a ſinfull Queen?

Know you not, that they that are ſo greedy, ſo unlawfully to get, will be ever as ready to do wrong? What colour of claim can ſhe have, that is neither royalized by propagation, nor extract from Princely or Noble bloud? She had no authority given her in his Highneſs rule; nor hath ſhe any left her at his departure.

It is, I ſee, only her pride, that can ſuffer no equall; and *Maligne's* ambition, that can brook no Superiour: two Fire-brands that burnt up *Romes* moſt glorious Monarchy. O let them both then fall in their pride, that ſeek ſo unjuſtly to fly, before they have wings; and waſh not your eyes, and hands, like Eavy

in

in one anothers fall. In perſiſting to maintain evill, *Maligno* doth condemn himſelf; otherwiſe, he would not ſeek to obtain that with bloud and ſhame, which he can neither get, nor keep, without ſinne and death. In all the Scriptures, there was but one ſole Baſtard (only *Jephtha*) that did come to any good; and yet he had the mark of the Curſe: for his all-onely Daughter was moſt ſorrowfully ſacrificed for her great Fathers offence; And this was but to ſhew, that there is no perpetuity, nor long proſperity, in hateſull and condemned baſtardy. And will you then make the corrupt and curſed ſeed, and excrement of ſinne, your unlawfull Prince? that by all divine, nature, and nationall Laws, hath no inheritance on Earth, and whom the Jews counted as no part of their Congregation.

If the Father be an Adulterer, and the Mother a Fornicator, the Son muſt in reaſon be a bad liver, and a wicked Governeur.

For he that is born in double ſinne, muſt of likelyhood in nature, be both ſubject to many faults, and guilty of many offences. And how can polluted hands make foul Veſſels clean? or how can he that is but the Son of the People, be the Son of the *Dolphin*? The Mothers acknowledgment, and proteſtation, is no proof; that ever fathers them on thoſe that can beſt maintain them. She cannot be true to one, that is untrue to her ſelf; Corruption will ſtill break out there, where it is once ſcttered. How then can you affect the Son of ſhame, or without ſhame, yield your ſelves ſubject to the Son of a ſtrumpet? If his deſire be beyond his merit and reach, let him fall beſides his hopes, and receive juſt guerdon for his deſerts.

As for the vertuous Princeſs, whoſe right I reverence, and whoſe worth I admire, Let her yet remain (though with better reſpect) where ſhe is.

For it is not good over-ſuddainly to open a wound, that hath bin long cloſed up.

The greateſt right, may do the moſt wrong, and the omiſſion of a good action, is no ſinne; when it cannot be done without committing of ſinne. I have ſworn to her Father, and would be found faithfull to my Lord; I affect not go-

vernment

vernment: For in this, I am but like the Sun that carryes his Lanthorn for others, and not for himself. It is better to be doubtfull, then over-credulous; and the uncertainty of his death is no warrant for my discharge, nor your disobedience. There is time for all things, and the *Moon* that is not yet risen, may rise, and shine in full glory, though now she be eclipsed. What more would you have, or what further (O you fond *Viennenians*) do you endeavour to affect? Will you turn Traytors to your Lord, rip up your own bowels, make your wives widows, and your children fatherless, and helpless? Will you put fire to your own houses, possess your foes with your wives, and wealths, see your daughters deflowred, and make an utter devastation of your Country?

Alass! I see your wilfulness betrayes your wits, and draws on your overthrows into your Enemies tryumphs; and grief makes me to shed tears of bloud for your own purchased destructions.

Let me at last, O let me in love, and tender care of your welfares, dehort you from wounding of your selves, and leave these ill presaging jars amongst you; and like birds of one fleck fly together: Maintain your sacred Oaths, for preservation of your Soveraigns right, till better assurance acquit you from your obliged faiths. To hasten the knowledge whereof, I will wing many Messengers with speed, to enquire, and learn what is become of our Soveraign Lord; with that the tears did trickle down his face, which struck such a compassionate regard in all their hearts, that being before made sensitive of their errours, and now fully satisfied, and reclaimed by his tongue of perswasion, they joyfully threw up their Hats, and some lifting him up, cryed, God save the *Dolphin*, and the Lord *Vray Esperance*, under whose Governments we will only live.

Thus did his pleasing words, powerfull authority, mild behaviour, refined and probable reasons, and subtilized distinction allay the force of the approaching storm, and gave such contentment to all, that every one departing in love, brought home peace to their Neighbours.

Thus

Thus did this noble Governour (like a good and skilfull Muſician) ſet all this jarring diſcord in a good and true tune; which ſo croſt the hateſull hopes of malicious *Maligne*, that failing of native ſtrength and rebellious forces to dignifie his ill-dignities; he ſuddenly fled unto the Savoy Duke, to require forraign aid to royallize his proud baſeneſſe. Such was his aſpiring wrath, that it had no mean, and ſuch his Treaſon that it had no end.

Fear now made him doubt the rigour of law, that before would have been ſubject to no law: and therefore did he in ſuch unſtable waters, and threatning winds, ſeek for more powerfull eares; which the ſubtile Duke well perceiving, thought to feed on him, as *Pharohs* leane Kine did on the fat.

But before he went, he adviſed thereof with his politick and ſworn confederate friend, *Monſieur Meſchant*, whoſe falſe ſemblable minds, ever made ſuch a full connexion of wills betwixt them, as what the one perniciouſly contrived, the other moſt traiterouſly put in practiſe.

And therefore *Meſchant* ſeeing him already over the ſhooes in danger, perſwaded him to wade up to the chin: For, ſaid he, there can never be any perill in the adventure, where the Foord promiſeth ſo good a paſſage. Danger now only dwels at home, and the Savoy Duke may both fortifie your hope, and raiſe your fortunes. Offer him but intereſt in the *Dolphin*, and you ſhall find that his avarice and pride, will in that hope greedily work on our broken and diſturbed ſtate. So then happily with ſpeed, and moſt powerfully and ſucceſſively; may you return, and as prevailent may your ſucceſſe be, as your going is moſt pertinent. And therewithal, he took a ſheet of clean paper, and laying both ſides ſtraight together, he cut divers rowes through them both; and after cutting them a ſunder, he kept the one halfe himſelf, and gave the other, ſaying:

By this, and through this, ſhall you (without either danger to me, or perceivance of any other) ſtill know what is here done, and what I would have you further to do. For

 though

though I writ my Letters directly, and moſt diſtaſtfully againſt your Apoſtacy, and combination with the publique foe, and adviſe you to betray that noble Duke, (which for ſafety I muſt ſtill do, leſt in the portage or otherwiſe, my Letters ſhould miſcarry) yet ſhall you at all times unmask my intended intelligence, and find out both my fallacy, and true inſtructions, if you but take this your cut pattern, and lay it on my Letter, where you ſhall plainly, and formally read through the ſame, no more, then what I purpoſely in truth do write unto you, and would willingly enfeoffe you with. In like manner (as I will teach you) may you ſafely by the ſame illuſion, certifie me of all your projects and deſigns.

Maligno thanked him, prayed his remembrance thereof, and ſo bad him farewell. For fear ſent him poſt away, and hope gave him ſuch ſpeed, and in ſhort time he came to the Dukes Court, where after he had moſt reſpectively ſaluted him he related how that the *Dophin* his father was dead, and that the L. *Vray Eſperance* affecting government, moſt ambitiouſly ſought to retain his uſurped rule.

That the Princeſſe *Vienna* was in priſon unregarded of all; and that he had himſelf many ſtrong and aſſured favourites, that would ſtand for his fortune. In furtherance whereof he was come to pray his aſſiſtance, and for guerdon thereof, he would intereſt him in that half of *Dolphin*, that lay next unto him.

Thus did he ſeek his own ruine with great labour, and buy repentance with bloudy coſt. Thus did he make himſelf a bridg for the incroaching Duke to enter upon his Country: and this gap did he open that the *Savonian* forces might like an inundation ſubmerg and overwhelm both himſelf, and the whole body of the State.

For the Duke, who ever wayted on opportunity, and ſtill watched how the Market went, finding now the Mine diſcovered; he thought good to make profit thereof, and to take the benefit of the Tide, while the floud ſerved. And therefore he embraced the perſon, for the occaſion, and promiſing him

him help (but with *Indas* subtilty to make himself rich) he leavyed forty thousand men well appointed, with whom, with all affected expedition, he instantly in person, went to fish in *Venois* troubled water, without making a Conscience of thrusting his Sickle into anothers Harvest. The opinion of possibility so redoubled his unbounded desires, that he thought that time too long, that he spent in going. But it had been better for him with the *Tortoise*, to have kept his head within his own shell, then by seeking so abroad to raise his fortunes out of anothers ruines.

For that carefull Shepheard, the ever watchfull Governour) being now summoned by wastfull Warre, to defend both his Flock and his Fold, stood not like a doubtfull Chyrurgion, to consult of the ripenesse of the sore; but like an expert Captain (that at the first) would prevent fury by force) he suddenly raised 3000. men, whom in pride of his aged age he himself led into *Dolphin* to encounter with the injurious and intruding Duke.

Now *Mescant* hearing that the Duke and *Maligne*, were entred into *Dolphin*, and seeing the present preparation, and hasty march that the governour now made against them; He instantly writ unto *Maligne* thereof, and thus deceitfully disguised his subtile intelligences.

My Lord, your speed to ruine *I applaud, and I joy in your* approaching fall: which I wish, if you seek to waste your Native and distressed Country with Forraigne *strength. The terrour of* Warre, you, *your Suvonian*

forces hath yet known. But be you assured, that God will confound those, that strive to dispossesse others of their rights. War never yet *appaled the hearts of the* true and valiant *Viennonians: Our Governor is* wise, powerfull and practive in Martiall discipline; His Allies great, his adherers many, and his followers nothing *fearfull of the event*; *and* though his Army *cannot make* 30000. *strong*, yet hath he leavied many more Troops, which are now marching on apace to his ayd. Betray that hatefull Duke, and *you shall find many* that yet are your *harmlesse enemies, and some* that will in that merit procure your pardon. Trust not a Forraign Conqueror; For he will be absolute, and remove you and your *assured friends*. *Loose no* occasion, nor *time in giving battell*, wherein you may best work their overthrow, and redeem your lost Honour. Be secret in your intended stratagems, *lest you find more* hazard, and *resistance, by greater* and more dangerous opposition. If you will repair your fortunes, send me like notice thereof, and you shall be secured by our *supplies*. *Bend your forces* chiefly *against the Generall. For* dead men bite not. It matters not how, so it be well done, Take but away the chieftain, and the Army will scatter, For *in his fall, the field is* lost, and the honour *yours, Farewell*.

MESCHANT.

Thus in a fair cup of gold did this pestiferous *Meschant* utter his hidden poyson; And under the apparent shew of honest loyalty, did he give both treacherous intelligence, and dangerous instructions to the hostile enemy. For *Maligne* upon the receit of this Letter, laid his patern thereon, and so read his subtil and cloked advertisements through the same, as by laying down, and covering this his Letter, with this exampled pattern, you may plainly perceive.

By this time had the *Dolphin*, and Sir *Strap* (after teadious travail) recovered *Marcelles* in *Provence*, through which

which they past unknown into *Dolphin*; where the *Dolphin* finding his Country, in his declining days, covered over with Campes, Carriages, barbed Horses, and armed Souldiers; he amazedly asked, and asking learned, the unexpected cause thereof; which made him beway his sinister fortunes, and envy no little against that impious abject, his accursed supposed Sonne. Grief now made him weep at his Countries calamity, and fear made him doubt his own deprivation. The Harvest of his sin, yielded him now more increase of woes; then the lusts of his youth affordled him pleasures. But how should (said the sorrowfull *Dolphin*) he that is begotten in my full sin, and born in his own shame; live without doing villany, or dy without making mischief? If his being be from me, why then should he seek to take from me my being?

And if he be none of mine, what then hath he to do with it, which is mine? but he is not mine, but the Son of iniquity, and scorn of nature; and therefore knows neither his shameless self, nor his sinfull father.

I nourished him (as a Snake) in the bosome of my love, and now he would sting me to death, in the poyson of his hate.

O how just are the judgments of God, that pays our amiss, in the amiss of our offences, and makes our wicked pleasures our just punishments!

In this bemoaning fury, did he call for vengeance to be powred down on *Maligne*; which *Sirap* seeing, could not but grieve at his sad lamentations, though otherwise he rejoyced, that occasion presented unto him both a means to shew there his prowess; and a way to make his Country indebted to his valour. For (as a stranger) he knew he should win honour, and after gain (being made known) more respect. The wrath of War he did not fear, nor made he any doubt of his Countries safety.

And therefore he cheatfully commanded *Bonfoy* to comfort the distressed *Dolphin*, and to assure him, that the God of the *Viennians* had brought him thither, in justice, both to punish the treachery of his degenerate Son; and also to correct the in-

insulting pride of the intruding Duke; in both whose ambitious bloods, he vowed to bath his revengefull Sword, and by force of the *Viennonian* forces, to overthrow all the *Savonians*, Only entreat him to take up the heat of his indignation in the embers, and to keep himself unknown that thereby he might receive a true try all of his subjects forces, and fidelities; and the easier escape, and support himself after, with forraign supplyes, if the *Viennonians* should unhappily bee vanquisht.

As for himself, he would (when they were hotteſt in battell) suddenly thrust himself amongst them, where he would write such Tragedies in his enemies blood, that weeping repentance should teach them, what it is, to invade anothers right, and to displant the true Vine. His Highneſſe and *Bonfoy*, I would have them like two peaceable Pilgrims, to stand safely aloof, and to view the hazard of the game, till the last chance be cast, and then secretly to convey themselves to some cave in the near adjoyning Wood, whither in the darke of night I will undescryed repaire, and further consult what after will bee done.

To this the animated *Dolphin* subscribed. For in his vernous valour, and practive knowledge did he build his new raised hope; and on his unresistable force, and most fortunate atchievements did his comfort depend.

Now *Sirep* having about him his never failing Semitar, wherewith he vanquisht *Thirbolent the fierce*, and being furnisht with the Shield, and armour, that he forceably took from the Captaine of the Pyrats in the *Affrick* Seas; he made all things in readineſſe, and instantly sent *Bonfoy* to the next Town with his Shield, to cause a Painter to draw on it a disturbed waved Sea, and in the middest thereof a crowned *Dolphin*, driving other Fishes before him, and striking many under the waves with his tayl, with this Impreſſe under. *Crowned to Conquer.*

Thus did the *Dolphins* unknowne Knight, in honour of the *Dolphin*, make himself the Knight of the *Dolphin*. But by this time the two Armies, marching both on, affron-

ted

ted each other in sight, which made the *Savoy* Duke to make a stand, and to set his men in good array of battell, which he divided into two parts. The first were his troops of Horse, which he assigned to be conducted by the Bastard *Maligne*. The other, consisting of Foot, he led himself.

In this equipage he soberly marcht, till he came to a spacious Plain, neer to *Andre*, where he preparedly stay'd the comming on of the *Viennonians*, who being well marshelled in one mean Battell, Cresat-wise, with two wings of Horse on either side, came on a pace, by the Command of their good Generall the Lord *Vray Esperance*; unto whom, honour gave spurs; his place, faithfulness; and the love of his Country, courage.

Maligne heartned on the Duke with the false assurance of the *Viennonians* revolt, and the hope to incorporate that Principality to his own, haled him on the more to that bloudy bargain. For the charge being given, Desire and Revenge encountred each other with such fury, that the Battell was long in suspence, Victory inclining to neither side, till at last, the Troop of the *Savonian* Horses disranked both the Wings of the *Viennonians*, and brake in upon the Squadron of the Foot, with such violence, that they began to flagger and give back. When the all-valorous, and invincible *Sirap*, the Knight of the *Dolphin*, came fortunately in, who finding where danger dwelled most, there he oppoled himself, and like to a suddain Tempest, bare down all before him. His desire to approve himself in his countries defence, and his implacable wrath against those, that sought to defeat *Vienna* of her right, and to defraud him of the comfort of his hope, made his blows fall like thunder, and his sword to cut like the Executioners Ax.

None could stand before him, nor durst there any come neer him; which so encouraged the disheartned remainder of the *Viennonian* Cavalry, that they ranked themselves again, and came up to second him.

This fresh, and new assault, disordered and dismayed the *Savonian* troops, who now fought fearfully and confusedly; which

which *Maligne* perceiving, purposely and fatally brought up all his forces, and begirt him round, thinking so to end the battell by making ann end of him, that both had ended so many of their lives, and onely maintained the battell. In this danger, did the undanted Knight of the *Dolphin* fight so long, that his horse was slain under him, which he with great agillity wel and quickly avoyded, and being on foot, perceived his other self, his entire deer friend *La-nova* (whom he knew by his coat-armor) to lye in the dust.

This sight was such an alarum to waken revenge, that he grew now more furiously wrathfull, and more irefully impatient then before, and being desirous to recover his body, he desperately strid over him, and like valiant *Hector* amidst the begirting *Myrmidons*, he stood to withstand all assaylers. *La-nova* being thus freed from the smothering feet of his enemies, having had time of breathing, came to himself (for he was not mortally wounded) and began to stirre, which being found and perceived by the Knight of the *Dolphin* (maugre all the force of his swarming and pressing foes, hee tooke him up, and bare him to the Lord *Vray Esperance*, unto whom, kissing him oft in manifestation of his love, he delivered him with many speaking signes, that he should be sent safely away.

The Generall who had seen with the eyes of admiration, the incomprehensible force, and unvaluable valour of this unknown Knight, respectively received him, and accordingly sent him to the next Town, and then having already brought up his strength of foot, of purpose to succour the *Dolphin*-Knight, he followed him in his bloudy passage, with intent to horse him again, lest he should miscarry in that perill: In this desire, he came on so furiously fast, that the Savoy Duke, seeing the rage of this tempestuous floud, to over-bear *Malignes* forces, advanced his main battell, and like a terrible storm, fell upon the *Viennenians*. But this lightning lasted not long, for the Knight of the *Dolphin* perceiving that now the dice was cast, and that they both were to avoid their last chance, summoned all his strength together, and in the vigour of his displeased

dis pleased courage, meeting with *Malignes*, he smote him so on his Burganet, that he fell'd him sore wounded to the earth, where being no respite for rescue, he was smothered, and troden to death.

Thus dy'd the spawn of sin, in sinfull shame,
Ill was he got, lewd his life, bad his name,

Now notwithstanding, the withstanding *Savonians*, the Knight of the *Dolphin* took *Malignes* Horse, and in despite of all interruption, he lightly mounted on him, and with his confounding sword he made such a slaughter, that he found little resistance.

This remarkable act gave not only fresh hope, but new life to *Esperance*, who wondred not so much at who he was, as at what he did, and yet he thought he must be more then a man, that did more then a man could doe. But the doubtfull *Dolphin* standing all this while aloof, joyfully beholding the heroicall deeds of his second Saviour, said to *Bonfoy*, that *Sirap's* valour was beyond all apprehension, his courage above all conceit, his puissance more then humane, and his deeds surmounting all opinion.

By him, said he, I have my second being; and by him I see, I shall be still a Prince; O would, and as he would have proceeded further, he made a stay to behold the distempered Duke, who seeing his men discomfited and slain, most by this alone Knight, came in with a troop of reserve, whom he had commanded to unite all their forces together, and bend themselves wholly for the taking or killing of this unknown *Hercules*, the most redoubted Knight of the *Dolphin*; but costly experience made them loath to come so near him, as to hurt him, least breaking the rule of pitty, they should be guilty of their owne deaths.

Yet in some presumption both of their number and Armour, they faintly assaulted him to their repenting detriments.

In this fresh conflict the Knight of the *Dolphins* Beaver was broken, and fell downe, which much more advantaged

then endammaged, or endangered him. For the Enemies seeing his black hew, and his wrathfull eyes (being then kindled a new with anger) shining like fire, were suddainly appaled with such dread and fearfull amazement, that (holding him rather an infernall spirit, then a mortall man) they began to recoil and to fly from him like a great Covy of frighted Partridges, from the first pursuit of a fierce Faulcon; whereupon he flourished his Conquering sword, and cried out in Greek, Victory, Victory, and then followed them with such raging fury, that he hewed out his way in blood, till he encountred that proud invading Duke, whom he knew by his rich Armour, and thinking now to make an end of both him and the battel at once, he lifted up his controuling and quelling arm, and so enragedly smote him on the side of his helmet, that neither the steel, nor the temper, could secure him from that fatal and inevitable blow but as all men fall, that seek to build their fortunes upon others ruines; so fell he now (in the height of his hope) breathlesse to to the ground. Then began the *Savonians* to fly on all hands, and light unharnessed legs were better then wel approved arms. Most of them were slain, few escaped, the rest were taken prisoners,

Night drawing on the Generall, the Lord *Vray Esperance* commanded to sound the Retrait. But the Knight of the *Dolphin* purposely pursued the Chase, that in the darknesse of night he might the better convay himself away, and undiscovered go (as he did) to the Wood, where the *Dolphin* joyfully attended him: And no sooner did he see him, but that with teares of joy, that in tryumph, trickled down his cheeks, he hasted to embrace him, and impalling him within the circuit of his armes, he held him fast, his tongue failing to be messenger of his thankfull heart, For in this passion,

Love clipt him fast, true Comfort held him long;
Joy could not speak, for Wonder had no tongue.

But

But after his full heart had a little enjoyed it ſelf, and ſomwhat digeſted his ſurfeit of joy. Then, thea, his tongue was enabled to applaud his victory; and he both crowned his proweſſe with loud reſounding praiſes, and gave him more then many thanks for his moſt glorious and happy labours; And now with more regard, did he not onely induſtriate himſelf to do him all the kind Offices of love, but alſo humbly offered to unarm him, which in no wiſe *Sinap* would permit, but wearied with that dayes travell, he betook himſelf to his reſt; where his reſtleſſe thoughts began a new Warre betwixt his deſire and determination: fain would he haue ſeen her, whom he loved more then his life, and yet to deliberate well on things profitable, he held to be a moſt prouident delay.

At laſt he reſolved to keep himſelf, and them unknown for ſome few dayes, that the Country might be ſetled in peace, and he ſee what courſe would be held both for *Vienna* and for the government. In the interim he might the better conclude with himſelf about his own affairs. O noble, noble *Paris*, more noble then thoſe that are enabled with flattering, and fading titles. How loving art thou true? How truly wiſe, and vertuous; that not onely canſt without pride conquer thy foes; but alſo without folly (beyond nature) command to own and decreſt affections.

If that wanton *Trojan* had had the like ſympathy of mind and the ſame ſtable ſincerity of heart, as he had the likeneſs and unity of thy name, *Troy* had been unconquered, and he had lived longer, & in greater glory. But let us return to the Lord *Vray Eſperance*, who after the overthrow and ejectment of the *Savonians*, had poſting news brought him, that the malitious and imperious *Dolphinis*, upon notice of the victory, fell ſuddenly dead. She could live no longer, that had no hope to rule any longer; Her pride and Soveraignty could neither brook ſubjection, nor endure controlement; Beſides the guilt of her own evil, proclaimed her death; and the fear of looſing her life, was the loſſe of her life.

Such is the nature of greatneſſe, that but croſt in their ambitious

bitious courſes, they ſhrink under the weight of their owne burthenous pride.

But her remove, moved not ſo much the good Governor, as the miſſe of their glorious preſerver, that invincible & all admirable Knight of the *Dolphin*, that to their amazement had ſo oft relieved their weakned forces, reſcued their fainting endangered friends, repuls'd their oppreſſing enemies, ſlain moſt of their beſt Commanders, danted the whole army, and at two blows, overthrown and killed the Malignant *Maligne*, and the proud ambitious Duke, that potent Generall.

Then he cauſed inquiſition to be made throughout all his Territories after him, and rich rewards promiſed to him, that could or ſhould give knowledge of him: but no one could ſhew what he was or where he was: only ſome declared, that his Beaver being broken in battell, they ſaw his face as black as darkneſſe, and his eyes as bright as fire; which made the Governour doubtfull whether he were a man, that did more then many men; or no man that could not be ſubdued by an hoaſt of men; or that the all-mercifull God in favour of their diſtreſſed right, had ſent ſome of his correcting Miniſters, to chaſten and powre vengeance on the hateſull heads of their unjuſt foes.

But the War being thus ended, peace called a councell for the further eſtabliſhing of tranquillity; And the conſideration of theſe bloody jars cor demned poor *Mal-Fiance* to dy, not only for leaving his Lord, and being unable to give an account of his Soveraigns life; but alſo for being the firſt cauſe of perturbation in the State and afeer of forraign invaſion.

The loſs of ſo many of their lives, made them all thirſt after his; To haſten which, they brought him the next day to the place of execution, where happily the *Dolphin*, and *Sirap*, with his man *Bonſoy*, came by all in Pilgrims gownes, as they were (by agreement) going to the City; who ſeeing and underſtanding the cauſe of that Aſſembly, withdrew themſelves, and upon ſhort conſideration, they ſent *Bonſoy* to the Governour (who needs would be there to hear his laſt Confeſſion) that he might learn ſomewhat concerning his belo-

ved

loved Lord. Of him did *Bonfoy*, (knowing now the cauſe) in the name of his Maſter, the Knight of the *Dolphin*, require that *Mal Fiance* ſhould be delivered unto him; which granted, he would undertake to bring them to the *Dolphin*.

In aſſurance whereof, he (unfolding his Gown) tendered the honor of his Maſters ſhield, as a pledge for his performance which when the Lord *Vray Eſperance* ſaw, he knew it by the deviſe thereon, to be the ſame, that the Knight of the *Dolphin* carried in battell, and therefore he joyfully took it, and kiſſing it reverently ſaid; That that remarkable badge of his all-vertuous, and moſt glorious worth, (beſides the glad tidings he delivered of their gracious Lord) was more then ſufficient, to redeem a world of lives; And therefore preſenting *Mal Fiance* unto him, he prayed that they might both ſee the *Dolphin*, and the *Dolphin* Knight, whom next to the *Dolphin*, both he, and all the *Viennonians*, did, and would ever honour, as their ſole and only preſerving Patron; And then taking his Chain from about his neck, he gave it him, ſaying: Let this be a witnes of my grateſulnes, and truly tel thee with what true joy I entertain, thy welcome tydings.

Bonfoy humbly thanked his honour, and requeſted him, that he would be pleaſed to ſee how he beſtowed *Mal Fiance*, whom he brought unto the other two Pilgrims, that were walking a little aſide from them, But when the *Dolphin*, had diſcovered himſelf unto him, *Mal Fiance* fell down at his feet for mercy, & riſing, threw up his Hat into the ayr, and cryed aloud, the *Dolphin*, the *Dolphin*, God ſave my Lord the *Dolphin*.

This unexpected, and moſt fortunate accident, made all the company at the hearing thereof, to ſhowt for joy: And the good *Vray Eſperance* haſtily lighting from his Horſe, fell upon his knee, and kiſſing his hand ſayd; Long may my Liege Lord the *Dolphin* live. Whereat the *Dolphin* rayſing him, embraced him, and told him, that as his loyalty, was crowned with renown, ſo would he adde honour, and reward to his vertues. But forget not, ſayd he, my Lord,

to welcome this noble and heroicall *Moor*, the thrice worthy Knight of the *Dolphin*, that both hath preserved me from death and thraldom, and delivered you and my Country, from our oppressing foes. O with what joy, and astonishment, did then this loyall rejoycing Lord hasten to kneel unto him: For though he held him lesse then a God, yet he thought he could not be, but more then a man: *Sirap* staying him, greeted him with all the demonstrations of love, and reverent respect.

This done, they mounted both the *Dolphin* and this magnificent *Moor*, who needs would ride bare-fac'd in their Pilgrim-Gowns through the city; *Mal-Fiance* waited on the *Dolphins* stirop, and *Bonfoy* manly carried his Masters Shield before him, and after went the *L. Vray Esperance*, with all the rest of their retinue.

Now their approach was no sooner known in *Vienna*, but that they knew their welcomes by their rejoycing bels, stately bone-fires, and triumphing hearts.

Hardly could they passe for presse of people, still they came running to see them, especially the Knight of the *Dolphin*, whom they admired for his fame, honored for his great atchievements and lov'd for their protection. *Sirap* seemed much to admire the French, whom the French themselves did more then admire.

But in viewing the whole Troop, his observing eye, light by chance on his fast friend *La-nova*, at which sight, he sighed, yet thought himself happy in the sight. Thus rode they one triumphant in themselves, and honoured of all. At length they came to the Pallace gate, where dismounting themselves, the *Dolphin* now happy in being the *Dolphin*, could not but shed swelling teares, in tender remembrance of his too well beloved wife.

But as the Generall of an Army, buries all the remembrance of his friend, in the pride and tryumph of his Conqueft: so did the *Dolphin*'s freedom from many perills, and the attainment to his near lost principallity, extinguish all sorrow and memory of the dead *Dolphinis*. So that wiping his eyes

eyes, he turned himself towards *Sirap*, and embracing him, said,

Most worthy Knight and my dearest friend, welcome to my Court, to my self, and all that is mine: This Pallace, my Country, and I, are all at your disposse; For so in my particular obligation, and by your meritorious and pleading deserts, am I bound unto you: And longer may I not enjoy, what I now possesse, then you shall find my promises full laden with rich performance. And be further assured, that as I onely live by your love, and reigne altogether by your valour, so will I ever owe you fealty for my life, and still doe you homage for my Crown.

Sirap understanding thus much by *Bonfoy*, returned him humble thanks for his so gratefull and high esteem, both of himselfe, and his poore endevours, with protestation that hee never wished, nor expected so great and undeserved guerdons; but still held himself most indebted unto his own desires, to do him all further possible service.

This interchange of kindnesses, gave contentment to them both, and was most pleasing to the *Dolphin*, who yet fed so on his fresh feeling happinesse, that he gave in charge that all his Subjects should honour *Sirap* as himself, and hold his will, as the will of their Lord; For so (he said) is your Lords will, that next to the Lord of Hoasts, holds his life and living of him.

Then told he them, how, and with what hazard of his life, he had redeemed him from most base bondage, and cruell death: How he had left many Heathen honours, to honour him, then greatly dishonoured; and how he had protected him at Sea from danger of Pyrats: and lastly established him in his Regalty, in despight of his foes. And therefore many, and sundry were the Tryumphs that now were ordained for him: but more then many, were the severall thoughts that afflicted his doubtfull mind: *Vienna* he thought had cause to condemne him, since affection ever thinkes all times of stay too long, that hangs on desert: *Lanova* he knew would rebuke him for violating the sacred lawes of friendship in his conceale-

ments

ment: and his reverend Father might well queſtion his breach of love and duty, that ſo refuſed to ſhew himſelf a ſon. One while he was ready to embrace *Lasnovia*, another time to run to *Vienna*, and by and by he was ready preſt to fal on his knees to Sir *Jaques*.

Now did he pitty diſtreſſed *Vienna* (who in all theſe alterations was neither moved nor removed,) Then did he fear her liberty, ſince her Father had no feeling of her calamity. Thus dubiouſly perplexed in mind, he ſadly ſate, unregarding regarding, the continuing and maintaining juſts, untill the *Dolphin*, judging of his ſtormy thoughts, by his clouded countenance, thus awaked him by his interpreter.

What think'ſt, ſaid he, my beſt worthy friend of our French Knights? and how ſtands our Court ſports with your liking? *Sirap*, whoſe Martiall mind was now mollify'd with milder and calmer thoughts, by his man thus anſwered. As Knights of of good regard, I regard your Knights; and as noble befitting ſports, I commend your Heroicall paſtimes. All doth well, and well doth it ſtand with your Highneſſe that hath Knights that can do ſo well.

But the juſts being ended, the *Dolphin* that had read his diſcontentment in the deep characters of his face (for the countenance oft ſhewes the affects and paſſions of the heart) took him by the hand, and privately led him into a fair-tapiſtred gallery, hanged with moſt artificiall pictures of greateſt Monarchs, where he thus againe aſſayed to find the cauſe of his diſturbance.

Let not (ſaid he any doubt diſmay my lifes preſerver, nor let any remembrance of your laſt and loſt honours work in you any repenting humour, ſince *Viennus Dolphin* is both willing and ready, both to accompliſh your demand, and to honour you with all Dginities. What pleaſeth *Sirap*, pleaſeth the *Dolphin*, and nothing ſhall content the *Dolphin*, but what ſhall well like *Sirap*. Then ask my Lord, and be Lord of your asking. *Sirap* thus kindly intreated and encouraged, lowly humbled himſelf, and by *Bonfoy* thus replyed.

Know moſt renowned, and thrice worthy Prince, that doubtfull

doubtfull ſuſpition harbours not in noble hearts: nor think I once of honours change. Your covenanted promiſe exiles that doubt, and the effect of my requeſt, is the honour that beſt will pleaſe my mind.

Then let me ſhew, and ſhewing crave, both what troubleth your ſervant, and what he now (in all humility) demands for his conditioned gift, not affecting honours, the worlds fading glory: nor coveting riches, mans pleaſing evill; but ſeeking contentment in loves felicity, I aske, claime, and require, your daughter my Lord, for my wife, and a wife for my reward. The renown of her attractive vertues, and the vertue of her moving perfections, hath by report ſo captivated my freeſt thoughts ſince my comming to *Viennois*, that wondring at her Fame, I am wounded with Fancy, and my deſire is to ſee and applaud her excellencies. Then let it not ſeem ſtrange unto you, that unſeen perfections have thus wrought unknown paſſions, ſince the ear is as well ſubject to conceit, as the eye is pliant to affection.

The *Dolphin*, whoſe unnaturall and impenitrable heart felt no longer remorce of her endured miſery, then whileſt hee was himſelf in miſery; and who was no ſooner free, but that he freed his remorced thoughts, from all thought of remorce: In ſo much, that looking neither after her impriſonment, nor his own poſterity, he in his ever-awfulneſſe ſhewed himſelf now rather an unrelenting Tyrant, then a chaſtiſing Father. But now thus urged by *Sirap* (whoſe warranted demand, and higheſt deſerts, might well challenge an abſolute grant) he herein (ſtill diſcontented) thus contented *Sirap*.

Nothing I ſee (right noble, valiant, and moſt meritorious *Moore*) ſeemeth worſe to love, then to preferre any thing before it ſelfe; For cloathe Deſire in plates of burniſh'd Gold, and Deſire will ſhiver all for colde; and fill affections purſe with treaſure, and fancy wanting contentment will ſtarve for hunger: ſo that nothing can ſatisfie Love, but love. Your deſerts might well have challenged my Principallity for your due, my Dignities for your right,

and all my treasure for your own. But all these I see suffice not; because they satisfie not; And to ask you why, is to ask one half pyned why he is hungry.

You love my Lord, you love but whom? my daughter; yea that is my grief; Not that you love her, unworthy your love but that I cannot give you her more then worthy her. For such I swear (by the eternall and my all-preserving God) hath been and yet is, the undutifull, and most obstinate will of my too disobedient and degenerate daughter, that never yet, nor yet ever could I, or shall I (I fear) perswade, intreat, or enforce her to consent to any, in royall rank, worth or Majesty suitable to herself.

For many times many powerfull Princes, that sued for her favour, she hath both carelessly disrespected, and scornfully refused; And as many times, many times, hath she therein my will disobeyed, and contemned. Not regarding her renown, shining in their glory. Nor respecting my contentment nor progeny, eclipsed both in her, neglect of me, and in her afforded favour to her far inferiours, which caused me in justice to punish her hatefull disobedience with imprisonment, and yet in nature to bewail her imprisonment, though enforced by Justice, Where I left her, there (so you please) may you find her, a prisoner to her will, that will not yet submit her self to my will; and therefore by my will; worthily chastised without offence to nature.

For where nature, offendeth law, there law may justly be executed on Nature. Assay her (most worthy of all worth) and put in ballance your fortune with your fancy, and if your hap may drown her favor, you shall redouble the smal remainder of my aged dayes, and well satisfie the justice of my displeasure, with the honour of your desired affinity. All my right is yours; your demand, my consent, and my consent a full fathers grant. *Sirap* acknowledging this his so great bounty, gave him more thankes then if he had presently intituled and invested him in the Principallity of *Viennois*: Yet said he, it seems not over-strange to me, nor should it be so offensive to your Highnesse, that one so enriched by Nature

ture, ſo admired for vertue, and ſo endowed by fortune, ſhould her ein againſt all nature, ſo reſiſt the law of nature; ſince fancy is altogether guided by Deſtiny; and Love is neither ſubject to duty nor reaſon. Then ſeeing that love yeeldeth neither reaſon of choiſe nor change; I will leave to reaſon further of it, and adventure once to carry up a diſh to *Venus* table, that never yet ſerved in her Court.

The *Dolphin*, glad that his demand, was of no greater conſequence, ſecretly ſmiled at his ſimplicity, that neglecting honours higheſt advancements, onely contented himſelf with the naked hope of impoſſible favors.

But Sir *Sirap* being more aſſured then the *Dolphin* did aſſure himſelf, reſted thankfully contented with the ſame; And the next morning in the pride of his ſecret joy he went unto the Caſtle where (having the *Dolphin's* ſignet, for his warrant) he called for *Vienna*, who fearing ſome ſudden ſtratagem, (for all her hope of welfare was dead) fearefully came to the door, to know the end of her puniſhment. But when *Sirap* ſaw the alteration, that vertuous conſtancy had wrought in her impriſonment, grief ſo attach'd him, that he was more mortified at the ſight, then he was Moorefied in ſight; yet after ſome ſecret digeſted ſighes, he cheared up his ingrieved ſpirit, with the joy he had to ſee her, and thus by his interpreter he ſaluted her.

Our Gods of all happineſs make fair *Vienna* happy in her deſires, and more fortunate in her life. The ſame *Vienna* (*Vienna* ſayd) yeelds you hearty thanks, and prayes that the like content may countervail your well wiſhing. Then ſhall (ſaid he) my love be made immortal in your liberty, and your liberty be purchaſed by my love. *Vienna* abaſh'd at his reyly, replied no further; that grief had no harbor for love, nor love any acquaintance with diſtreſſed *Vienna*.

A noble cauſe, ſaid *Sirap* may yet help to heale a grievous caſe; Then leave theſe forlorn walls, and let not your will make you a priſoner, that may live in my love a Princeſſe. For know (Madam) that your Father being a priſoner in *Babylon*, and allotted there to a moſt baſe and cruell death; I

though by kind an unpassionate Moor, yet (much more then any Moor) pittying the miseryes of others, had such compassion on your Fathers distresse, that growing careleese of my estate (being there then entertained with greatest state) I adventured with great adventure, to acquit him of shamefull bondage, and more cruell death; Conditionally, that upon my arrivall with him in this Country; hee should grant me, without all exception, one gift, that then I should require; which he then ratified by oath in sight of his God, and now hath confirmed it, by will in the presence of his people.

Now Madam, hearing the well worthy renowne of your renowned beauty, though being by Nature fierce, yet subject to affection, I could not but in that frailty, yeeld to human condition. And therefore prizing my content before a Crown, I required your Ladyship for my Wife, which your Father by an Oath hath granted, which you in duty should yeeld unto, and which I in love (if love can merit such happinesse) do deserve, and yet most humbly do request. *Vienna* thus moved, removed thus his flattering and aspiring hope. If, said she, my Father enjoy a second life by your conditionall adventure, you may Presse him to the performance, so farre, as it is in his power to accomplish; more you cannot ask, lesse hee will not perform.

But know, Sir Knight, that love knowes no such paternall law, that never yet was subject to any law. The Father hath but a consent not the choise, in the daughters affections; his free thoughts have no feeling of her conceit; and his mettle mind, and corrupted humors, are oft unpleasing to his childs fancy; Neither stands it with any reason, that he cannot govern his own passions, should commaud others affections. Then must you of necessity, excuse his impossibility, and admit onely of his willingnesse; that can give nought but consent for his larges.

Yet Madam, by your favour (said *Sirap*) stands the daughter bound for her Fathers good, and the guerdon is but

but ungratefull, that is required in contempt. True, ſaid *Vienna*, but every good muſt not be rewarded with the beſt, leſt the beſt want fit requitall for due deſert. Let it then ſuffice, that with thanks I acknowledge your great good, and in any other things will be ready to pleaſure you.

Only in this, pardon me my Lord, for in loves infirmities I have no affinity, A troubled ſoul onely in tears, her comfort ſeeks. It is a heavy comfort, ſaid *Sirap*, that in mourning ſtands, yet, ſaid ſhe, doth the cuſtome of ſorrow leſſen the grief, and it is ſome comfort to be void of all comfort. Diſpair, ſaid *Sirap*, is mother to death, and death not fit companion for beauty. My beauty, ſaid ſhe (poor as it is) hath already bin my bane, and made me moſt unfortunate in my moſt fortunateneſſe.

Why Madam, quoth he, hath your Grace bin deceived? So ſaid ſhe, ſay they that told me ſo. But truth, he replyed, ſtands not on the tongues of men; True, ſhe ſaid, and that is the cauſe why we are deceived by men: you miſtake me much, ſaid *Sirap*: Nay, ſaid ſhe, not miſtaken, but overtaken you in the truth, and ſo ſhe bad him farewell, leaving him tormented in mind, in that he geſt by her laſt words, that ſome one to advantage himſelf, or in malice to him, had wronged him in words: yet could he not but ſmile, to think how his conceit was her deceit.

But leaving her, whom he meant not ſo to leave, but to reaſſay her again, he returned to the *Dolphin*, and told him of his hapleſſe ſucceſſe. Who ſmothering his inward joy, made ſuch ſhew of diſcontentment, that the angry Ocean ſwel'd not as he ſeem'd to ſtorm.

But *Sirap* neither waying his anger, nor her anſwer, all ſmiling, ſaid, that once more he would with *Ixion*, aſſay to embrace *Juno*, and ſee whether in ſhuffling again of the Cards' Fortune would deal him a better game. For he would owe her himſelf, and try whether in his own language he could wean, and win her to his will, which moved great laughter, and miniſtred further occaſion of pleaſant talk. Thus they paſſed for the reſt of the day, untill Supper, which ended, *Sirap*

giving them the good night, went to his Chamber, where calling to mind *Vienna's* words, which in his suppose, argued to report of his disloyalty, which grieved him much that her grief would be redoubled by his never intended falsity, and that he should bee [so] wronged by unwronged, and unknowne men.

But after he had a little fed his sad humor with this deceiving conceit, he determined darkly that dark night to shew his conceit thereon, and to remove that vaile of misdeem that so shadowed the assurance of his faithfulnesse. And therefore furnishing himself with a well tuned lute, in the dead of night, he went alone to the Castle, where close shrowding himself under her window, he sweetly sounding, thus chanted out this irefull song.

SLeep not Revenge, Revenge awake,
awake you irefull spirits all:
All are too few, too few you are,
to plague those tongues, that swim in gall:
Then wake Revenge, Revenge awake.
And blast those tongues that discord make.

Sleeep not Revenge, Revenge awake,
envy my love, from love exhorts:
Report hath wrong'd true Troylus *name,*
and false surmize, in slander sports.
Then wake Revenge, Revenge awake,
And cut those tongues for Plutoes *sake.*

Sleep not Revenge, Revenge awake,
Vertue hath lost her constant mind:
Love lyeth sick in her deceit,

Fancy

Fancy is ſubject to the wind.
And all through hate of ſpitefull tongues,
Then wake Revenge, revenge theſe wrongs.

Awake Revenge, for ſhame awake,
Suſpect hath rob'd content of joy:
Malice hath ſlain deſerved truſt,
and light belief hath bred annoy.
Then wake I ſay, Revenge awake,
And now, O now, revengement take.

Revengement take, take this revenge,
Let baneſull bliſters rot their tongue:
Poyſon their breath, and make them dumb,
and let them live in dying long:
So ſhall Revenge a God be knowne,
When thus Revenge, revenge hath ſhowne.

Vienna hearing this jarring Ditty, wondered what he ſhould be, or what he ſhould mean by this his wrathfull ſong.

At laſt, ſhe ſuppoſed it was *Lasnova*, that in *Paris* behalf thus excuſed his long ſilence & abſence ſo condemned by her; but neither diſcrying him, nor receiving any anſwer from him, ſhe then imagined that he was ſome other, that carryed away with grief & wrong had amongſt other dolefull places, there eaſed himſelf of his woſull burthen, by breathing and oppreſſing out his ſecret ſorrowes.

For it is ſome comfort to find either a companion in grief, or a ſad befitting wretched place, to lament and manifeſt his grief. But greatly diſallowing his uncharitable mind, ſhe all ſighing ſaid

Ce

Ceaſe grieved ſoul, my ſoul grieves at like wrongs,
Yet leave revenge to him revenge belongs.

Sirap perceiving that his ſong rather renewed, then relinquiſhed her of her cauſeleſſe grief, and perſwading himſelf, that her ſtep-mother both in envy of her glory, and in diſdain of him, had at the firſt ſo hardned the heart of her father, that he now altogether forgot (in continuing his rigor) that he was a father; He thought to warble out a more pleaſing note, and to lull her a ſleep with more comfortable muſick, And therefore turning his voyce, he chearfully recorded this liking Ditty.

SLeep, ſleep, O ſleep ſweet Lady ſleep,
cloud not your beauty with black care:
Cares do conſume, grief hath no grace,
your graces grief wears beauty bare.
Then ſleep, O ſleep, ſweet Lady ſleep,
Let me, ah me, your ſorrows keep.

Sigh not at all, all is in vain,
in vain are ſighs, ſighs do confound:
Times have their turns, turn then your tears,
your woe, with woe, my heart doth wound.
Then ſleep, O ſleep, ſweet Lady ſleep,
Your ſlave alone, for you will weep.

O cruell Dame, Loves ſecond choiſe,
O choiſe the change of natures love:
O Love forlorn, ſlave unto time,
O time corrupt vertues remove,

why

Why trouble you her quiet sleep,
Since I for her do daily weep.

Sleep, sleep, O sleep, fair Lady sleep,
your sorrowes have all sorrowes spent;
Hope doubt hath slain, dead is dispair,
and Love will crown you with content.
Then sleep, O sleep, sweet Lady sleep.
No cause there is why you should weep.
Why you should weep,
Why you should weep,
No cause there is, why you should weep.

Vienna pleased with the tune, amazed at the voyce, but more then ravished with the words, hastily put her head out of the window, and said, *Whatsoever thou art take thanks of a distressed Lady, and heaven comfort thee, as thou hast, I know not how, recomforted me.* And so turning her self to *Izabella*, she ask'd whether she had heard that voyce before, who replying, said, That if her memory failed her not, it was the same or much like: if not the same that they heard first in Court under her Chamber window.

Ah *Izabella*, said *Vienna*. thou harpest too well to be so well: yet if my mind divine aright, (God grant it may divine) I shall heare some tidings of my *Paris*, so perswades my heart, so grant our God. But say *Izabella*, say, what shall poor *Vienna* say to this moralized *Moor*, whose civill condition, Majesticall presence, and sugred tongue, differs so much from his rude and barbarous nation. Is not his black hue full of sweet favour, and his favour sufficient to command Beauties proudest favour, Now trust me *Izabella*, the gentle *Moor*, more and more would gain interest in my affection, but the more I think he is a *Moor*, the more (for my *Paris* sake) I scorn to love the *Moor*.

And therefore resolved to live to none but *Paris* (though *Paris* hath forgotten *Vienna*) how shall I non-suit his importunity, whose proud hope promiseth love, and whose love is warranted by my Fathers Oath. *Izabella* most carefully to acquit her of that care (though it was the least care of her care) told her, that her old putrified policy, would easily prevent that mischief; and therefore having a ready Capon in the Castle, they presently dismembring the body, took the two legs, and bidding them under her arm-holes, where the heat of her body might sooneſt corrupt them, she preparedly expected his comming the next day.

When *Sirap* clad in his richeſt array, ſtrangely faſhioned, came accompanied with many, that of purpoſe (being made acquainted with his intention) came to recreate themſelves with his ſo ſuppoſed unuſuall courting.

For he being as they thought, not to be underſtood by his tongue, nor to be ſatisfied by his ear; They vainly imagined, that he either would woe her with gifts or with his countenance, or with variety of geſtures. But he no ſooner came to the Caſtle (but fruſtrating their expectation) he requeſted them by *Bonfoy* to ſtay, and ſtand a while aſide. When winged with the hope of Loves aſſurance, he inſtantly, boldly, and all onely, entered, ſaluted, and in French thus courteouſly aſſaulted his fair and friendly foe.

How fares, ſaid he, the imperious Miſtreſs of my inthralled heart? As a Priſoner, not like a Princeſs, ſhe ſaid, fares the Miſtreſs of a thralled and woefull heart. But how came you, Sir Knight, ſo frenchify'd, that erſt was ſo Strangeſy'd? Love, ſweet Love, he ſaid, hath made my tongue your Country-man, and my heart your ſervant. Then hath Love (ſhe replyed) wrought a wonder in you, and an admiration in me. Such (ſaid *Sirap*) is the divine power of Loves Diety, ſuch the vertuous force of your heavenly beauty, and ſuch the happy iſſue of our decreed deſtiny. Therefore, yield *Vienna*, *Vienna* yield, to that, which the Gods have decreed, Love commands, thy beauty requires, our Fortune allots, thy Father wills, and I thy friend requeſt. *Vienna* thus charged, could not tell how to diſcharge her ſelf

of

of him, but by having a recourse to her wonted and hidden policy; And therfore uncloathing her Ivory breasts, she all sighing said, Alas Sir Knight, thy commendable demeanor, and Princely worth, well merits favour; and thy inticing tongue is sufficient to intrap a well-advised mind, and a far more stayeder conceit. But know, most noble, and most magnificent *Moor*, that I am far worse then I seem, and much better then I would be. For behold, (she bared her breasts that he might behold) the untimely corruption of my blasted beauty, look on the loathsome fruit of my long and grievous imprisonment, and but feel; O feel not the filthy scent of my ulcered and rotting body; and then tell me, whether I am not rather to be loathed, then loved; fled from, then followed. *Sirap* astonished at her words, but beyond all amazement, danted with the smell, neer fainted thereat; such was his insufferable sorrow for her, that he curst himself for her; And yet such was the constancy of his never dying love, that encouraging himself, the better to cheer her up, he with a joyfull countenance, said; Be it Madam so, or worse then so, or what so you will; it shall not matter, I rest wholly yours, if for yours, you will accept of me, that am none but yours.

For know, most constant, and my endeared Lady, that *Paris* (if *Paris* be not forgotten) pleadeth now in person for himself, and here offereth his life, and service for your love. In confirmation whereof, see here the happy seal of your love, and the sole comfort of my absence, the loyall, and unvaluable Ring, your Highness gave me, when first being perused by your Fathers Knights, I departed from you, like a hungry Infant pulled from his Nurses breast, or a thirsty Hart chased from a sweet Fountain. Then, then in the pride of your perfections, you paradiz'd me in the heaven of your love; and now in the decay of your glory will I wed my everliving constancy, to your never dying loyalty.

Look, nay look not on me so strangely; my black hue is but an artificiall vizour, and my borrowed countenance, but the assurance of my safety.

Vienna not able on the suddain to entertain so great a joy,

ſhrunk down, deprived of her vitall ſpirits, but chafed revived, and enabled by *Izabella*, ſhe with tears of joy diſtilling down here cheeks, ſadly ſaid. Ah *Paris*, *Paris*, thy love made me a contented priſoner, but thy long abſence hath made my priſon a tormenting hell. But now, O happy now; thy thrice happy return makes my priſon ſeem a Paradiſe, and my hell a moſt glorious heaven; with that falling on his breſt, and encloſing him within her fainting arms, ſhe often redoubled her double doubled kiſſes. *Paris* being likewiſe ſurprized with fulneſs of joy, loſt himſelf in her armes, but being acquitted of that extaſie, he payd her large intereſt for her kindneſſe, pleaded ſorrow for her martirdome, and meer neceſſity for his abſence.

Ceaſe *Paris* ſhe ſayd, my *Paris* ſurceaſe theſe needleſſe excuſes of faultleſſe injurie, ſince to over fortifie innocency, is to breed ſuſpition. There is none but I, that have (if offended) offended. As firſt in being cauſe of thy exile, then of thy dangerous travells, and now in rejecting thy love; but impute the firſt two to my Fathers ſeverity, not to my love, and the laſt of my ignorance, not to my inconſtancy.

For proof whereof ſee here, (here ſhewed ſhe the Capons legs) the triall of my truth, which but in pollicy I uſed in all extremities, to wirhſtand importunate Suters, and all only to love none but thee, earſt the ſole hope of my life; but now the only life of my ſoul.

Thus pleaded ſhe to pleaſe him, and thus it pleaſed him, to praiſe her, and both of them ſtill joying, in that they enjoyed each other. Then turning to *Izabella*, he kiſt her many times, and vowed, that out of his beſt fortunes he would be thankfull to her, for her love to him, but eſpecially for her comfort to *Vienna*,

And taking them both by the hands he told them how, and by what means, the *Dolphin* her Father had freely, and abſolutely given her to him. And therefore he requeſted them to conceal their knowledge of him, and to go along with him, for that he meant to have her father to deliver her to him;

all

all which they both ſo willingly, and cheerfully did, that the Gent. attending his leiſure, no little marvelled to ſee him lead them ſo familiarly by the hands, and ſo pleaſantly talking with *Vienna* in a privat manner.

But when they were come before the *Dolphin*, *Paris* (for now is *Strap* turned again to returned *Paris*) holding her by the hand, humbly requeſted, in the preſence of his daughter and Barons, to ratifie his vowed gift. Which the *Dolphin*, both miſliking, and admiring; demanded of her, whether her liking and conſent, ſtood to that black irreligious *Moor*, that had ſo often refuſed ſo many Potent Lords, and moſt accompliſhed Princes.

To which ſhe in all reverence, (praying pardon) ſaid. That the black ſmeared Smith was moſt pleaſing to the Queen of beauty; That that conſtant colour unfadable in it ſelf, well argued conſtancy in the perſon. That his barbarous nature, was both reclaimed, and refined by his more civill education; and that his Religion would eaſily be conformable to their profeſſion. But howſoever, it ſufficeth, that I love him, and love yeelds no reaſon of choiſe, nor hath any reſpect of perſons. His blind deity, blinds our fancies; and fancy lives not in deſert but in deſire. We love altogether by liking, not for honours; and our will cannot command our affections, that are not in our powers.

Then vouchſafe my Soveraign Lord and moſt gracious Father, of my deſtinied deſire, and admit of his well-merited demand, and let me with your free conſent enjoy him for my Husband that hath ſo well purchaſed me for his Wife: ſo ſhall you honour your ſelfe in doing him right: reward his ſervices, enworthy your poſterity, and repair my decayed glory. The *Dolphin* ſeeing that it wrs but in vaine to reſiſt Celeſtiall influence, preordinate by Providence divine, and that he could neither in honour, nor conſcience, infringe his obliging Oath, nor reject his pleading and glorious worth; ſhewed a vertue in neceſſity, and freely gave, and delivered her unto him,

Now *Paris* being thus poſſeſt of his deſire, caſt off his artificiall maſk, and lowly on his knees, ſhewed and preſented himſelf, the humble and thankfull ſervant of his Lord.

The *Dolphin* finding himſelf thus deceived by him, that happily deceived the *Soldan*, and his Keepers for him; could not but commend his loyall love, and love him for his ſaving ſervice. His ſuperlative valour, and unvaluable vertue, ſhewed that his great fortunes were but Miniſters to his will.

And therefore he cheerfully ſaid. In *France* was I honoured by *Paris*, In *Babylon* unthralled by *Sirap*, And at home, both I, my Country, and People, were protected by the Knight of the *Dolphin*.

To *Paris* therefore I return my love, To *Sirap* I give my Daughter, And to the Knight of the *Dolphin* I yield my Principality.

Then my beloved and renowned Son, give me thy hand, and let me embrace thee with thy valour. And here I ſwear by the all-ever-living-God, that if I were ſole Monarch of the whole Univerſe, thou onely ſhouldſt rule for me, and after me: More I cannot give thee for thy *Aſian* loſt honours, leſſe thou ſhalt not have then my whole *Europian* dignities.

To confirm which, he preſently cauſed him to be proclaimed his Son in law, and the next lawfull and immediate Heir to all his Royall Territories. Great was now the wonder of all men, great the preparation to ſolemnize their Nuptials, and more then great, the joy and tryumphs made, and ordained for them. But amongſt them all, there was none (*Vienna* excepted) that rejoyced more then old Sir *Jaques*, whoſe ſilver beard, was all embroſed with pearls of ſwelling tears, for the joy of this ſo famous found Son.

As for his endeared friend *La-nova*, his glad heart ſhewed the tryumphs of joy, and all his thoughts were raviſhed with delights and contentments. To him (after many embraces) did *Paris* give infinite thanks for his comfortable friendſhip, and carefull regard of *Vienna*, and his Father.

Thus lived they long happy in each other, untill the *Dolphin* ſummoned by death, paid Nature his due; and old Sir

Jaques

Jaques wasted by age, yielded to death. Then was Sir *Paris* created *Dolphin* of *Vienna*, who enjoyned *La-nova* to marry *Izabella*, unto whom he gave all his Fathers Lands, and *Bonfoy* he made his Steward. And so they fortunatly raign'd, and lived together many years, with great comfort, and full contentment, in Princely state, and height of terrestiall Dignity.

The Image of God; *the wrath of* Mars; *and pledge of Nuptiall rite,*
Records his name, that for his friend, this trivial toy did write.

Man-war-ring.

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